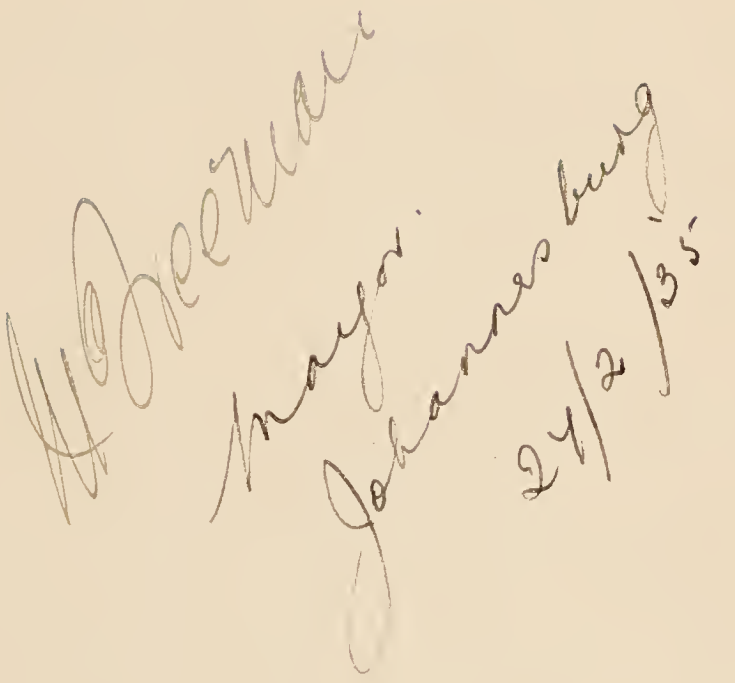
Mr. W. A. Craick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OUT OF THE CRUCIBLE

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THE LATE PRESIDENT PAUL KRUGER

Last President of the South African Republic in the Transvaal

Out of the Crucible

Being the Romantic Story of the Witwatersrand Goldfields; and of the Great City which arose in their midst

By

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WITH SIXTEEN DRAWINGS BY

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TO THOSE PIONEERS OF THE WITWATERSRAND

WHOSE FAITH AND TENACITY MADE

THE MIRACLE OF OUR GOLDFIELDS POSSIBLE

063513

PREFACE

ALTHOUGH the task of writing contemporary history is so rarely congenial that historians, according to Sir George Cory, the historian of South Africa, avoid it where possible, recognizing that it involves contentious and often contumelious reference to living people and events, I confess that the compilation of this record has proved an absorbing task and that I completed it with regret. Surprise is sometimes expressed that it has not been essayed before, considering the wealth of dramatic material at the disposal of writers.

The story of "the fields" is a great one; full of the epic fire of Comedy and Drama, of Chance and Mischance, of high achievement and failure: and much of the unwritten side of it lies in the hearts and memories of old pioneers whose numbers are lessening year by year. The passing of these pioneers is often something of a tragedy, for they were frequently the intimates of famous men. To preserve some of the precious reminiscence of survivors has been part of my very grateful task.

The theme concerns the discovery in 1884–6 of a two-thousand million pound goldfield by hardy prospectors in a remote African plateau. In the course of a few years that field had begun to influence world politics—through the Jameson Raid and the Anglo-Boer War. Just as the power of gold to shape mighty destinies was the theme of the old saga which Wagner utilized immortally in his *Ring*, so in the story of the

Witwatersrand have we a homily—albeit one from real life—on the power of gold. It is seen here influencing the rise and fall of historic figures, and even indeed—as in some modern *Gotterdammerung*—of empires.

The record of the Rand has been fraught with contention, and it has, of course, been impossible to avoid making mention of storms and contentions. A book which made no mention of them would present an inaccurate picture. I have, however, striven to describe them objectively, and to discover the essentially human side in these conflicts, both in the men involved, and in the movements. And it is surprising to discover how very human most of them were. Those who may look for drastic criticism in these pages will not find it. But the reader will, I trust, come a little closer to the many personalities associated with the goldfields—Kruger, Rhodes, Struben, Chamberlain, Lords Roberts and Kitchener, and Generals Botha and Smuts—by way of much previously unpublished anecdote; for I venture to suggest that anecdote may incorporate the very essence of history. I have sought to be faithful to the theme and to the atmosphere of the Witwatersrand throughout.

The record opens with a sketch of the Reef before gold was found; it then proceeds to note the coming of Fred Struben and George Walker (the real discoverers, both of whom were known to the author) and to deal with the Barberton and Kimberley rushes to the "fields," with the settlement of the Uitlander population, the growing cleavage between the Uitlanders and Kruger, leading to the Jameson Raid and the Anglo-Boer War—which it is claimed had also a bearing on the promotion of the European *Entente* and thus on the Great War. I have dealt, too, with the advent of the Chinese labour experiment, and with the onset of Labour-Capital diffi-

culties, as well as the formulation of the historical Act of 1924 to prevent and settle industrial disputes, the whole concluding with a dissertation on the future of the Gold Reef now in its day of peace. From this final chapter it will be seen that as much gold remains in the Reef as has been taken out of it.

Those seeking a more detailed description of the institutions of the Witwatersrand will find this in a series of small histories in the Appendix, and I have to thank Mr. J. Barkham of the staff of the *Rand Daily Mail* for assembling so ably the data in this Appendix. I wish also to thank Messrs. Wilfrid Fearnhead (Mayor of Johannesburg, 1928–29), J. Wertheim, H. G. Wood, H. J. Crocker, H. Hopkins, and other citizens of the goldfields, for helpful advice and criticism, and Captain W. Luffman and Mr. Fred Struben for revising the opening chapters. Finally, I count myself fortunate in having had the artistic collaboration of Mr. W. M. Timlin, the well-known South African artist and author of "The Ship that Sailed to Mars," whose pen-and-ink drawings illustrate the pages of this book.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
1.	The Coming of "The Gold Devil"	1
2.	How a Poor Handy-man Stumbled upon Untold Wealth	9
3.	The Rush to the Rand	21
4.	The Raad Watches the Diggers	29
5.	Couper's Great Ring Battle with Bendoff in '89	42
6.	The Coming of the Saints, the Doctors, and Others of Faith and Vision	53
7.	Highwaymen and Some Early Gold Crises	63
8.	How the Rand got its Railways	71
9.	The Reform Plot of 1895	79
10.	The Story of the Jameson Raid	96
11.	Retribution Overtakes Raiders and Reformers	107
12.	The Kruger Telegram and What Came of It	117
13.	Four Years of Drama: 1896-1899	125
14.	How Lord Roberts Captured the Town—May 31, 1900	140
15.	How Europe Heard the Sound of the Guns	157
16.	How the Chinese Saved the Gold Mines: and Some Dramas that Attended their Stay	162

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
17.	Bohemian Nights in Pioneer Times—and After	173
18.	Karl Marx Comes to Town	186
19.	How Three Outlaws Frustrated a Great Rebellion	195
20.	Two Campaigns and the Red Revolt of 1922	208
21.	The Future of the Gold Reef	223
	Appendix. (Containing a detailed record of the more important institutions of Johannesburg.)	233
	Index	265

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The late president, Paul Kruger, last president of the South African Republic in the Transvaal *Frontispiece*

Facing page

Fred Struben 4

G. Walker 18

An early dwelling-house in Johannesburg . . . 34

Luscombe Searrelle, who transported his opera house 450 miles by wagon from the coast to Golden City, in 1889 50

St. Mary's, the first English church in Johannesburg . 54

The Law Courts, Johannesburg, built on the site of the house of Captain von Brandis . . . 66

The old Rand Club, where the Reformers were arrested in 1896 82

Boer riflemen engaging the Jameson Raiders at the battle of Doornkop, January 2, 1896 . . . 98

The Reformers in Pretoria Gaol 114

Smoke Cloud spreading skyward after the dynamite explosion at Braamfontein, February 9, 1896 . 126

Corporation Buildings, a modern business office in Johannesburg 146

The Old Telephone Tower and former Municipal Offices in Johannesburg 178

An Impression of Eloff Street, Johannesburg, looking south 188

The Fort, Johannesburg, 1900 210

A Typical Head-gear on the Rand Gold Mines . . 226

OUT OF THE CRUCIBLE

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF "THE GOLD DEVIL"

I

SOMEWHERE in the early 'sixties a line of ox-wagons might have been seen trailing over that blue-sky ridge of gold, the Witwatersrand, which rises nearly 6,000 feet above the sea some four hundred miles inland from Delagoa Bay. It is one of the great divides of Southern Africa.

The times were troublous. Pioneer Jennings, leading his wagons dauntlessly on through the yellow haze of dust, had had his share of trouble. He was acquainted with the spirit of the veld. And the veld had not left him scatheless; which, indeed, is the way of it. Somehow, nevertheless, the call of the blue mountains flushed with rose-light at dawn and with gold at sunset, the smell of the plains after rain, the sound of rushing waters, the bark of baboons, the lightning stampede of ostriches—the call of all these things made him want to live among them, and to be as one with them. He wanted land upon which to settle.

In those days the murderous exploits of the blacks was still the chief topic around outspan camp-fires. Down south—two hundred miles away—the smoke of burning farms was still drifting across the Free State. There, the Basutos of Moshesh had been sweeping down from their mountain kraals, rushing the small burgher laagers much as a seething tide will overflow the rocks of a lee-shore. They had burned and massacred. They had done deeds, ere they retired to their dark crags and fast-nesses, which no white man could think of without a

gripping of the heart. Nor was that all. One hundred and sixty miles to the north, there had been even worse doings; bloody acts not easily imagined, acts that will bulk heavily and for ever in the records of human atrocity. There was the murder in 1854, for example, of Potgieter, the elephant hunter, that fierce old man who had somehow offended Chief Makapaan, and who had been caught and flayed alive, and his skin and flesh made into a human kaross. They still chuckled—those tanned old Boers—over the completeness of their revenge when they trapped the murderers in a cave a thousand feet long, with passages penetrating far into the mountain, and, blocking the entrance with stone and thornbush, kept them there until they died. And so justly perished the Makapaan tribe.

2

The trekker Jennings, looking for a farm in spite of these things, presently espied a primitive homestead with smoke rising from its chimney, a wagon or two, and yellow cattle. And he beheld the owner himself, a man with a big face, and wearing home-made shoes.

Jennings accosted him.

"*Dag, Mynheer,*" said he "what is the name of this farm?"

"Langlaagte."

"Do you know of any good farms round here?"

"This is a good one."

"Do you want to sell it?"

"*Ja!*"

"Well, I want to buy."

They looked around, prospective buyer and seller; saw bush and stream, and the distant blue of the mountains to the west and north, then to the south the sedgy pools in which wallowed the hippo and his mate, the resort of the lion and of fleet-footed game, and their eyes rested on a landscape divided only by a few years from the massacre of Retief's party by Dingaan and from the northward treks of the *Voortrekkers.*

"What do you want for this farm, *Mynheer?*"

"Twelve oxen."

"I will pay you eight."

Thus was the issue joined, but not, unfortunately, in any spirit of compromise; for, talk as they would, they could not agree on the price. So Jennings eventually inspanned and moved away over to the west, towards the setting sun and the blue Magaliesberg.

Twenty years later gold was found on that farm. It was found in such quantities that news of the discovery reverberated about the world. Out of those acres, which could once have been bought for a dozen oxen, were taken seventy-five million pounds-worth of gold, without revealing—in forty years of later mining—the limits of their treasure!

All of which, as most will rightly think, makes of this little incident one of the great romances of industrial history.

3

At about this time—in the early 'sixties—a ten-year-old child named Struben was conducting a quaint little experiment near Marabastad in the Transvaal. He had found mica and was trying to smelt it! He spent the whole day trying. And long afterwards this incident was remembered of him.[1] The lad, it seems,

[1] Captain W. W. Luffman, author of "The World's Greatest Goldfield," relates the following interesting anecdote: A recent experience may give some idea of Mr. Fred Struben's exceptional powers of geological observation. One day in 1928, when in London, Mr. Struben expressed a desire to visit the British Museum. He set out with a friend, and took keen interest in all he saw. When in the vicinity of the Rosetta Stone, however, he fixed his gaze on one of the winged figures from Sargon's Palace and exclaimed, "I should like to pan that." His companion had passed that way many times, and hundreds of thousands of visitors had done similarly. They had seen the sculpture, had read its history, and had passed on. Mr. Struben, looking beyond the outward shape of this figure, had recognized the stone as conglomerate, and at the age of seventy-seven was planning and panning again!

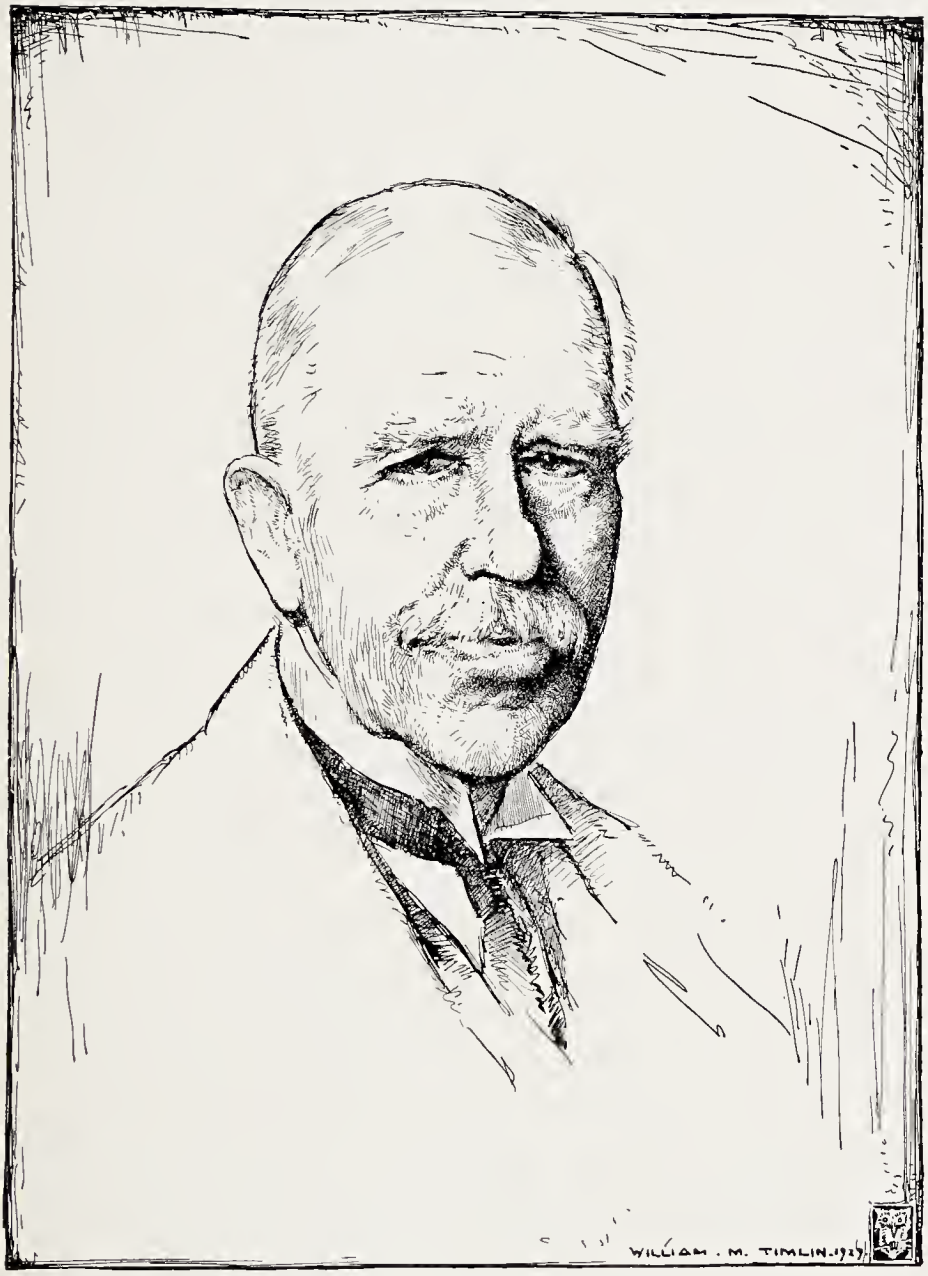
On inquiry from the Director as to the original site of this rock it was learned that similar rock is obtainable near Mosul; and that in Sennacherib's (Sargon's son's) inscriptions, there is mention of the discovery of a plentiful vein of this stone at Balad (Eski Mosul). That those remarkable intuitive powers which led Mr. Struben in 1884 to the discovery of the Witwatersrand were recently active even in the heart of London, is thus romantically proven by his comment on these conglomerate winged figures of the ninth century B.C.

had a passion for the mountains and the valleys, for the riddles of the rocks, gravels, and terrain; and on his walks he would see the peaks towering before him not as they actually were, but as he conceived them to have been in the dawning of the world. He was a geologist prodigy, in fact, as much so in his own way as were many of the child-masters of music in theirs. When his father took him permanently from Natal into the Transvaal, where, in 1867, he was subsequently appointed State Attorney, the boy's passionate interest in the romance of the rocks went with him along that north-west trail over the border. He heard, on the way, the ceaseless roaring of the lions. He saw his brother shooting at fish in the Vaal River. The ghostly new state became the field of his fancy. He loved its mountains, ravines, and ancient watercourses, and he began gradually to formulate the grandiose theory which he ultimately gave to the world, namely, that gold formations extend both east and west right across the African continent.

He was always observing. He became so quick in identifying rocks that in later years the farmers called him "the gold devil," an allusion to the readiness with which he could tell from what area a rock-sample had been taken.

One day, Fred Struben was offered the post of adjutant to President Burgers of the Transvaal, or, as the farmers preferred to call it, the South African Republic. Struben was then twenty-five years old, and he took the post. Life, needless to say, was more primitive then than now. Men loved to go on commando: out into the spreading wilderness, shooting for the pot, free from care, burning sun-dried wood at night in their camp-fires, telling stories of hunting, love, and war. They were a jocund lot. Sometimes they would amuse themselves by tossing each other in the air from freshly-cut ox-hides; and at night they would sleep soundly, even while the lions were roaring.

Struben admired the tawny-bearded dreamer, Burgers, who always made so striking a figure as he galloped over the veld. Burgers was an idealist, but



FRED STRUBEN

he was also a blunderer. In his tracks he had left the wrecks of a hundred enterprises, and the farmers were getting tired of him. Moreover, he was about to make another blunder—to attack the Chief Sekukuni. It mattered not that Struben the elder had sat up half the night with him in Pretoria, pointing out that he knew nothing of native warfare, that he had been a parson in a Cape dorp, and that his rival, Paul Kruger, ought to command, because he knew so much about native war. Burgers would have none of it. He was determined to lead the attack in person.

He did so. He cantered off one dark night with Struben the younger, as one of the four adjutants attending the President on this campaign, with his burghers, and his obstinacy, to do battle with Sekukuni. They reached the mountain, Mathebis Kop. Burgers scanned it anxiously, with its ledges and rough stone walls from behind which the warriors were seen to be peering. He called it then Little Gibraltar. At three o'clock in the morning, nevertheless, he boldly attacked and took it, and the Swazis who had swarmed to the assistance of the white men, slew the terrified defenders wholesale.

In his anxiety to prosper the campaign, Struben often sought permission to leave the side of the President and to join the Boer scouts and others riding on ahead in the mountain fastnesses. The native marksmen had a number of huge elephant-guns into which they packed powder and stones encased in lead, the latter inflicting frightful wounds. He remembers how two natives appeared and undertook to guide them to Sekukuni's stronghold; how these men took them through darksome defiles and finally into a spot from which they were fired at suddenly from all sides. Whereupon they court-martialled and shot these guides. He remembers an amazing character, named Schlieckmann—a German who seemed utterly fearless—who, seeing a Boer shot dead at his side, went alone in search of the sniper, and came upon him behind a rock. The native saw the German first, levelled his elephant-gun and pulled the

trigger. The weapon misfired, and Schlieckmann, rushing forward, shot the man dead. He remembers how Burgers's men buried their dead by covering them with earth to a certain depth, and then leading oxen over the place of burial, so that the natives might not suspect that men were interred there, and would thus neither be able to mutilate their bodies nor be in a position to boast of casualties inflicted on white men.

But now Burgers proceeded to assault the dark, towering mountain stronghold occupied by Chief Sekukuni himself. Here the superstitious farmers, who had long been uneasy because they felt that God would punish them for fighting under a leader whose faith differed from their own—Burgers had been arraigned for heresy when a parson in the Cape—failed to carry out pre-arranged plans and became panic-stricken. Some fell back; others followed, and presently the mountain sides were shrouded with the dust of the retreating commandos.

"Stop!" shouted Burgers, rushing to the front and pointing imperiously up the slopes. But the retreat went on.

"Shoot me before you disgrace me," he implored, standing bareheaded among them.

"*Huis toe!*" (home) was the cry, however, and the farmers went back beyond Sekukuni's boundaries and dispersed to their homes. Burgers and Struben were left with a few others to struggle back to Pretoria as best they might. Schlieckmann had vainly besought Burgers to permit him to turn the guns on the retreating farmers. All of which happened in 1876.

Was this cowardice? Not entirely; for these self-same farmers distinguished themselves wonderfully in battle a few years later. To some extent, at least, the retreat represented an absence of faith in their leader, who seemed to them a godless man. To young Struben, however, the discredited President seemed more than ever a man of mark, with his eyes resolutely fixed upon the heights, and his resolve to win through though half the world should oppose him.

4

The coffers of the Treasury were empty. The salaries of officials were unpaid. Burgers had spent his own private fortune in helping the State out of its difficulties. But now his inability to defeat Sekukuni was come to the ears of the great Cetywayo, king of the Zulus. The white man's failure was, as ever, the black man's opportunity; and so the glittering assegais of Cetywayo's *impis* were already flashing along the borders of the Transvaal.

Then spoke Burgers—back in Pretoria—out of the bitterness of his heart. He told the farmers of their poverty and of their peril. "You have," he said somewhat unfairly, "sold the Republic for a song." And he added: "To-day a bill for £1,100 was laid before me for signature; but I would sooner have cut off my right hand than sign that paper, for I have not the slightest reason to expect that when the bill becomes due there will be a penny to pay it with."

That was said in 1877—a few brief years before Struben, his adjutant, found the great gold-reef, and made the Transvaal wealthy.

And then Burgers spoke of the peril at their gates; of the black hordes massed in three corps for the attack; of the inevitability of annexation by England to avert the threatened catastrophe. For the Zulu regiments might even then have swept the Transvaal as far as Pretoria and have massacred Burgers and his commandos; but they did not. They were restrained by Shepstone, the "great white father" of the Zulu race, who at this time administered his celebrated rebuke to Cetywayo. He ordered him in the name of England—now affording protection to the Transvaal—to keep his Zulus in Zululand.

Cetywayo replied: "I thank my father Somtseu (Shepstone) for his words . . . Kabana, you see my *impis* are gathered. It was to fight the Dutch I called them together. Now will I send them back again!"

So the glittering spears were seen no more on the horizons; and Paul Kruger, in whom the burghers had faith, came to power, and Burgers passed from the political arena, dying later in the Cape, a broken and disappointed man.

The Zulu tide receded only for a while. The blood of the young warriors was up, and another war loomed ahead, this time between Cetywayo and England. The young soldiers of the greatest black nation in Africa were lusting to fight the red-coats. In 1879 the clash came. Struben joined a flying column under Colonel Evelyn Wood and did magnificent work in organizing. The disaster of Isandhlwana, known as the "Hill of the Little Hand," when the Zulus tossed the little drummer boys from one spear blade to another, and the epic of Rorke's Drift, followed; the Zulu power was shattered finally at Ulundi and Cetywayo captured in the forest of Ngomi. The Colonel afterwards sent Struben a letter of thanks. Struben had been amazed at the failure of the British to laager their wagons as a defence against the Zulu hordes, and on one occasion even went so far as to have them laagered without superior authority.

Thus was the young man, "the gold devil," shaping his capacities in the great University of Experience, to deal with such problems as might come before him in other spheres. For there is nothing truer than the saying, that the greatest gift of the fortune-seeker is a ripe judgment.

CHAPTER II

HOW A POOR HANDY-MAN STUMBLED ON UNTOLD WEALTH

I

IN the wild, wooded ravines of the Northern Transvaal young Struben now continued to seek his gold. The shadowy bush, overhung by the yellow African moon, made a romantic setting for the prospector, resounding as it often did with the trumpeting of elephants, the barking of baboons, and the cries of animals seized by lions as they crept fearfully down to the watercourses.

For two thousand years this land had been but little trodden, save by Bushmen, since indeed, the ancient miners came down from the north, dug their trenches, and took away ore for the kings of Babylon. To Struben, however, the discomforts of the wild were negligible. The torrid heat of the day, the cold of the morning hours, even hunger itself—provisions often ran out entirely—mattered not so long as he saw in his pans the colour of gold.

And so he explored the great Southern African Continent. He went out "into the blue," as the saying was, and returned from it at long intervals. He sometimes went back to Pretoria and stayed there, with his elder brother, at "The Willows." He had many quaint memories of early Pretoria, of the zebra or quagga which ran wild through its "streets," of his brother dashing with a knife among them, and in his excitement wounding himself in the leg. He had boyish recollections, too, of a friendly Republican Pretoria, although now, in the early 'eighties after Majuba, he became greatly concerned at the prevalence of a spirit of hostility towards England; by the contemptuous references

sometimes made by Republicans to British prestige and arms. He overheard, for instance, a Republican conversing with his brother Harry about the war in Egypt.

"You have a war there," said the Boer. "How is Britain getting on?"

"Very well. We've had a big success at Tel-el-Kebir."

"The Egyptians must have been a poor lot, then," was the reply.

This attitude was characteristic of contemporary Republican opinion. It so hurt the sensitive young man that at last he made up his mind to leave the country and go to Australia, where not only was the Britisher more highly esteemed, but where also, important goldfields were being exploited.

At that time there was living in Pretoria a friend of the Strubens, a certain Robert Lys, a big genial Englishman and Republican burgher who had played some little part in the unwritten story of the early Transvaal. He was an old naval officer, who had surveyed the African coast for the British Admiralty, had been present in 1855 when Pretoria, now the administrative capital of South Africa, had been laid out as a township, and had been one of the first Englishmen to sit in the Raad, or Boer Parliament. He had, moreover, found the sturdy simplicity of the burghers quite after his own heart; and he rejoiced, too, in the wide spaces of the veld and in the freedom it all symbolized. It was said of him that in the little civil wars waged by the early Republicans Robert Lys would fight for one side one day, and for the other the next, out of pure devilment. Once, during one of these petty wars, Pretoria was promoted to the dignity of chief powder depôt. The President forbade all smoking, for, said he, tobacco sparks might fire the long grasses and explode the magazine. So the obedient burghers put out their pipes. All, that is to say, save Lys. He placed a stone ostentatiously over the bowl, and thus went about within sight of the President himself.

He knew the Witwatersrand[1] well, that lonely region thirty-five miles to the south; and he knew all the rugged characters who lived thereabouts. He knew, for example, Klaas Koel (Nicholas Bullet), so called because, while drinking from a huge calabash one day, an enemy in one of the petty wars fired through the gourd, much to the annoyance of the old man, who, looking around the horizon for the culprit, lost all his water. There was the farmer Rautenbach, also, who had once been offered for £100 the farm on which a portion of Johannesburg now stands, and had refused it. Farmer Rautenbach was somewhat of a talker. One of his favourite stories was of a huge lion which one day jumped out of some marshy ground on the Witwatersrand after his dogs. The lion caught and killed them in turn with blows of his paws. He then turned to attack the horses. These broke away and dashed over the veld. Rautenbach faced the lion courageously with a flint-lock rifle. His first shot misfired. The lion prepared to pounce. The man drew the trigger again as the beast sprang. The charge exploded and the lion dropped dead.

2

Yes; Robert Lys knew all the farmers living to the south of Pretoria then. And he often made journeys across country from Pretoria in the 'sixties. Once his wagon became bogged when crossing the Witwatersrand, and try as he would he could not extricate it, until he took some curious stone lying near—pudding stone he called it—and made a rocky wheel track through the morass. Over this his oxen were able to tug the wagon. He took some of the "pudding stone" to Pretoria and showed it to Dr. Carl Mauch, the German geologist.

"Where did you get this?" he was asked.

"I'll drive you over and show you," said Lys, in his usual generous fashion.

[1] The name "Witwatersrand" is commonly shortened to "Rand" nowadays.

"It contains gold," Mauch then said.

Lys drove the doctor south. When they reached the Witwatersrand, the latter made a cursory inspection of the land, and remarked that the rocks were gold-bearing. But the full extent of his conviction he kept to himself; indeed it may have been that the knowledge Mauch accumulated of the mineral wealth of the Transvaal was forwarded to the German Foreign Office—in perfectly genuine fashion, of course, but with the inevitable effect of increasing German political interest in the Transvaal. Mauch, however, returned to Germany not long after, and was accidentally killed.[1]

3

But Lys—this acquaintance of the Strubens—had shown a certain amount of casual interest in other ways in the big South African gold mystery. When Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal to Great Britain in 1877, he spent some time with Lys and Harry Struben, realizing that these men knew so much about the country.

Prospecting had been going on, and there had been

[1] Dr. Carl Mauch was a remarkable character. The son of a poor carpenter, he was born at Stettin in 1835. From his early years he was attracted by the idea of foreign exploration, and although as a young man he tried his hand for a time at teaching, he soon realized that that was not his vocation. He sailed, therefore, for South Africa, signing on as an ordinary seaman. After his arrival in Durban, he tramped to Maritzburg, and became a builder's assistant, seeking the while to improve his English. But the little-known territory beyond the Limpopo then being visited by Livingstone drew him inexorably north. He helped to drive an ox-wagon to Rustenburg, in the Western Transvaal, proceeded to Pretoria in the 'sixties, and subsequently saw gold on the Witwatersrand, and to the north of it at Lydenburg. He journeyed to the Zimbabwe Ruins in southern Rhodesia, 450 miles north by east of modern Johannesburg, ruins which were the centre of a long-vanished gold-mining industry. He explored these in 1871. Returning later to Germany he became a railway official. The privations he had undergone as an explorer, however, resulted in an affection which necessitated his sleeping at night in an armchair near an open french window. He fell out of this in his sleep apparently, and was killed. He was one of the first men of science to discover gold in Southern Africa.

sporadic discoveries of gold, but in order to get the best opinion about them, it was felt that it would be wise to import an expert, and there is strong reason to suspect that both Harry Struben and Robert Lys discussed the advisability of suggesting to Sir Theophilus the importation of some such authority from Australia to prospect and report upon the country thoroughly. Sir Theophilus acquiesced, and a gold-expert named Armfield—a big ingenuous fellow with plenty of polish, and an ingratiating smile—was invited to come. He seems to have been taken to look at the Witwatersrand; but before he could express a considered opinion, was whisked away to the scene of a rich strike at Selati. He never came back. He died of fever. And so the years passed and the secret of the world's greatest goldfields remained undiscovered.

4

But in December, 1883, Fred Struben was again at Pretoria. There he met one Geldenhuis, the owner of a farm situated thirty-five miles south of Pretoria, on the Witwatersrand.

"When can you come and see my farm at Wilgespruit?" asked Geldenhuis. "Its rock formation seems like some of your gold-bearing rocks."

"The sooner the better," Struben replied.

They mounted horses and trotted south-west. The ravines were full of baboons, inquisitive creatures which used to come to the outspans of trekking Boers and watch the doings of men around the red camp-fires, and frighten the oxen and the mules.

They reached Wilgespruit, near what is to-day the township of Roodepoort, some twelve miles west of Johannesburg; and there Struben recognized the clearest indications of gold. They got fresh horses and galloped west towards the old Paardekraal monument at Krugersdorp, a memorial of the great victory of Pretorius over Dingaan, at Blood River; and then they went still farther west to Sterkfontein, until Struben became

thoroughly fascinated by the remarkable evidence he saw everywhere of gold in the strata. It lay in parallel reefs which cropped up on lines running east and west for miles.

"This," he told Geldenhuis, "all looks wonderfully promising." When he got back to Pretoria he told his elder brother Harry, that from a cursory look around he considered the Rand the finest gold proposition he had seen in South Africa.

Then ensued many exciting months tracing "outcrops," and finding the extensions of lines of gold reef east and west.

5

Struben persevered. He toiled on in circumstances of great hardship and loneliness, and exposed to the high winds and to the bitter cold which sometimes froze the pools and streams then abounding on the Witwatersrand. There was something heroic about this venturesome Spartan's readiness to sacrifice the ordinary amenities of life, to dwell alone in a remote wilderness in order that the merits of the great goldfield he suspected might be proved, and that his theories and beliefs might be vindicated before a sceptical world. The proof took shape steadily in his orderly mind, and he got to know by heart the geological leaves of the folded book of the Witwatersrand, so that by looking at rock samples he could tell from which farm they came.[1]

One day, in 1885, he wrote to Godfray Lys in Maritzburg, Natal—the twenty-four-year-old son of Robert Lys of Pretoria, and an old friend—and young Lys eventually

[1] Fred Struben's earliest efforts on the Witwatersrand included operations at Sterkfontein early in 1884—the first Rand Syndicate was formed in the name of the Sterkfontein Junction Mining Syndicate in March, 1884—work on the Confidence Reef at Wilgespruit from August 1884; discovery of gold at Honingklip farm in March 1885; the tracing of the gold reef for many miles in all directions; and the proof generally that conglomerate, pudding stone, or banket, as it was variously called, was in these districts of great importance as a gold-bearing formation. This discovery of the value of the conglomerates is essentially Fred Struben's. It was his work which, in the language of the mining engineer, "proved" the fields.

forsook Natal and came to the Rand to join in the great gold hunt.

"Oh, boy!" Struben's letter ran, "I've found it at last"; and in a mood of uncanny prophecy he predicted that one day there would be room for "millions of capital and thousands of workers."

Harry Struben, better off than the others, and inspired by the enthusiasm of Fred, had already become associated with the Sterkfontein Junction Syndicate; but, while he continued to reside in Pretoria, Fred went on working reefs, hoping, theorizing, and enduring privation without, however, yet winning the great reward which he felt was within his grasp.

Towards the end of 1885 Harry went to Natal to secure a five-stamp mill which had just arrived from England, and before the year closed this was being worked at Wilgespruit.

6

One day in 1886, two white men with packs on their backs appeared suddenly in the ravine at Wilgespruit. They were rough fellows who said they were tramping to Barberton to look for work.

"Any jobs going, guv'nor?" one of them asked.

He was a slight, tired man, with a drooping moustache, and he called himself George Walker and said he was a handy-man. His companion was a Cornish carpenter named Honeyball who spoke with a drawl.

There *was* a job going—if the money could be raised to pay for it. Struben and Lys were a little tired of tents and cold winds, and occasional rains; and the former considered that a roof and a floor might be contemplated despite a pronounced shortage of funds. At this distance of time it seems curious to learn that Fred Struben had had to pawn his rifle with a storekeeper at Mulders Drift, several miles away, to pay for food; his more opulent brother being thirty-five miles off in Pretoria. The little money he had made by contracting transport for Colonel Wood and Number 6 Column in the Zulu War of '79 was all spent, and he

was really hard up: as hard up indeed as were President Kruger and his Government, who had been compelled to issue worthless paper money just then, because they had no coin in the Treasury.

Struben, nevertheless, decided to have the shack built. George Walker and Honeyball thereupon began hammering and sawing until the baboons in the ravines, the quagga and springbok, must have marvelled at the clamour. The wall of the shack collapsed once, and Fred disputed bluntly the competence of the builders; but the latter were not dismayed, skins being thick and there being no industrial hypersensitiveness in those days, and so the job went on.

On one occasion, Walker was having a wash in the stream. He had a fragment of mirror by him: and inadvertently left this behind as he went to his tent. Remembering it at dusk, he proceeded to fetch it and was surprised to find the glass in possession of a huge baboon, which was peeping behind it in comical fashion and feeling the space at the back. He seemed greatly puzzled, but hearing Walker who had dislodged a stone, he dashed it angrily on the ground and loped off.

So Walker, who could not shave without a mirror, grew scrubbier than ever.

But at last the shack was finished.

"Can't you find some other jobs for us, guv'nor?" asked Walker.

But there was little more to be done. Walker was told off to help with the selection of rock while Honeyball put the finishing touches to the house; and then, both were paid off. "Humping" their bundles they trudged off eastwards towards the farm Langlaagte, where it was said the widow Oosthuizen was building a house.

7

Now, the widow Oosthuizen was buxom and wore a big sun-bonnet. She was a typical farm *vrouw*, and she readily assented to Walker and Honeyball working

on the new house. They set to work and continued steadily at it.

Walker was strolling about the farm one Sunday when he stumbled over an "outcrop" rich in gold. He broke off a piece, saw at once that he had probably come across something unusual, and surmised that it might even be the "payable lode," or main reef leader, which Struben had only tapped in its poorer parts elsewhere. He made up his mind to take the fullest advantage of his discovery. Walker therefore obtained a document from the widow by which, in the event of his finding gold on the farm, he was to be granted a claim or so, and with this in his pocket he proceeded to Potchefstroom, a town some eighty-eight miles south-west of Johannesburg, and thence to Pretoria, to raise capital to finance his "find."

But Walker was a garrulous character and could not keep a secret. He had been known to walk fifteen miles to spend his wages and gather the gossip of the by-ways; and thus it may have been that he talked freely of his discovery, and that he spoke of it to Honeyball; or he may have been watched at the spot where he had broken off the gold rock. Whatever it was, Honeyball knew.

Then the dramatic thing happened.

While Walker was away at Potchefstroom Honeyball saw his opportunity. He set out one day for Wilgespruit with a chunk of rock taken from Walker's outcrop.

When he appeared in Wilgespruit gorge, the five-stamp steam-battery or mill was running merrily. Honeyball showed Struben the rock, and the latter at once became interested, for he suspected that here was something out of the ordinary.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"Walker got it at Oosthuizen's."

"I'll pan it," volunteered the other, who was not yet certain whether the yellow sparkle in the stone was merely pyritic or whether the sample also contained gold.

"Oh, no," protested Honeyball; "Walker won't let me part with it."

Struben shrugged his shoulders.

"Take it back, then," he said, and Honeyball took it and slouched away.

Forty-three years afterwards Fred Struben said: "I was misled by being shown what seemed to be only pyritic rock."

In 1929, Godfray Lys in Johannesburg also claimed to recollect having been shown this stone by Honeyball, who appeared mysteriously in the gorge one sunny afternoon.

"Is it worth a fiver?" Honeyball drawled cautiously.

"I can't give you the fiver now," said Lys, "but you shall have it later on."

So Honeyball agreed to reveal the spot. Lys states that as Fred Struben was resting he shut down the mill lest there should be accidents in his absence, and he and Honeyball mounted ponies and rode rapidly south-westward towards Langlaagte, where, on arrival, Lys examined the ground and was "astonished at the richness of the discovery."

There is, however, reason to believe that the usually accurate recollection of Godfray Lys must be somewhat at fault here, for it is incomprehensible that if so convincing a revelation had been made, the Strubens would not have taken advantage of it at once, and have followed up the outcrop and have sought to obtain such options as were within their rights. But it is impossible, of course, always to recollect accurately the detail of forty-three-year-old events, and one must assume with confidence that Fred Struben's recollection of these historic happenings is the more accurate, and that the explanation of Struben's failure to profit from his interview with Honeyball lay in the fact that the latter refused to allow him to pan the conglomerate taken from Walker's outcrop at Langlaagte, and left him definitely under the impression that the stone might be merely pyritic and valueless. It was,

G. WALKER

after all, quite a reasonable interpretation to put upon Honeyball's reluctance to submit the sample to a test.

8

For many years there has been discussion as to who was the real discoverer of the Witwatersrand goldfields —discussion which has sometimes become somewhat acrimonious. The bitterness of the controversy is comprehensible only on the ground that the disputants recognized clearly how immense was the discovery, and how signal, therefore, was the honour of making it. It is but natural that there should be many claimants.

An impartial examination of the facts presented in this chapter, however, ought to prove that the honour of discovering the Witwatersrand rests pre-eminently with Fred Struben, who, in June, 1929, is still living at Spitchwick Manor, Ashburton, Devonshire. Ever the most modest of men, he has always refrained from making claims. Other names, such as those of Harry Struben, Arnold, Bantjes, Nourse, and Robinson have been put before his and championed by ardent (and often ignorant) supporters. Harry Struben himself leads the readers of his book to infer that he had the mightier share of the work in connexion with the discovery; Sir J. B. Robinson has affirmed definitely his title to the honour, and Dr. Mauch and Geldenhuis have been cited also as sound claimants.

The truth is that in 1883, Fred Struben recognized, as in a flash of genius, the vast potentialities of the Witwatersrand gold reefs; that he worked on the conglomerates and drew the attention of the leading expert of the day, Gardner Williams, to those conglomerates; and although that dignitary would not even get off his horse to inspect them, and dismissed them as worthless, Struben remained hopeful and confident, and more than ever resolved to prove himself right.

George Walker, it is true, chanced upon a rich portion of the main reef leader, but it had been previously

tapped elsewhere in a poorer section by Struben. Walker's was a rich find and every credit is due to him for making it; but Struben had preceded him. To him alone, therefore, belongs the honour of having "discovered" the Witwatersrand.

"If," said he, a little whimsically, at his own manorial fireside in 1929, "my friends had not persisted in regarding me as a fool in the early 'eighties, we might have bought the whole of the gold-bearing farms of the Witwatersrand for a song."

CHAPTER III

THE RUSH TO THE RAND

I

WERE the Strubens to reap the reward of their years of work? Or would those who were now about to rush the Rand from Kimberley, from Barberton, and other goldfields, outwit them in the scramble for the prize?

The rush would certainly be stupendous. All the signs portended it. Within the previous ten years little communities of diggers had got together within a few days' journey of the Rand, happy-go-lucky crowds who gambled their gold-dust, and fought with fists, and shot game, and helped each other when the luck was out, much in the spirit of Bret Harte's exquisite story "Tennessee's Pardner." Even when President Burgers visited the Lydenburg diggings in the 'seventies, and demurred at the necessity of crossing the Blyde river in flood—until the diggers threw him a line and laughingly suggested that he should swim across—he found so many Scotsmen there that he called the place "Macmac," and thus it is called to this day. There were diggers, too, at Malmani and at Marabastad, ready to rush at any moment to these new fields; and there were others at Moodies and in the glorious De Kaap Valley at Barberton—all fields accessible to the Witwatersrand.

President Kruger himself had unwittingly helped to swell these digger populations, little as the grand old man wished it, for diggers were not much after his own heart. They were, he considered, usually "Uitlanders"—in other words, foreigners. But he could not help himself; he was urged by financial necessity; so much

so that there being no money in the Transvaal Treasury in 1884—that is, before the Barberton boom early in 1886—he went to London to raise funds. He wanted, also, to get rid of that word "suzerainty," so hateful to the farmer-members of his Parliament in Pretoria. But in London a queer thing happened. He ran out of cash, and was unable to pay his bill at the Hotel Albemarle. He therefore appealed to Baron Grant, a prominent figure on the Stock Exchange who happened to be interested in the goldfields at Lydenburg, and he agreed to help—at a price. The price was that Paul Kruger should give some public assurance of goodwill and protection and encouragement to British settlers in the Transvaal. "Oom"[1] Paul readily consented, and responded by publishing in the London Press a cordial invitation to all who wished to come to the Transvaal. That many availed themselves of the invitation is likely: but how many will never be known.

2

This invitation, therefore, again focused attention in England on the Transvaal, which had been ceded back after Majuba by the Gladstone government. People talked about gold. Young men were attracted by the diggings. Indeed, it was shortly after this that Moodie's and Barberton—goldfields glorified by romantic valleys and magnificent mountains—began to boom, and that many fantastic rushes followed. Quaint characters went there. One Englishman of means, Millbourne by name, led several score of gold-seekers inland across country from Delagoa Bay, in 1885. They tramped through Swaziland, stopping at the home of a queer character whose "shorts," helmet, monocle, and hairy face had provided Rider Haggard, then in Pretoria, with the

[1] "Oom," meaning "Uncle," is often applied familiarly by Dutch-speaking Afrikanders to elderly personalities, even when these have achieved political prominence. Kruger was thus often called by his people, "Oom Paul."

original of Captain Good, R.N.,[1] the character who figures in "Allan Quatermain" and "King Solomon's Mines." Millbourne piloted his cohorts through lion-infested territory, sleeping in the open at nights, near big fires and without even the protection of tents; and so he got them at last to Moodie's, close to the De Kaap Valley, Barberton. In such fashion was the population of the Barberton district swelled between 1884 and 1886.

Kimberley, too, had a big potential rush population south of the Witwatersrand. At the time when George Walker had stumbled over a rich section of Struben's main reef on old Dame Oosthuizen's farm at Langlaagte, early in 1886, gold had become an obsession even with the Kimberley men. They were tiring of diamonds. Sir J. B. Robinson, the South African multi-millionaire, states that he once went to a great wash-basin full of diamonds in his Kimberley house—they all belonged to him—and ran his hands through the glittering gems. That was in the early 'eighties. Whether or not he was washing his hands of them is another matter; the fact remains that, receiving an enthusiastic wire at Kimberley about the new Witwatersrand goldfields, he showed the wire to Alfred Beit, booked a seat forthwith on the Barberton coach which stopped at Potchefstroom, eighty-eight miles to the west of Witwatersrand, and, with that infallible instinct which seems always to have led him to divine the value of so many speculative enterprises, decided at all costs to reconnoitre the new ground.

Kimberley itself became excited. Rand prospectors had publicly crushed and panned Rand rock in a Kimberley shop window, and they had made a great showing of the yellow gold. The spectacle fired a populace already excited by the big finds at Barberton. Soon

[1] The original of Captain Good was a certain Captain William Underhill, of the Armed and Mounted Frontier Police, associated with the Cape frontiers. He was a strange character, a friend of Rider Haggard's, and never happier than when drawling his views like a typical Oxonian. More often than not his "costume" was restricted to a monocle and a loin cloth. After a chequered and most romantic career, he died at Barberton.

all available animals and vehicles were inspanned: old buggies, handcarts, mules, donkeys, horses, oxen. Two or three men dashed off in a hansom cab. Some tramped up from farm to farm. A postmaster was drowned when attempting to cross a river which barred his way to the Rand. But others held back, divided as between the rival merits of Barberton and the Witwatersrand.

J. B. Robinson, however, jumped off the Barberton coach at Potchefstroom. He felt convinced that the Rand was the greater field; so he hired a cart and a team of mules, and drove without delay rapidly eastwards towards the Rand.

3

Now, although George Walker had been hawking his gold rock about Potchefstroom in the hope of getting somebody to back him to work his claims, and although Potchefstroom knew all about him, there is no evidence to show that Walker was the means of directing Robinson's attention to the widow Oosthuizen's farm at Langlaagte. On the contrary, it was a matter of pure chance that he went there: or nearly so.

Driving thus towards the Witwatersrand the future multi-millionaire was quick to observe that groups of diggers were there before him. There was a family named Bantjes. They had spotted the main reef in an ant-bear hole, about ten miles west of where Johannesburg now lies. There were others, such as Henry Nourse, Dirk Geldenhuis, Jan Meyer, Colonel Ferreira, and Captain Maynard, all well dug in.

Robinson arrived at the spot where Bantjes was at work. He took off his sun-helmet and went into the cutting, an extension of the ant-bear hole. He took a pick and broke off some rock which he put into his sun-helmet. Then he went to a stream, crushed the rock with a pestle in a mortar, and washed it at the side of the stream. Gold indications were unmistakable. It was enough. He determined to make for one of the neighbouring farms, believing that the reef would travel

through it. He reached the farm of the widow Oosthuizen, a few miles to the east.

Here he heard the story of George Walker. He soon realized that as no agreements involving that portion of the farm had been concluded between the Oosthuizens and the Strubens, he had a supreme and perfectly legal opportunity. He strode about and saw that the very stone which had been used in building the young Oosthuizen's house was gold-bearing. He traced the reef through the farm, and eventually made up his mind to purchase it. So he ingratiated himself with the widow. He lodged in the house, and lived there in the roughest possible fashion, losing no opportunity the while of broaching the subject of a lease of the farm with the right to purchase. The widow would doubtless have been willing to sell hitherto for a few hundreds, but she now agreed to lease it for a year to Robinson, with the right to purchase, at any time within that period, for £6,000.

4

Then came dismay to the gorge at Wilgespruit. Unaware of the fact that George Walker had found the main reef leader on Langlaagte farm, the brothers Struben had had no occasion to reckon with the possibility of an astute capture of this property by a speculator, and had therefore continued to attend to other business such as the maintenance of options on other farms. So the swiftly-moving young man from Kimberley had got in first with a tempting offer.

The reverse stung them all into action. While prospectors, therefore, were rushing to the fields with all speed, so much so that the stench of dead horses which had collapsed on the way polluted the countryside, the Strubens smartly exercised their other rights along the line of Reef. Nor was Robinson idle. The Strubens made considerable fortunes in consolidating their rights at the Crown Reef, Knights, Vogelstruisfontein, and places close to present-day Johannesburg.

Robinson, on the other hand, secured important mines, his prospectors picking out the Reef twenty miles to the far west of Johannesburg at Randfontein. The Strubens made fortunes; but Robinson's original investments of £26,000 stood in a few years' time at £18,000,000 sterling! His huge Randfontein Estates property alone covered 40,000 acres, and its line of gold reef outcropped for nearly ten miles.

Robinson had made his moves like a born tactician. So much so, that before agreeing to pay even £6,000 for Langlaagte farm he said to one of the Oosthuizens—the widow's son—"go and see President Kruger in Pretoria, and make sure of my right to mine on your farm."

The son went.

The grim old President, who always wore a beaver hat which he would push back during interviews, and would smoke and stare stolidly at the opposite wall, growled:

"Well, Oosthuizen, how much is this man giving you?"

"Six thousand pounds, President."

"What! For that little bit of ground?"

"Yes."

"Has he paid you?"

"Not yet, President."

Telling Oosthuizen to hurry up and get the money, he granted the "mynpacht," and Robinson's right to mine was secured.

5

Very different is the story of Rhodes's association with the rush of 1886.

Rhodes threw away at this time an historic opportunity, out of sheer love for his young friend, Neville Pickering. It is not always the African fashion to think of Rhodes as a man of sentiment. Many remember him rather as the Colossus who crushed lesser men in furthering his great schemes to the North, from the

Cape to Cairo. The following story, however, shows him in another light. It shows, indeed, that his capacity for friendship was greater and deeper than that of most men. His friend, Dr. Hans Sauer, had, it seems, urged him to come up to the Rand. "I feel," he said, "that the Rand is going to be a big thing." Rhodes was impressed. He took two seats on the Pretoria coach and travelled up with Rudd, the two sitting with their backs to the driver; while Sauer ran several stages ahead to avoid exciting comment before he joined them. The coach—a replica of one of the picturesque turn-outs of old-time England, with bugle and ten spanking horses —soon reached Potchefstroom, and was diverted for the first time across the Witwatersrand plateau on its way to Pretoria. The travellers alighted on the bare uplands. They walked about, inspecting cuttings here and there. Sauer speedily got down to big business. He secured valuable options, notably one for £500 on the farm of Hans du Plessis, where afterwards £20,000,000 worth of gold was mined. He got another option on the immensely rich farm of Doornfontein for £250, a farm which within two years was valued at £3,000,000, and from which vast wealth has since been drawn. Rhodes's signature only was required to complete these deals. Sauer hurried off to get it—to close a deal which would have virtually made Rhodes master of the world's chief field of gold.

At that moment a fateful message arrived from Kimberley.

"Neville Pickering cannot live much longer," it ran.

Sauer stood by.

"I'm off!" Rhodes exclaimed suddenly.

He jumped on the mail coach for Kimberley, sitting on the mail bags roped over the cart. On getting back to Kimberley he rushed to Pickering's bedside, and saw at once that the young man was dying. Urgent messages now began to pour in from Sauer, to the effect that the options were about to lapse; but Rhodes ignored them. Shortly after midnight on October 16, 1886,

he ordered an attendant in the death chamber to fetch the doctor.

Dr. Jameson came at once—the "Dr. Jim" of the Jameson Raid.

"I can do nothing," he whispered.

The dying man turned to Rhodes, who put his arms around him.

"You have been father, mother, brother, and sister to me," he gasped, and thereupon expired.

Thus, for love of his friend, did the Colossus abandon the mastery of gold which he might have had, even as he had won earlier the overlordship of the diamond world. The opportunity did not recur. He bought up freely on his return to the Rand, it is true, but the supreme chance had gone by.

Yet he was able to found the Consolidated Goldfields House, an important member of the confraternity of mining houses in Johannesburg, and of big repute to-day throughout the world.

Ah! strange fields, and stranger city of infinite chance! How little men knew then of the profound consequences of Fred Struben's and Handyman Walker's discovery of your gold! How little men sensed then the great rôle you were to play in the story of South Africa; how that through you there would shortly begin the struggle between the gold-seekers and the farmer biblemen; between Modernism and Calvinism; the struggle which was to lead to the Jameson Raid and to the Anglo-Boer War, and which, as we realize now in the light of later history, nearly precipitated the World War thirteen years before it broke out.

The story to be told—the story of this incredible city—remains surely among the great epics of Human Industry, Faith, and Romance.

CHAPTER IV

THE RAAD WATCHES THE DIGGERS

1

THAT old lion, Paul Kruger, smoking ceaselessly on his broad stoep in Pretoria and drinking black coffee, pondered much about these strangers who were buying his burghers off their farms. He thought of the new wealth with satisfaction—he had had too many lean years to do otherwise—but he also scanned the future with misgiving. Afar off he saw, or thought he saw, the faint gathering of clouds, the coming of the conflict between himself and Rhodes, between his burghers and this great unwanted community.

Thirty-five miles away at Langlaagte, Johannesburg, he had been told that Robinson was still driving down on the rich bottomless reef of gold; and that Ferreira's original camp on the west-central portion of what is now Johannesburg was resounding with builders' hammers. It was a camp no longer. Natal camp, on the eastern side of the town, was fast expanding. Men were crowding ant-like right along the sixty miles of gold outcrop. In September, 1886, four thousand people had come rushing to the Rand, and carts were rumbling to it ceaselessly with building material and corrugated iron. Mining machinery was arriving at the ports. He felt he was watching the birth of a foreign city in his own country.

2

The President presided over a parliament of peasants. They were sturdy fellows and in many ways replicas

of himself. Such a one was forceful Oom Taljaard, who had taunted the Raad, shortly after the Rand goldfields had been proclaimed, with the proposal to put up post-office boxes in Pretoria. "Why," he asked, "were people always wanting to write letters?" In the days of his youth he had once written a letter, and had not been afraid to travel fifty miles and more on horseback to post it; and now people complained if they had to go one mile! There was the worthy Wolmaraans, too, who violently exhorted the burghers to pass a law to prevent the godless goldseekers of Johannesburg from shooting bombs into the sky to bring down rain. Why, he demanded, should they permit people thus to mock at the Almighty? It was provoking the wrath of God. Another old sage thought it regrettable that "big hills of crushed gold should be dumped on ground which might be required one day for a market or an outspan." And the President himself had warned the diggers who had invited him to allow his name to be associated with a ball in honour of Queen Victoria that, "a ball was Baal's service for which reason the Lord ordered Moses to kill all offenders," and that he could not, therefore, sanction the misuse of his name in that connexion.

With such ideas in the minds of Republican legislators, was it at all strange that the Rand and the Raad failed to understand each other?

3

So much, then, for these patriarchs who had the real say in the affairs of the new city. What of the "Uitlanders," and how did they proceed to develop the fields and haul their machinery to this upland so far away from the coast and the line of railway?

As we have seen, the "Uitlanders" came in batches from Barberton, Kimberley, and the various goldfields scattered around the Rand. Among them were two young miners who, in 1887, "wagoned" it from Kimberley

to try their luck. They did not achieve outstanding wealth or position, but their early adventures give a clear idea of the rough beginnings of the goldfields, and of the difficulties of the diggers in getting skilled men, machinery, and supplies to mine the great reef.

These men, one of whom was Martin H. Coombe, a famous shaft-sinker who at one time held the world's shaft-sinking record, came in a four-wheeled, covered spring-wagon with six mules. The vehicle carried eight passengers and a section of a huge fly-wheel. The other parts of the fly-wheel were, presumably, on other wagons and would be assembled later: for it was the inevitable practice then—there being no railway, partly owing to President Kruger's fear that a railway would prevent the burghers and their ox-wagons from making money out of the conveyance of men and machinery to the fields—it was the practice then to fit old engines and mills and boilers into all manner of vehicles, which sometimes broke down, with the result that all roads of approach to Johannesburg were littered with broken carts and off-loaded machinery, and that there were many appeals to lightly-laden wagoners to pick up the goods so urgently needed at their destination.

The two miners, the eight passengers, and the section of the fly-wheel at last arrived on the Rand. It was dark. Lanterns and candles glimmered around in thousands; the deep-voiced droning of kaffir songsters could be heard; and little glimpses could be had of tanned, bearded men playing cards in tents, while also there was a din of hammering and the ubiquitous clangor of workmen toiling through the night. They were building the first trade quarters of the city, a line of wood-and-iron shacks along what are to-day Market and Commissioner Streets, just south of the City Hall.

In the heat of the morning the two miners went off to look for work. They reached the Wemmer mine, about half a mile away. There they saw, over the

veld, an open cutting about 200 feet long and 40 or 50 feet deep. Europeans, blacks, and coloured men were moving about in it: filling ore into buckets. The buckets were being hoisted to ground level, in one case by whip oxen, and in another, by white men.

"Where's the manager?" Coombe demanded of a perspiring workman who was splitting a pile of logs with a big axe.

The hewer indicated with his pipe-stem an elderly man glaring into the cutting. The miners approached him.

"Good morning!" said they. "Any jobs going here for a couple of miners?"

The elderly man looked hard at them.

"Miners, eh?" he said. "Yes, I've got jobs for a couple of miners. The sight of a couple of *real* miners would do me good. But I ain't found any yet: and when I do I'll be like a mother to 'em, I will. Where you from?"

"De Beers," came the reply.

The idea of quoting a diamond mine as a recommendation for a gold mine tickled the old man greatly.

"S'pose," he said, "you ain't had no training in a Piccadilly store?"

"No; but we've done a bit on a New Zealand goldfield."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, who happened to be an Australian; "now, that's different!"

"What's the contract price?" asked young Coombe, glancing casually at the hewer of wood.

"We give no contracts here! The pay's two-pound-five a week: but as this is a special job I'll go to two-pound-ten."

The young men, who had come from Kimberley, where contract prices ranged from £10 to £20 a week, were amazed.

"D'you mean two-pound-ten a shift, or a week, bo?" one queried incredulously.

At this the manager threw a fierce glance at them and they retired (as one of them said afterwards) "under a

running volley of expletives that might have wiped out an army corps."

So began the old Wemmer mine!

They now moved a little east to the Salisbury mine where they saw the same primitive cross-cut and the same little mixed groups of white and black men hewing and hoisting and sweating and swearing. But they were much struck by the crude mining methods adopted there. A man shot out of a cross-cut. He unrolled a coil of fuse to its end, and built a small heap of dried grass round it.

Then he yelled "*Pas Op!*" (look out!) lit the grass, the fuse spat through the flame, and the groups bolted to cover. The rock was blown up, of course, but the method was typical of the extravagance of mining methods in those days.

4

Some weeks later a small group had gathered on a hill some miles to the west of Johannesburg. They stood close to the little ten-stamp mill of the Kimberley-Roodeport mine. One of them was Martin Coombe, his companion having gone back in disgust to Kimberley. This Kimberley-Roodeport mine had been financed almost entirely from Kimberley, and the expectations of those who had put their money into it ran high. The men on the hill were making their first test of its gold yield.

At last there lay in the manager's hand a round, blackish ball of sponge gold about the size of a cricket ball. This was carefully washed and examined.

"Well, what's its weight?" demanded the manager, handing it to one of the millmen.

The millman didn't know.

"Seems to me," said the manager, "that this is a blankety poor result, and that there's something mighty funny about it."

The millman balanced the ball nicely on the palm of his hand, and appeared to be giving the position his careful consideration.

"See here, bo," he drawled at last. "I've been up Lydenburg and Barberton way. And once I knew how to play cricket. I'm sending this here ball right into the outfield, and you kin darn well go and fetch it."

The millman thereupon flung the ball of gold as far as he could over the veld, demanded his wages, and trekked off to that low grey line of buildings on the Market Square, Johannesburg, where one might at any time, and for a brief outlay, drown the memory of this world's injustices.

5

But the big men of wealth were now coming, those who had held back at first because they believed that the Witwatersrand Main Reef was an old, tilted river bed, the gold in which would peter out at seventy-five feet. Every month had dealt a fresh blow at that idea, and at last it became clear that the Rand was no old river bed, though it might have been the tilted bed of a great ancient lake or sea-shore. Barney Barnato took some time to make up his mind about it, and whenever he made up his mind about anything, he acted. The brilliant little son of a Jewish store-keeper of Whitechapel had travelled to South Africa in 1873 as a steerage passenger, and his vessel had passed in mid-ocean the vessel in which young Rhodes was travelling back from Kimberley to Oxford, to get that University education for which he had always hankered, but had been too poor before then to afford. Barnato arrived in Kimberley with a capital of £30 and some boxes of cigars, and soon he, too, piled up a fortune out of diamonds. He became the rival of Rhodes, as well as a bookmaker, a member of Parliament, a boxing referee, and a lover of amateur theatricals. He went to the Rand in 1888, and made a careful tour of the Reef.

AN EARLY DWELLING-HOUSE IN JOHANNESBURG

"I came here just ten months ago," he then said, "and I will confess that I did not then form a bright opinion of the Johannesburg goldfields. Now things are altered. I am already convinced that Johannesburg will soon be one of the greatest and most prosperous towns in South Africa."

He bought up heavily for four months, in fact in that time he purchased every available building site in the centre of the town, as well as huge tracts of claim ground. He planned to build a large Stock Exchange, and aimed at securing interests in all important Rand concerns. He founded the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company (J.C.I.).

Lionel Phillips—incisive, small of stature but big of intellect—had passed across the Reef when it was a wilderness of wind and sun: and he, too, soon came to the conclusion that the new fields were a mighty discovery. He became one of the principal figures in Ecksteins, now known as the Rand Mines Group. Hermann Eckstein himself—that dignified, far-seeing Rand magnate—saw that the old outcrop methods were passing. He knew that the deeper the mines went the more expensive would mining become; and it was he who, anticipating the complexities of deep-level mining, brought highly-qualified men of science, engineers, millmen, and mechanics, into the country; and their liberal views of life, as may readily be imagined, widened the cleavage between the ways of the Witwatersrand and those of Kruger's men in Pretoria.

6

But it was not only the men of advanced ideas who disturbed the equanimity of the Rand; the influx of undesirables also caused them no little anxiety. Perhaps it is as well that these "bad men" came, for in any early community the bad men have supplied the drama and the colour, and have gone on supplying it until the

community has decided to turn them out, as the diggers did in Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Johannesburg has long since expelled its bad men. But while they remained, they certainly added to the picturesqueness of the fields. Moreover, by prompting the diggers to clamour for greater police protection they added to the misgivings of Kruger's men, who shook their heads and deplored the depravity of the times.

There was one mysterious character whose record entitles him to some little consideration in these pages. He was tall, slender, and of Hispano-Indian extraction. He had, it seems, got into trouble in England by slashing with a sabre and seriously injuring a notorious blackmailer who was favouring him with his attentions. As his crimes were already formidable, so much so that he subsequently figured as a "star" character in Fox's list of international criminals, he resolved to escape to some place where no extradition laws were operative. He looked up the lists, and decided on the Transvaal, and in due course found himself in Johannesburg, where he began to earn a very good living by card-sharping. Such was his skill that he was feared even by the most adroit of the local swindlers, and at that time the Rand had its share of them. Perhaps the most noted of these was a certain French doctor, the son of a Parisian physician. A big, powerful personality with an ungovernable temper, it was often claimed for him that he was the smartest cardman in Europe.

Now the two men, at one time, were unknown to each other, and it occurred to an acquaintance of both to bring them together and to see who would fleece the other.

The game began. The Frenchman backed himself heavily, and the others at the table, none of whom knew the new-comer, also supported him substantially, until the table was literally piled with notes and gold. The Spaniard performed a bit of uncanny wizardry with the last cards. It passed unobserved, and he scooped the pool.

"Gentlemen!" said he, rising in leisurely fashion and stuffing the spoils into his bag; "always at your service."

And he left the room.

This man was arrested by one of the old Republican detectives in Johannesburg and taken over the Cape border. He escaped to Salt River, but was caught again and sent to England, where he underwent a long term of imprisonment for the sabre affair. His singular charm and captivating adventures, however, inspired a certain distinguished novelist to make him the central figure in one of his books.

7

Other early desperadoes who added to the cares of the Kruger regime were two robbers: McQueen and Turpin, who had come by coach to Johannesburg from Kimberley. They decided soon after their coming to rob the Standard Bank in Krugersdorp. To this end they proceeded one day on horseback to that village (as it then was) twenty miles to the west of Johannesburg, in which a branch of the bank had just been opened. They tethered their horses. Entering the bank when the janitor-clerk happened to be out, they tied the manager to his chair, grabbed a large sum, and rushed forth with it to their horses. They then galloped off towards Johannesburg. A Republican police sergeant, named Tossel, went in pursuit. The chase continued past new trenches and prospector's holes, beyond Witpoortje — a great gorge where the line of gold reef is broken and a gap extends for miles — until at length Tossel hailed a man standing on the verandah of a small isolated hotel.

"In the name of Oom Paul," he shouted, "bring out Atlas!"

Now Atlas was a racehorse, and the man on the verandah saddled it up, galloped after Tossel, and overtook him. He then handed over the racehorse. Being

fresh, the animal soon overhauled the fugitives; there was an exchange of shots, and the robbers surrendered. They were brought back handcuffed to Krugersdorp, and were jailed later in Johannesburg. The owner of the racehorse was presented with a cheque for £100 by the Standard Bank, for the part he had played in the capture.

8

But there was yet another character, far more sinister in thought and deed than any of these, whose crimes were directly responsible for an appeal to President Kruger for more police and street lighting, and whose escape from the Rand is still a matter of interest and mystery. The man was Deeming, alias Williams, the Rainhill murderer. Deeming arrived in Johannesburg in 1889. He perpetrated a number of swindles, and posed as a mining expert. By a strange coincidence, while he was in an office discussing land and mining deals, a wire was received by one of the partners seeking information concerning him, as he had decamped from one of the South African ports with a quantity of jewellery. Deeming overheard this partner discussing the wire and walked hurriedly out of the office. That very night four men were found dead in different parts of the town, all killed by blows on the head with a blunt instrument. Clearly enough the murderer had crept up behind his victims. The following day—which was Sunday—the diggers assembled in great numbers around Height's Hotel, opposite the primitive town police station. They were apparently anxious to get a glimpse of the bodies, which lay in the mortuary awaiting the surgeons.

Suddenly a Hottentot raised a cry.

"*Daar is hij, daar is hij!*" he shouted, at the same time pointing to a white man edging away from the crowd. But the Republican police were too quick. They seized him, the Hottentot protesting loudly that this was the very individual who had crept up behind

him and had tried to murder him the previous night. The man was locked up. Dr. Hans Sauer, the friend of Rhodes, was one of the district surgeons. The evidence against the prisoner, who gave the name of James Butler, proved inconclusive, depending as it did on the testimony of the Hottentot; and the *landdrost* declined to commit him for trial. "Butler" was thereupon discharged. It has been generally suspected since that "Butler" was Deeming.

The streets were then unlighted, and uneasiness prevailed at the thought of a murderer being somewhere at large. Leading men formed a Vigilance Committee to help catch the man, but hardly had the committee been formed before the community was again startled by the news of another crime. Two men were killed on this occasion, and the strange marks found on their bodies indicated that they had been slain by the same mysterious hand. Public excitement grew. The Kruger Government ordered an inquiry to be held. It was done, and proved abortive. But there were no more murders.

Now it is significant that Deeming, who had been well known in Klerksdorp, near Johannesburg, where he had managed the Nooitgedacht Gold Mining Company, also vanished at this time, made his way to the coast, boarded a coaling steamer, and reached Aden. Before he sailed, however, he attempted to cover his tracks by wiring the following message to *The Klerksdorp Record* for August 24, 1889: "Died at Natal, on Friday, August 25, 1889, F. B. Deeming."

After a series of crimes in which first he murdered, and then buried in cement, his wife and family at Rainhill, near Liverpool, and subsequently slew and buried in similar fashion a second wife at Windsor, Melbourne, in 1892, he was arrested at the Southern Cross Goldfields, Western Australia, where he had again been posing as a mine engineer, and in spite of an appeal to the Privy Council for stay

of execution, was hanged at Swanstown Jail, on May 23, 1892.[1]

9

The stories of these outlaws have been given at some length because of the drama they involve; but they must be considered as quite exceptional in the record of an otherwise orderly community. It already boasted a body of altruistic clergy; its capitalists were liberal patrons of sport; its first magistrate, the white-bearded Captain Von Brandis, was greatly beloved: it has often been said of him that he could not bear to send a woman to prison, and that he would rather fine her and pay the fine himself. Moreover, the diggers themselves were excellent fellows albeit with many grievances. They were heavily taxed, they got little or nothing in return for their big contribution to the Treasury, not even, as we have seen, street lights, adequate police protection, or railways. And they resented President Kruger's apparent reluctance to come to see them.

[1] An incident hitherto unpublished concerning Deeming was related to the author in January, 1929, by Mr. W. Kidger Tucker, a Senator of the South African Legislature, and an ex-Mayor of Johannesburg (1906). As Managing Director of the Nooitgedacht Gold Mining Company operating at Klerksdorp in 1889, Mr. Kidger Tucker was the first to discover that Deeming's pretensions to skill as a mining engineer were fraudulent, and it was he who suspended him on the spot from doing further work on the mine. It appears that the earlier operations of this mine having proved favourable, a manager of proven experience in larger scale operations was sought, and Deeming "talked very big," presented himself to the directors in Johannesburg, and was appointed. In Klerksdorp, then, he went about somewhat aggressively proclaiming his own merits and incidentally wearing huge, well-polished top boots. The flamboyant character of the reports sent in by him to the mine office in Johannesburg seems to have aroused doubt, and Mr. Kidger Tucker went out forthwith to inspect the operations at the mine. He found Deeming shaft-sinking. His work indicated that he knew nothing about it. "I want you to show me some of your gold-bearing samples," said Mr. Kidger Tucker. Deeming thereupon fetched certain chunks of banket rock with which he had secretly mingled rich Pietersburg quartz rock, and had thus "salted" his samples. Mr. Kidger Tucker detected the fraud, suspended Deeming who violently protested, and reported the matter to his co-directors in Johannesburg. The man was thereupon formally dismissed.

Rhodes saw very clearly the dangers of the situation. He saw, as Kruger had seen, the clouds piling up slowly on the horizon. He saw the coming conflict between Krugerism and Rhodesism. And he was afraid—afraid of the threat the conflict implied to the success of his Imperial plans, his Cape-to-Cairo scheme. This All-Red route would, he hoped, pass up into Rhodesia to the west of the Transvaal by way of Bechuanaland; but inter-racial strife on his Transvaal flank, strife virtually between his followers and those of Kruger, might ruin the whole business.

CHAPTER V

COUPER'S GREAT RING BATTLE WITH BENDOFF IN '89

I

KRUGER, meanwhile, looked with disfavour on some of the forms of sport adopted by the "Uitlanders." He did not approve of professional boxing, for instance, and he could not understand how two men could be prepared to batter each other in a ring for a money prize, although, as he once said, he could understand, but certainly would not applaud, one man shooting another who had done him an injury.

Now in the late 'eighties a certain diffident young man, the son of a Scottish minister, and inured, therefore, to the strait-laced ways of the Victorian manse—the manse so well reflected in Barrie's "The Little Minister"—had come to the Rand, and after undergoing much vicissitude had drifted into pugilism. In the circumstances it was perhaps natural that he should have felt dubious of the attitude of his parents towards this bit of unorthodoxy and that he should have been reluctant at first to fight for a purse. But the temptations were too great, the rewards too high; moreover, his fistic skill was so remarkable, and he was always so easily the victor in any of the encounters which were the normal lot of most men in those times, that all objections were at last over-ridden, and he entered the ring, first as a provincial champion, and eventually as the recognized professional champion of South Africa.

His slight build concealed great reserves of strength —some of it purely nervous admittedly—his white skin rippled with muscle, and his movements were as adroit,

graceful, and formidable as those of the Discus Thrower of Myron. Throughout his days Couper remained utterly unlike the rugged fighting men, Mace, Goddard, Burge "The Iron Man," Pritchard, and many another who came to Africa before and after him. He had literary aspirations, too, and he once wrote a novel, "Mixed Humanity," which holds a flashing mirror to the times. It tells the story of his life, the central figure—himself—being one Senior, the pugilist who never suffered defeat. Well-known Kimberley and Rand characters—Barnato, Lowenthal, Bendoff—are lightly disguised in its pages.

Couper's natural gravity, however, did not commend itself to Barnato. That volatile little millionaire and ardent patron of boxing, who could be seen flitting about the streets of the city in his check suit and straw hat, taking his merry batches of friends into hostelries without a penny in his pockets to pay for them, and who was ever the sparkling centre of a crowd of hilarious admirers —Barnato was not in sympathy with Couper's curious dreamy Corinthianism.

2

In February, 1889, there arrived in Johannesburg the redoubtable bruiser, Bendoff. He had won a score of big battles, and had fought Jem Smith, the champion of England, for many rounds, the decision, in the opinion of many good judges, having been given incorrectly against him. Bendoff had the thews of a giant. He had come to South Africa with the idea of winning the national title from the holder and taking with him as much of the gold of the Witwatersrand as fate and fortune might decree. He found an immediate backer in Barnato.

Bendoff lost no time in issuing a challenge to Couper in the following terms:

"Wolff Bendoff, who has just arrived from England, hearing of the boxing ability of Professor J. R. Couper, champion of South Africa, would like to box in any style

he likes for £1,000 up to £5,000 a side. Bendoff hopes that he will come to the point like a solid man and defend his title."

Couper replied:

"J. R. Couper having advertised for some time his retirement from the pugilist profession, would say in answer to Mr. Bendoff's pressing challenge, that he would be glad to meet him in a light boxing match with small gloves to a finish for any stake from £2,000, on condition that he (J. R. Couper) whose weight is 144 lb. gives no more than 8 lb. away."

This condition, which virtually nullified all prospect of a match—for it would have been impossible for Bendoff to have made the weight—prompted Bendoff to express ironical surprise that a few paltry pounds of flesh should be allowed to stand in the way of the proposed encounter, and to his friends Bendoff hinted that the other was making insuperable difficulties, and that if he was not prepared to defend his title he ought to forfeit it.

One of the intermediaries, a staunch supporter of Couper, was a certain Harris, a tactful little middle-man, who was fully resolved that the fight should take place, for he was convinced that few, if any, in the world could stop his friend and partner Couper when in real fighting trim. There was, of course, the uncertain factor of Paul Kruger's attitude, for if the President ordered the police to stop the conflict no amount of subterfuge would get the better of the edict.

This was instanced some years later, when an encounter took place between Kelly, the Natal champion, and the brawny Donovan, champion of the Cape Colony, on the borders of the Cape and the Free State, at which Barnato himself refereed, much to the disgust of the Cape people, for he was a member of Parliament in a slow-going, proud, and highly conservative Colony. At the last moment, the Cape police entered the ring and stopped the proceedings. The contestants thereupon rushed over the border into the Orange Free State and hurriedly set up a ring on the open veld. The two champions came out of their corners and met in the

centre and presently the Natal man began to hammer his opponent all over the ring.

The Free State police now galloped up and dismounted. They pushed their way, crawling and shoving, through the excited, closely-packed crowd, and as they reached the ring they were attacked by irate fight-fans. Whereupon they were ordered by their officer to draw their revolvers and shoot the first man who again molested them. But the fight was already over—in one round. Kelly had beaten his opponent, and had thus checkmated the police who were now in the ring.

3

This little digression will serve to prove that the President of the Transvaal was not alone in his opposition to ring-fighting. Harris, therefore, very wisely decided that he would go to Pretoria to make sure of the President's attitude; and as an old employé of the Republic, he was perhaps in a favourable position to do so.

"President," he began, "there's a big Englishman in Johannesburg who says he can thrash any man in the Transvaal."

Kruger removed his pipe, and surveyed the other with a bright, stern eye.

"*Skiet hom!*" (shoot him) he said gruffly, and upon hearing further details about this stranger, he at once signed an order that the police were on no account to interfere with the fight.

Subsequently in Johannesburg difficulties of poundage were settled, and the meeting for the South African championship was fixed to take place on July 26, 1889. The total purse amounted to £4,500; Bendoff's party laying £2,500 to £2,000. Barnato backed Bendoff heavily, and among those supporting Couper was Abe Bailey (now Sir Abe Bailey) who in those days attended Couper's boxing school in the north-central portion of the town. The rivals established their training camps about twenty miles apart, Couper at Halfway House on

the road mid-way between Johannesburg and Pretoria, and Bendoff at Maraisburg, a few miles west of Johannesburg, along the line of the gold reef. There had been a marked difference between the attitudes of the two men towards the coming contest. Bendoff believed that his superior strength, weight, and experience would enable him to win easily, and he did not, therefore, prepare very strenuously; Couper, on the other hand left nothing undone. He felt then, as he always felt throughout his career, that it was a bold thing to give away poundage, and he did his training the more seriously. Many of his friends warned him that he ought never to have accepted the challenge, so little did they fancy his chances. Meanwhile, Bendoff was winning the respect of his sparring partners by the power of his blows, which exceeded anything they had yet experienced with the men of the country.

4

Came the morning of the battle. The business of the town was suspended. Stock Exchange dealings were desultory, and finally the brokers themselves went forth almost to a man along the dusty road which wound south to Booysens, where the ring had been set up and encircled with corrugated iron. Spiders, ox-wagons, horsemen, bowler-hatted riders on high-wheeled "ordinary" bicycles, runners in shorts, bearded farmers, officials, police, all crowded that highway out to the ring. Tickets were sold at £5 apiece. Several enthusiasts offered £20 for a seat on finding that the best accommodation had gone. An enormous gathering unable to get in, encircled the iron wall, and these, angered at the lack of space inside, eventually broke through, the walls collapsing with a clatter. They then pressed towards the ring, a proceeding which occasioned several minor mêlées.

The committee in charge of the arrangements consisted of men who made big names in the later history of the town and country: Farrar, afterwards Sir George, the noted mining magnate, and Lou Cohen, stockbroker

and author of books on Kimberley and Johannesburg. The umpires were Lowenthal,[1] a considerable property owner in Johannesburg, for Couper, and Lou Cohen for Bendoff. The late Clem Webb was referee.

Couper looked a trifle pale as he sat in his corner, but it was evident that he was in magnificent condition. His opponent seemed bigger and heavier, and his expression more formidable, as he glared at his light gloves, cut off at the fingers to enable him better to grip them.

Burly Clem Webb stepped forth, and raised his arm:

"Gentlemen," he began, "we have assembled here to-day to witness a contest for the championship of South Africa, to take place between Wolff Bendoff, of London, and J. R. Couper, of Johannesburg. The selection of officers and all other arrangements have been carried out to the satisfaction of the combatants, and it will only now remain for you gentlemen to give us every assistance to carry out this fight in such a way that it will be a credit to Johannesburg in particular and South Africa in general. I tell you we have a strong representative Press here to-day, and I can only hope that there will be no necessity for these gentlemen to note anything that is unfair. Let us rather give occasion for telling the world that we in Johannesburg understand and appreciate the meaning of fair play (loud cheers). The stakes fought for to-day are the largest that have ever been contested in the world. I shall now introduce J. R. Couper of Johannesburg, and Wolff Bendoff of London, and I hope the best man will win. Gentlemen, I wish you both luck."

Many of those who saw the subsequent battle have, it is hardly necessary to say, passed away; but survivors speak of it still with excitement, and with some sense of exaggerative pride liken it to such historic encounters as the fight between Sayers and Heenan, or between Corbett and Sullivan in the palmy days of the giants of the Anglo-American prize ring.

[1] Lowenthal is believed to have been the Scottish mine manager, "Mr. Stewart," who figures so prominently in Couper's novel, "Mixed Humanity."

5

"Bang!" went the gong.

The two men jumped from their corners and shook hands, or rather touched gloves. A crowd suddenly grown silent saw the giant weaving his brawny arms while the other feinted and moved nimbly about, watching for an opening to land those terrible blows with either hand which had won him the supreme laurels of the land. Bendoff swung his left and smote Couper heavily on the body, but Couper countered with a light blow to the face. And now Bendoff, stung to activity, went after his man, who dodged and side-stepped, and eventually fell, when "time" sounded the end of the round.

"First blood to Couper!" cried the fans.

In the second round, Bendoff, whose massive strength made every spectator feel that if he could only land a full blow squarely the battle would end, made up his mind to be stung no more by this wasp of a fellow in front of him, and he rushed ahead, smiting him heavily on the head. Couper retreated, shook himself and tried to retaliate, with little effect, however, for he was clearly glad when the time signal enabled him to escape to his corner. So far, Couper had suffered the more in the exchanges; nor did matters improve for him in the next round, when Bendoff caught him heavily in the ribs, knocking him down, the first knock-down blow of the fight. Couper's condition, however, remained magnificent, and not only did he survive this round, but showed his old deadly skill in the next, when, avoiding a blow which had enough weight behind it to have ended two battles, he countered severely on his opponent's head.

Grimmer than ever was Bendoff's look as he then sought to land those remorseless gloves on his elusive antagonist, and the excitement of the crowd was sustained by the hope that Couper might still succeed in evading them. In the sixth round Couper hit his man repeatedly, until the Londoner's face began to swell and

his eyes to look smaller than ever. Still Bendoff maintained the offensive. He went ever fiercely after his man, who as occasion demanded, would drop down often at the merest touch, and take a rest. In the eighth round the giant flushed a slight hit to the shoulder and Couper dropped.

"Down without a blow again!" sneered Bendoff. "Get up and fight!"

But Couper was ready enough to do this at his own convenience, and in the ninth round, after extricating himself from a dangerous mêlée on the ropes, he stood off and gravely kissed his gloves to his admirers.

6

So the fight progressed, the giant showing incredible gameness and crashing in heavy blows now and then, but receiving far more than he gave, until his appearance made it clear that his only chance now lay in dealing a knock-out. But Couper saw clearly through the plan, and took no chances. In the twenty-sixth round the end came, when his left shot out. Bendoff stumbled back to his corner, beaten, and murmuring, "I can't go on!" Whereupon his second threw up the sponge, and the fight terminated.

Hats and sticks were hurled high in the air; men rushed the ring; the crestfallen Barnato, the elated Bailey and Farrar and many another added their praise for the still unbeaten Couper.

Lou Cohen, who was one of the vivid Bohemians of that time, had ordered a special lunch in town for his friends, who had backed Bendoff on his advice almost to a man, but they, as he afterwards whimsically declared, never came along to share the repast.

And to-day, forty years or more afterwards, the fight is still remembered as the greatest in South African ring history, worthy assuredly to rank with the epics of the ring of other times. But the laurel wreath, the reputation, with which Couper's brow was now metaphorically adorned, became associated thenceforth with tragedy.

His fortunes began to decline. He made some money out of his book, "Mixed Humanity"; he also speculated successfully at first in the share-market, and at one time was worth some £15,000; but the tide turned and he lost steadily for some years after the fight. That fight, which signalled his retirement from the ring and which determined his resolution never to re-enter it even to meet Bendoff, who came out again two years after to solicit another encounter, had lifted him to the crest of the wave. He was now to sink into the trough. He lost money so consistently that he began to believe himself bankrupt. And so, one day, he shot himself. Yet when his estate was wound up it was found to be still worth some thousands.

Bendoff went back to England and had a three-weeks' tour with Peter Jackson; but old, scarred Jem Mace, the *doyen* of the knuckle days, used to shake his head mournfully about him, declaring, "A great fighter, boy, but Wolff ain't got over that mill in South Africa . . . nor never will!"

7

There were picturesque characters in Johannesburg then: Majuba Jack, a fantastic inebriate who used to walk about the city telling people how it took him ten hours to go up Mount Majuba (in the Anglo-Boer War of 1881) and ten minutes to come down. He would suddenly stop and, as if lunging with an imaginary bayonet, would murmur: "Now boys, steady . . . Fire low . . . Hit 'em in the belly!" and so on, and would go through his pathetic rifle drill. His bubble had burst, it was said, when a Majuba officer saw him at the foot of that fateful mountain flourishing a blood-stained bayonet and boasting that he had bayoneted a multitude of Boers. The officer reminded him that he had seen him thrust it into a wounded mule, presumably to put it out of its misery. Majuba Jack became a changed man. Thereafter his tale became a humorous one of defeat, but he remained ever the finest farrier in the town, the supreme artist of the horseshoe nail.

LUSCOMBE SEARRELLE

Who transported his Opera House 450 miles by wagon from the coast to the Golden City, in 1889

There was "Ikey" Sonnenberg, too, who affected a white top hat and whose gambling propensities and trading adventures made him the butt of the stories of local clubmen. There was deaf Pete, an old criminal since deported, who knew the town's pickpockets so well that for a small consideration he would undertake to consider sympathetically the restoration of the stolen watches and other missing property of the stockbrokers. There was Luscombe Searrelle, the theatrical manager and impresario, a short, stout figure with pipe, silk hat, and umbrella, who gave a glorious fillip to theatrical enterprise in the late 'eighties by importing an operatic company to the goldfields and opening the "Theatre Royal," a shanty of corrugated iron facetiously known as "The Searelleries." Luscombe Searrelle wrote a quaint book, "Tales of the Transvaal," in which he described, in an old-fashioned vein of humour, his search for a bogus coal farm sold to him by one Ikey of Johannesburg, presumably the original "Ikey" Sonnenburg. There was big Colonel Ferreira, the founder of Ferreira's camp in 1886, who, while roaring at a local crowd from a cart, "I'm Colonel Ferreira, C.M.G." was thrown off the back of it by a sudden lurch of the horses; and there was generous Carl Hanau who made and lost fortunes with the celerity of a juggler producing and effacing rabbits from a hat, and would exchange badinage publicly with beautiful Kitty O'Neil, the Irish-American barmaid.

But all were great sportsmen. The times, it might be, were rough, but charity ruled.

The darkness of the town was relieved slightly by the glimmer of the lamps outside the taverns, the barkeepers being compelled to provide these lamps as street lighting. As there were numberless bars there were also numberless lamps, which were often blown out nevertheless, on windy nights, the glass having been smashed by roysterers on their homeward way—the roysterers who were so often sandbagged and robbed by desperadoes at dark corners.

The Rand Club, famous nowadays all over the world,

was then only a tin shanty. The Wanderers (Sports) Club, so named because the prospectors and others who founded it regarded themselves as wanderers, was established in 1888; and it now has something like an international reputation. Many great meetings were held at the Turffontein race-course, when half the town went there, its prettiest women thronging the grand stand which, as one writer has put it, "became a picture of white bosoms, flowers, and shapely arms."

But all pioneers privileged to look back over the decades acknowledge still as outstanding, that one great unforgettable event, the grim glove fight on July 26, 1889, at which Couper defeated Bendoff in twenty-six rounds for the heavy-weight championship of South Africa and a purse of £4,500.

CHAPTER VI

THE COMING OF THE SAINTS, THE DOCTORS, AND OTHERS OF FAITH AND VISION

I

STORIES of shy clerics adventuring among irreverent diggers and administering unexpected thrashings to the bullies of the "gulch" have long since become a convention of American fiction. Although the Rand possesses no great library of similar tales, the founders of its Churches assuredly had their adventures.

Bishop Wilkinson, the real founder of Pretoria Diocese, used to travel boldly over the Transvaal long before the Rand goldfields were discovered, and he has left us a vivid pen-picture of one of these veld journeys, half a century ago.

"We rode across vast plains," he wrote, "quite flat, never arriving at the horizon, most wearying to the eye, but at that time relieved by countless herds of big game, blesbok, gnu, and zebra. I never saw the like before or since, incredible even when seen. As the springbok came to the wagon road they would bound gracefully into the air and clear it. When some hundreds were thus in the air at the same time the appearance was that of a bridge spanning the track."

The good bishop, driving and tramping thus about the wilds to visit his scattered flock, was never actually appointed to the Pretoria Diocese, which was constituted in 1878; instead, the choice fell upon the Rev. Henry Bousfield, who, in 1878, was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The new bishop came to Pretoria before the Witwatersrand goldfields had been discovered. Not long after the first rushes to the Rand, Bishop Bousfield invited the Rev. J. T. Darragh, of Kimberley, to become the first permanent Anglican priest of Johannesburg, and he arrived in June, 1887.

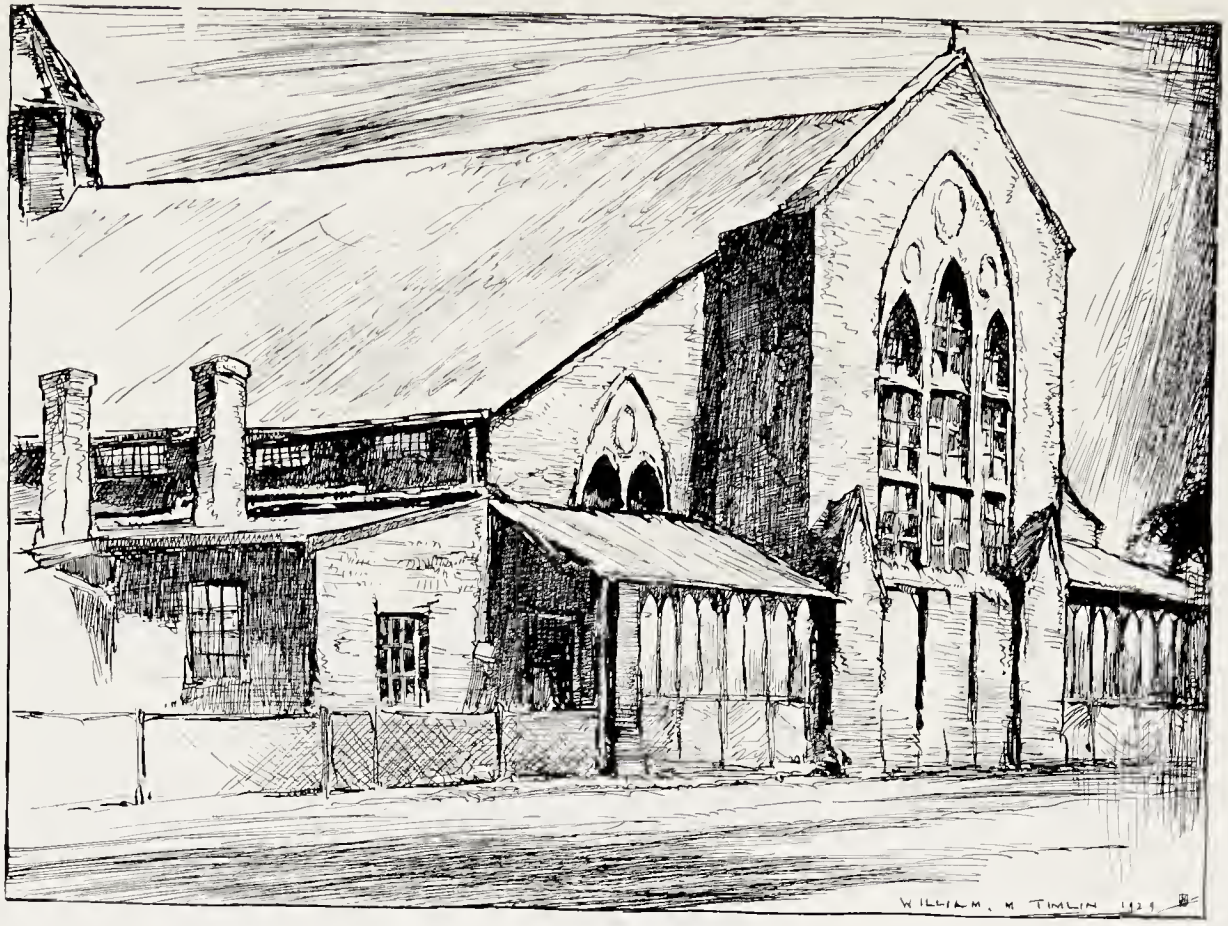
Now Darragh was an Irishman, masterful and human, and called as he had been to a new field, which speedily developed signs of wealth and enabled him to control not only his own church of St. Mary but also sub-churches at Doornfontein, Jeppestown, Germiston, and elsewhere, he gradually became to the bishop (who was a great stickler for the forms and prerogatives of his office) a rival in power. It was a case of the stalwart child wanting to go its own way, and of the parent who would not let it. A protracted feud developed between them, a feud which was reflected in Synod and out of it, and was echoed in the columns of the local Press.

Matters had to go ultimately to arbitration. Thus even the Church reflected the countless and ceaseless antagonisms between old and staid Pretoria and young and vigorous Johannesburg, antagonisms alluded to at some length in previous chapters of this book. That St. Mary's Church, Johannesburg, must one day become a cathedral, and that the goldfields would have their own Anglican Bishop, seemed inevitable, although the change was not actually made until 1922, when both leaders in the original controversy had passed away.

2

Men of sterling character are usually the servants only of their ideals, and the lifelong hostility of prelate and priest can only be accounted for by some such conflict of ideals. The bishop stood for Church discipline; the priest for Church enterprise. Each had a tremendous sense of duty, and each was ready at any hour, day or night, to respond to a call.

Darragh was awakened at three o'clock one morning by a prolonged knocking at his door. He lit a candle



ST. MARY'S, THE FIRST ENGLISH CHURCH IN JOHANNESBURG

and opened. It was winter and a high wind was blowing. An old miner with a lantern stood there and mumbled: "Your worship . . . Bill's dying. . . ."

The priest pulled the man inside, quickly donned his cassock, and both were soon hurrying through Ferreirastown. They presently entered a narrow, candle-lit room in an iron shack. The man lying on the bed was clearly at the end of the journey. He roused slightly as they stood about him, and made a sign to his chum, who seemed profoundly disturbed in the presence of death. As if by some previous arrangement, the latter deposited his lantern on the ground, and in a husky voice began to speak. Darragh sat on the edge of the bed, his strong face marked by a sympathetic sense of curiosity.

"Me and Bill, your worship," the man began, "is miners. . . . An' we've managed to pinch a bit of gold in our time. . . . All we've got in the world. . . . An' I've given my bit to Bill. . . . An' . . . your worship, Bill and me wants you to 'ave it for the Church. . . ."

The speaker fumbled in his coat-pocket and drew forth a red handkerchief, untied the knots slowly, and revealed a quantity of unwrought gold.

Darragh was shocked.

"But," he exclaimed, "this is stolen gold. . . . And you must know, my friends, that the Church is not a receiver of stolen property."

The man on the bed whispered: "Parson's . . . right, mate," and with a slight moan turned over on his side.

Having at last re-tied the gold in the handkerchief, the other touched the priest on the arm and pointed urgently to the sick man. "Your worship . . . jest . . . for his sake."

And Darragh, after pondering for some seconds, announced deliberately:

"The Church will accept this gift, even as it accepts all gifts of whatsoever kind and however humble, in the spirit in which they are given. . . ."

The man on the bed seemed content; his mate tip-

toed over and looked at him. Presently was heard the voice of the priest: "Though I wander through the Valley of the Shadow. . . ."

And thus, and as the dawn began to creep through the streets, old Bill passed to his rest.

3

The first evangelist to come to the Rand was one Hazenburg, who prayed the sick back to health; Lieutenant Kenrick of the Salvation Army came next, and preached to the sombre text: "Prepare to meet thy God." And there was Jooste the preacher, who held service in the house of Colonel Ferreira, of Ferreira's Camp on Christmas Day, 1886. Some months later there came the Rev. Johannes Martins, who reached Johannesburg on Saturday, May 18, 1887, and finding no place wherein to sleep, gladly accepted an offer of a stage-coach until the vehicle was needed for a return trip to Kimberley. The reverend gentleman founded the Dutch Reformed Church in Johannesburg. Early in 1929 he was still alive, and a firm believer in healing by faith.

Other fathers of the Church were coming along: dusty, gaitered young men for the most part, looking anxiously for sites. There was James Gray, the first Presbyterian, who, in May, 1887, walked up and down the "streets" until his eye lit upon the walled beginnings of a building in Commissioner Street, destined to blossom into Height's Hotel, one of the first hotels in the town.

"Do you think," he asked the builder, who was standing near, "that I might hold a service here?"

"Impossible," was the reply.

"Are you a Christian?"

"I hope so."

"Well, then—help me for the sake of the Master!"

"If you put it that way, sir, it must be done."

And it was done.

A storekeeper offered his deal planks for seats, to be returned after the service; a sympathetic young store-

man sent paraffin tins as supports for the planks; the prisoners in the jail on the Market Square were made to carry the planks to the hall—and enjoyed the outing greatly; the windows were then filled in with calico, and the editor of the *Standard and Diggers' News* printed the service dodgers and handbills free. So, with a packing case for a pulpit, the young Presbyterian preached his first sermon one Sunday in May, 1887.

4

The Jews who flocked in great numbers to the Rand were at first much divided among themselves, but were subsequently united. It is related that when the Jewish rabbi joined a deputation of Christian churchmen to see President Kruger, who was proposing to allocate free stands to certain Church denominations, the President announced that each Church would receive four, except, however, the Jews, who would only receive two.

"But why, President?" queried the indignant rabbi. "That isn't fair."

"Because you only use half the Bible," was the reply.

And the rabbi had to join in the ensuing laughter.

That brilliant orator and scholar, Dr. Herz—now the leading Jew in the British Empire—came to Johannesburg from America while the fields were yet young; a little, dark, vivacious man of infinite culture, and of fiery conviction. He became a real leader of Jewry on the fields, a position held to-day by the Hebrew scholar, Rabbi Dr. Landau. But Herz did not feel that his own people and the Uitlanders, generally, were being fairly treated by the Kruger Government, and his eloquent protests were presently heard in Pretoria, and he was put over the border. He, nevertheless, became a figure of great importance in South Africa after the Anglo-Boer War, until, indeed, he passed to his present eminent position in British Jewry.

Thus they came, these fathers of the Churches, these Wesleyans, Catholics, Baptists, Jews, all denominations,

indeed, to raise the banners of charity and good deeds in a queer rough community, the heart of which, like the Reef upon which it throve, was already one of gold.

5

The pioneer doctors also had their experiences.

No history of the early days of the fields would be complete without a reference to the great smallpox epidemic of 1893-95, which caught the Reef in a condition of unpreparedness and reacted disastrously on the labour supplies of the mines. There has been nothing like it since, happily; and the city to-day remains one of the healthiest in the world.

The epidemic broke out in some cottages at the back of an hotel in the middle of the town. Lord Algernon Gordon Lennox happened to be staying in the hotel at the time. His lordship, it seems, had a valet who had a friend, Hunter, and these two—valet and friend—were presently stricken with the disease. The black servants at the hotel fled. As they were contacts their disappearance caused much uneasiness, for there was then no means of tracing them; indeed it was currently believed that it was they who really spread the epidemic which presently raged along the Reef.

When the gravity of the position was grasped by the authorities—and it soon was—the Sanitary Board, which then exercised supervision over the centre of the town but which had no jurisdiction over the suburbs or the mines, was superseded by a Central Health Committee, widely empowered to deal with the emergency anywhere in the goldfields and almost anywhere indeed in the Transvaal.

Dr. Leyds, the State Secretary, hurried across from Pretoria to discuss matters with this committee.

"I suppose it will cost a few thousands," he remarked, ruefully. "Can you manage with £5,000?"

One of the members laughed outright.

"Five thousand," said he; "it may cost you a quarter of a million!"

6

There was no lymph. Such lymph as was available had perished, and for a while recourse was had to human lymph, an unpleasant necessity which raised a public outcry. Nevertheless, splendid work was done by Doctors Arnold Theiler, van Niekerk, Max Mehliss, and others.

Shortly after the outbreak, Lord and Lady Gordon Lennox, and a mine magnate, acting it would seem, in all innocence, left the hotel at which the disease had broken out and made their way west in a Cape cart with four horses to the magnate's house at Randfontein. As they were contacts, an official instruction was presently sent from Johannesburg to Landdrost Human, at Krugersdorp, ordering him to put the party in quarantine. This was done. The host, somewhat perturbed, and deeming such restriction unnecessary, protested to President Kruger.

Oom Paul, however, was not to be rushed. He considered the matter and then decided that the provisions of the law must be carried out. And they were. Later on, the host, acting upon the erroneous assumption that an adequate quarantine period had elapsed, but neglecting to ascertain from the landdrost if it had (and if he might leave the house in which he had been quarantined), set out to return to Johannesburg in a Cape cart and four horses, with Lord and Lady Gordon Lennox.

He was again held up near Witpoortje by the landdrost.

"You are in quarantine," protested this official in his deep, booming voice and holding up the largest hand in the Transvaal, so it was said. "And you must go back."

The party returned forthwith into quarantine.

Meanwhile, whole mine staffs had become infected. Sometimes the position was so grave, as at the native quarters of the old Stanhope gold mine near Germiston —now closed down—that whole rooms were full of sufferers.

Native labourers were sometimes stricken in the depths of the mines. Such was the depletion of the native labour force that the operations of the mines and the output of gold were both affected.

7

One day a dramatic thing happened. It was reported to one of the Republican officials that a certain native, a petty chief or *induna*, was inciting other native contacts incarcerated within a quarantine camp near Germiston, to break out and boldly defy the authorities. None of them could understand the necessity for quarantine measures, although they understood clearly enough the risk of infection from actual sufferers. They were inclined to regard quarantine as a form of official perversity; accordingly, a dangerously insubordinate spirit had developed in this camp, and it became necessary to take firm measures. The official to whom the report had been made went personally to the chief and warned him that his incitements must cease and that he must respect the quarantine decree.

The native retorted impertinently that he would do as he chose.

"If you break out," the official then declared, "I shall be compelled to order the guards to fire."

"Let them fire," was the retort, and the man began to hurry towards the outgoing gate, watched the while by an excited, sympathetic, and mutinous native crowd.

"Stop, or I fire!" shouted the official, raising his rifle.

The man continued on his way, nevertheless, and a few seconds later there rang out the whip-like crack of a rifle. The *induna* threw up his arms and fell dead.

At the inquiry held afterwards, it was ruled that the official had only done his duty. Extreme measures had to be taken to protect not only the Transvaal, but also Portuguese East Africa, and the native territories generally, all of which were threatened by native contacts escaping to their homes. And so the spirit of mutiny died down.

Large quantities of lymph soon became available. Vaccination proceeded ceaselessly; and Dr. Max Mehliss —the brilliant son of the adjutant to the blind King of Hanover, acquainted, too, with Henrik Ibsen and Prince Bismarck—established a big smallpox camp and hospital for serious diseases at Rietfontein, a few miles to the north of Johannesburg, and, devoting himself generally to the more serious of human ills, laboured there until he died in 1927. The tall, imperious figure, recognized as a prince among healers, is revered still by the whites and the natives of South Africa. He knew many Bantu tongues; and his last wish was to be buried in one of the plain coffins assigned to his pauper patients.

8

The city's General Hospital began with a few canvas tents put up in March, 1888, at Hospital Hill, when camp fever, as it was called, was fairly rife among the diggers. Undoubtedly the lack of water had something to do with it. All the rain that fell to the north of the gold ridge ran away into the Indian Ocean, while that which fell to the south of it vanished into the Atlantic. Nor were there facilities for conservation. Sometimes water was so scarce that men had to substitute soda water at a shilling a bottle. One, Isaac Gundelfinger, sank a well at Marshalls township and retailed water (with plenty of sand in it) at sixpence a bucket. As late as 1895-96 the precious fluid was distributed to a thirsty, unwashed community in special service vans. And thus health suffered, and the doctors fared well.

Moreover, men were being constantly injured while mining, in brawls, and in a thousand ways. One mining prospector was picked up unconscious, with a broken thigh, in Doornfontein Valley, and had to be lodged in a tent, there being no hospital. Men hurt in such dark and dangerous places as Natal Spruit and Marshall Square, through which it was once impossible to go unarmed at night, had to be patched up with such

rough resources as were available. So at last a number of pioneer women—how splendidly these entered into all good works of the day!—sought leading citizens to collect the necessary funds for a hospital. The town's first journalist, Mrs. M. E. Deecker, obtained £5,000 in one morning. The Kruger Government gave the ground, and soon the tents were replaced by a small hospital-building of galvanized iron. Convicts cut down the long grass, the abode then of puff-adders and mambas, and the Joubert Park area was ploughed and sown close by. Trees were planted. And thus began on Hospital Hill, Johannesburg, the great institution which to-day deals with over 100,000 patients annually, and costs £200,000 a year to maintain.

CHAPTER VII

HIGHWAYMEN AND SOME EARLY GOLD CRISES

1

IF an airman could have winged his way in 1889 or 1890 over Pretoria and the goldfields to the south of it, he would have seen Pretoria as a little green cloth with white markings laid away among the northern hills; and to the south he would have discerned a far-spreading, low ridge with delicate grey patches, loosely linked for fifty miles. These patches were the beginnings of the big mine-dumps of to-day. Both ends of the silver line curved south. In the centre was the small town of Johannesburg, all the streets of which criss-crossed exactly at right angles.

The airman would, of course, have seen no railways: only glowing dust puffing off the thin, sunny tracks. He might have wondered whether highwaymen terrorized those golden trails, and if the little specks on the highways were dead horses, mules, and oxen, dead in pulling great unfair loads to the goldfields?

When would Oom Paul build these struggling people their railways?

2

One beautiful moonlit night the mail coach was held up between Johannesburg and Kimberley at a place called Krommellenboog (Crooked Elbow). This is roughly two hundred and forty miles south-west of the Rand, and eight miles from Christiana. The road ran there between tree-clumps heavy with shadow. From these there emerged that night a horseman with levelled

pistols. He evidently knew that the coach was carrying gold and mails for Europe.

"Halt there!" he cried.

But the horses were spirited and the driver a man of spirit also, so after holding a whispered consultation with the reins-holder, he cracked his long lash and the coach shot ahead. But it availed little, for at that moment three other bushrangers rushed into the highway from a point lower down the road. Revolvers banged. One of the horses fell dead, while the others, becoming frantic, pulled up and bunched together. One bullet lodged in the body of the coach without hurting anybody. It was obvious that the robbers meant business.

"Hand over the bag!" one of them shouted.

It was handed over, the other desperadoes covering the stationary vehicle meanwhile. A few minutes later the men rode off with the gold and the mails. When the coach reached Christiana, the landdrost (magistrate) was asleep; but the old fellow was soon roused and told of the robbery. He dressed at once and called out his commando of twenty-five men, who galloped back along the road, to find only a ripped mail bag and its contents strewn along the river bank. The robbers had swum their horses over the stream and had thus escaped. As the stolen gold belonged to the Government and had been carried at the owner's risk the Government had to suffer the loss, a circumstance which should have reminded Pretoria that gold is safer in a railway coach than when exposed to the risks of the road.

That these risks were always substantial is evident from the fact that the mail coaches carried heavy consignments of specie to the banks from Kimberley and brought back bullion from the mines of the Witwatersrand. The largest amount conveyed to Johannesburg on any one journey at that time was £135,000, from the Standard Bank at Kimberley to its Johannesburg branch.

One night the coachman was "considerably puzzled to hear queer thumping noises under the vehicle. On arriving at the changing station after midnight, he was

horrified to discover that the bottom had fallen out of the 'boot' (the receptacle for storage of goods below the driver's seat), and that no less than fifteen boxes of bar gold were missing."[1]

3

The coachman borrowed a Cape cart and four horses. With anxious hearts he and others drove back at full gallop, and had the good fortune to recover all the boxes intact! It was lucky for them that darkness had fallen and that the bars had dropped when all traffic had practically ceased, otherwise the service would have sustained a ruinous loss.

Gold was being cleared through Johannesburg in ever increasing quantities. In 1886 a very small amount had been mined; in 1887 the figure was 35,000 ozs., in 1888, 231,000 ozs., and in 1889, 379,000 ozs.; and for some years afterwards the output continued to increase at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum. But although, as we have seen, banks and mines were confronted with an anxious task in getting all this gold away by coach, in 1889 and 1890 came serious trouble which threatened to put an end altogether to the production of gold. The reef had reached a pyritic zone; it had gone into rock from which it was very difficult to extract gold. The old crude processes were no longer answering, and everybody said that it was the beginning of the end, that the reef was nothing but a river-bed after all, and that the wisest folk were those who got away quickest. Certain mills closed down. The Market Square, Johannesburg, was littered with furniture and old pianos for quick sale. At least one-third of the houses and shops were unoccupied, and families were setting out daily on the long trail back to Kimberley and elsewhere.

But now a remarkable thing happened. Two brothers named Forrest, and a certain MacArthur who had been making experiments in gold extraction in Glasgow—

[1] Referred to in the article, "Old Coaching Days in South Africa. Reminiscences of Stirring Times," by George Beet, in the "Story of the Cape to Cairo Railway and River Route," issued by the Pioneer Publishing Company Ltd., London, and edited by Leo Weinthal.

experiments which were begun two or three years before the slump started on the Rand—had discovered the cyanide process. This was proving successful all over the world. The discovery was being exploited by the Cassel Gold Extraction Company from Britain.

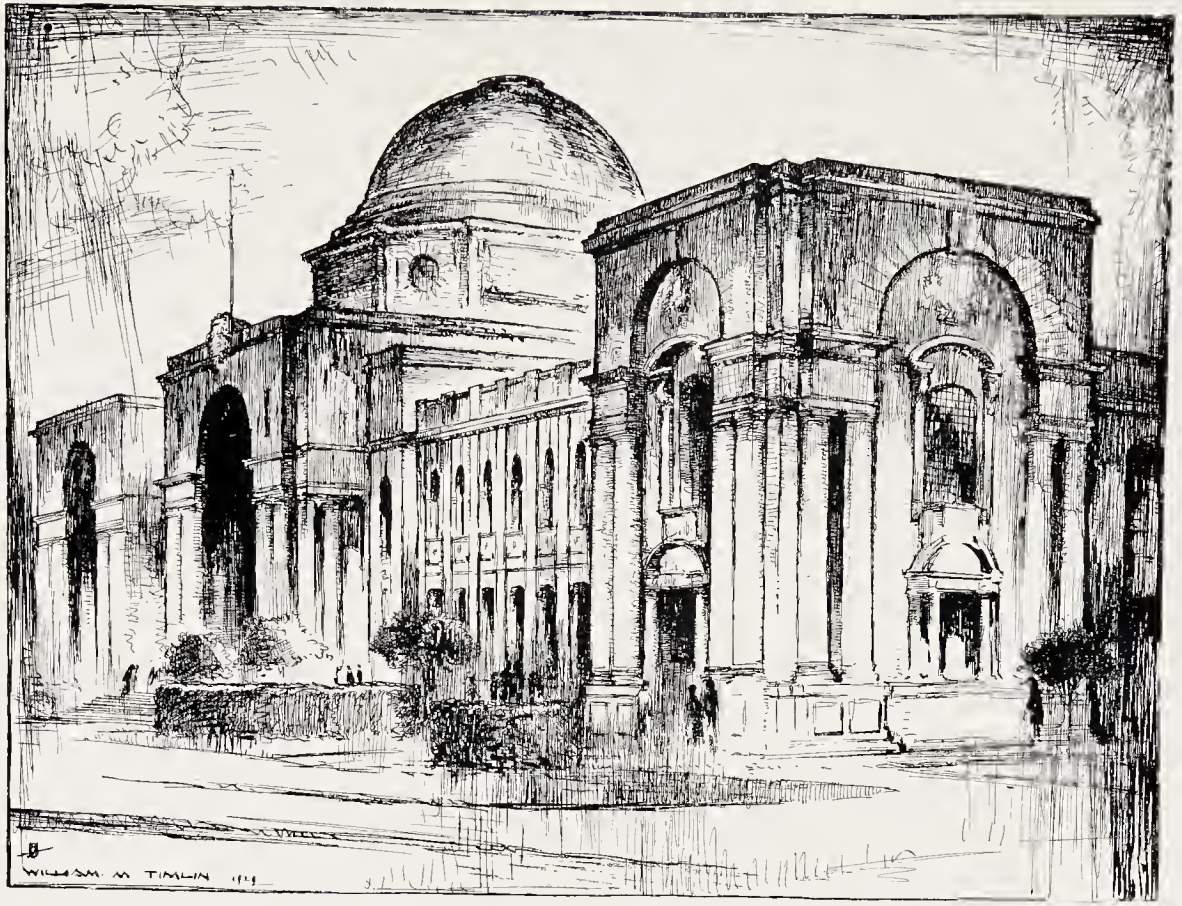
When, then, MacArthur arrived in Johannesburg, in April, 1890, he went to certain new plant—specially erected cyanide plant—on the Salisbury Mine, South Central Johannesburg, to prove that his process would extract gold from the rock more cheaply and in far greater quantity than could any other process. He has fortunately supplied the following account of the fateful and historic test which undoubtedly saved the Rand.

"Representatives of the gold industry were invited to check us at every point, and they came prepared to be very exacting; but when afternoon became evening and evening became night, refreshment, recreation and rest became necessary, and so with most of them, watching became whist, and whist became sleep! One of them, Mr. Hennen Jennings, consulting engineer to Ecksteins, was not to be tempted: he attached himself to the experimenter like an old friend. He took nothing for granted, measured every vat and every pipe, sampled the water, the lime, the cyanide, and the zinc to make sure that there was no humbug. For two days and two nights the trial lasted, until late on the third day when a small ingot of gold was turned out of the little kerosene smelting furnace. It showed a 98 per cent. extraction."

The demonstration was over. The Rand was saved!

4

But, as if gold extraction difficulties were not enough, the Rand was now called upon to endure a great drought. Nothing like it had been known in the Transvaal. The veld became parched; mules and oxen died at their disselbooms; forage grew scarce; prices rose, and the diggers, many of them thrown out of work by early failure to solve the gold-extraction problem, began to



THE LAW COURTS, JOHANNESBURG

Built on the site of the house of Captain Von Brandis

feel the pinch of hunger. And there's nothing in this world more likely to make men desperate, especially if their women and children happen to be involved.

"Why no railways?" they would ask each other bitterly. "What about Oom Paul's ox-transport now?"

Thus the miners at every street corner. Meanwhile the greybeards over in Pretoria were watching the situation anxiously. They realized that the Rand might be cut off from the outside world; that transport might break down, for coaching firms with stations eight miles apart all the way between Kimberley and Pretoria had several dozen horses to feed at each station. The animals had to be kept fit enough to gallop in relays the whole of the 300 odd miles between Kimberley and Johannesburg.

Kruger and his greybeards acted resolutely. They offered a bonus of £20 to the first 250 wagons of foodstuffs to arrive in Johannesburg from beyond the Transvaal border. The response proved galvanic. And once again the Rand was saved!

President Kruger came over in 1890 to address the people of Johannesburg chiefly about the much needed railways. At that time the imposing old man was at the zenith of his powers; indeed, as he stood up at the Wanderers Ground to address the quaint cosmopolitan throng he could hardly have failed to impress. His firm lips, dauntless eyes which had won the respect of Rhodes himself, white irregular beard, big nose, broad brow, as well as his deep rasping guttural voice, these were the features which went to the making of the most potent personality yet evolved by Dutch Afrikanderdom. "Oom" Paul was, it seemed, not a lesser man because of his faults, but if anything a greater. He was certainly more human. He could never see the rights of the other side. To him there was no other side. His weaknesses were those of a peasant, and a peasant he remained to the end of his days.

His address on the Wanderers Ground proved unfortunate. He saw before him a great multitude demanding railways—a threat to his burghers; a crowd demanding

the abolition of concessions—a threat to his friends; and worse than all demanding the vote—a threat to the independence of the country.

He began thus:

"Burghers, Afrikanders, and Uitlanders!"

Murmurs at once arose from the crowd, and the Dutch officials surrounding him looked about anxiously.

"We're as good South Africans as you are," shouted somebody resenting the term "Uitlanders." "You treat us with contempt!"

"*Bij stil!*" thundered the President. "I have no contempt for the new population: only for men such as you."

Members of the crowd now began to sing *Rule Britannia!* and the President was seen to turn away petulantly and leave the platform. He was ushered to his carriage and driven off under mounted escort to the house of Captain von Brandis, the landdrost.

5

Excitement grew. Hearing where His Honour was lodged, in the little, well-railed house on the site of the present imposing pile of New Law Courts, on Von Brandis Square, the crowd proceeded there that evening singing lustily. The palings were overthrown, the garden trampled down. One excited individual penetrated to the President's room.

"Go!" shouted Kruger in Dutch, and the man went.

Meanwhile, Captain Von Brandis went forth and made tactful remonstrance. "Hey!" he called out, "what are you boys doing to my garden?"

That killed the demonstration; the crowd dispersed. All might have ended there, but officialdom in those days was not gifted with the tact of Captain Von Brandis, and certain arrests were made. One young prisoner was hurried across to Pretoria, and on the way so ingratiated himself with his escort that they consented to accept his invitation to stop at Halfway House, mid-way between Johannesburg and Pretoria, where they enjoyed

themselves immensely. When the bill was presented the prisoner waved it airily aside. "No, no!" said he. "I'm now the guest of the Republic!"

6

"I hear," remarked Sir Henry Loch, the High Commissioner, on meeting the President later at Norvals Pont, "that you've had trouble in Johannesburg."

"Yes, Sir Henry," replied the President, and proceeded; "you see these people remind me of a pet baboon which was so fond of me that he would not let anyone approach me. But one day we were sitting round the fire and unfortunately the beast's tail got caught in the fire. He flew at me furiously, thinking that I was the cause of the accident. The people of Johannesburg are just like that. They have burned their fingers in speculation and now they want to revenge themselves on Paul Kruger!"

A somewhat harsh judgment obviously!

The President, however, did not again visit the town for five years. He remained more or less unsympathetic to the grievances of its citizens, and when one day he visited Krugersdorp, twenty miles to the west but still on the goldfields, to deliver a speech at the Paardekraal celebrations, he commenced his address thus: "People of the Lord, you old people of the country, you foreigners, you new-comers, yes, even you thieves and murderers!"

The speech was bitterly resented. It became clear that the clouds had risen a little higher on the horizon.

Before 1890, nevertheless, the Raad had agreed to the construction of a railway along the gold reef, although the line had been astutely described in the negotiations as "The Rand steam tram," a diplomatic subterfuge which undoubtedly enabled it to secure safe passage through a legislature not favourably disposed towards Uitlander railways. Incidentally, the wily Barbertonians had applied in 1889 for a "tram" at the Sheba Mine—"an aerial tram"—and legislator Groblaar had

stood up in the Raad to ask: "What is an aerial tram? Is it a balloon? Can it fly?"

However, a beginning had been made. The Boksburg–Johannesburg–Krugersdorp "steam tram" began to haul its loads along the line of gold reef, and the mines and banks to send in their gold by train to Johannesburg from the East and West Rand, instead of committing it, as formerly, to the hazards of the road. But the gold fields as a whole still remained isolated, unconnected by rail with the ports or provinces of Africa.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE RAND GOT ITS RAILWAYS

I

IF Harry Pauling had not looked out of his window in the early 'eighties, when at a little spot called Krankuil, about 550 miles from Capetown in the direction of Kimberley (and then the railhead), Johannesburg might not have got its link with Delagoa Bay when it did. That is to say in 1894. The story indicates how little courtesies often beget big rewards; and in this instance how a small benefaction brought an important railway contract to a firm which needed it.

One evening, Harry Pauling, railway engineer and brother of George Pauling, the railway contractor, happened to see three disconsolate figures wandering about in the gathering darkness at Krankuil. He accosted them.

"We can't get accommodation at the hotel," one of them complained, a burly, white-bearded individual in a black coat. "Some of the folk here have been very rude to us."

It was President Kruger. He and the others, Du Toit and Smit, were on their way back to the Transvaal from England. As soon as the Krankuil people had discovered who they were, they had refused, said the wanderers, to take them in.

"Never mind," Harry Pauling reassured them. "I'll give you a shake-down in my office, and have you called for the Transvaal coach in the morning."

Paul Kruger never forgot. Ten years or so afterwards, when George Pauling happened to be building

railways along the Johannesburg goldfields from Krugersdorp to Springs (the so-called "steam tram"), he was urged to apply to President Kruger for any other odd contracts that might be going. He applied and was invited to interview His Honour at half-past five in the morning.

"What do you say your name is?" the President queried.

"Pauling, your Honour—George Pauling."

The old fellow pondered a moment and remarked, "That name's familiar. Somebody of that name once helped me at Krankuil a year or two ago."

"My brother," declared Pauling, who had heard of the incident.

Summoning his State Mining Engineer the President then said: "Give this man any railway contracts that happen to be going."

And so, after some further conversation, mainly about Pauling's adventures as a railway contractor in the Holy Land, adventures in which His Honour seemed greatly interested, Pauling went out with the State Engineer and was offered at once the important commission to build the line from the Portuguese frontier via Crocodile Poort to Pretoria, that is, the Rand's first railway link with the coast. He accepted, and had the work ready to be handed over to the Netherlands Railway Company in the early 'nineties.

2

Pauling, who began life as a London night-watchman and who was a man of immense physical strength—he once carried a Basuto pony weighing 450 pounds round a billiard table at Grahamstown—tells some amusing stories, in his "Chronicles of a Contractor," of the problems with which he had to contend in laying this line through Crocodile Poort towards Pretoria. As they throw light also on the isolated situation of Johannesburg, they might be reproduced in Mr. Pauling's own words:

"Not the least difficulty in a fever country is to keep up the spirits of the men, and to prevent them from dying through sheer funk of the fever. With this object, Dr. Williams instituted a very helpful game in our hospital at Middle Camp (Crocodile Poort). The hospital was made of native timber thatched with grass, and it consisted of one room large enough for twenty-four patients. It was generally more than half full. The doctor had a number of thermometers, and in the afternoon he created a pool, into which was placed a shilling collected from each patient. If a patient was too ill to subscribe, a shilling was put in on his behalf. Then the temperatures were taken, and the man registering the highest scooped the pool. Frequently several of the patients with temperatures of 105 to 107 were delirious, but with a falling temperature, the first indication of incipient consciousness was an inquiry as to the result of the previous pool."

3

Kruger wanted the line from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria hurried on and finished, for he knew that it would give the Republic an outlet to the coast, and he believed—a belief which was strengthened when Johannesburg began to produce gold in great quantities—that this line would bring in vast profits to his treasury. He knew that as Johannesburg was only 394 miles distant from Delagoa Bay, but 1,000 miles from Capetown and 482 miles from Durban, all other factors being equal, goods intended for the goldfields would have to come from the coast over *his* line. It would, he believed, be the cheapest route. He felt that the line from the Cape—Rhodes's line—would never be able to compete because it was so much longer; and one may imagine with what feelings of satisfaction he visualized the triumph of his Rand–Pretoria–Delagoa Bay route over those from the Cape and Natal.

His attitude was, however, rather that of Father Abraham on the Stock Exchange, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's

famous simile. His limited ideas of finance had not enabled him to foresee how other factors would work out against him, and how the other British railways from the south and south-west would be well able to compete with his cherished line chiefly because of the cheaper and abler fashion in which they were managed. Moreover, certain sections of the Rand–Pretoria–Delagoa Bay line had cost as much as £23,000 per mile to build, and its rates and tariffs would have to be raised accordingly, to enable it to make profits. Thus its capital costs handicapped it from the start. On the other hand, many sections of the Cape line had been built for £8,000 per mile: roughly a third of the price expended by the original Pretoria–Delagoa contractors, Van Hattum, whose withdrawal had made way for the firm of Pauling. As a further instance of extravagance on the Delagoa line, it may be mentioned that the Komati Bridge was built of dressed stone quarried and worked in Holland, and that this stone was imported 7,000 miles, when all that was needed could have been quarried close to the actual track itself.

But Kruger had given the concession for all railways —surely one of the biggest concessions ever granted a private company—to this Netherlands Company, known officially by the lengthy title, Nederlandsche Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg-Maatschappij (N.Z.A.S.-M.), and the company did not neglect its opportunities. No other company had the right to build railways in the Transvaal, and while Kruger felt happy in the belief that he would win tremendous revenue from the gold-fields traffic, the Netherlands Company was determined that its monopoly should win vast profit for itself.

Then a queer thing happened. On September 15, 1892, the Cape was linked up with Johannesburg; on October 20, 1894, Delagoa Bay was joined with Johannesburg; and on December 15, 1895, Johannesburg was in rail touch with Durban; and when the three lines entered into competition it was discovered that the Cape and Natal railways could run goods through to Johannesburg at lower rates than could the line from Delagoa Bay.

Rhodes was delighted; Kruger was angered. He determined that he would not be baulked again by "that young man who never sleeps and doesn't smoke"; and he doubtless repeated his old saying about himself and Rhodes: "We shall see. The ox is slower than the racehorse, but it can pull the greater load."

4

Now it so happens that forty miles of the Cape line—from Vereeniging to Johannesburg—pass over Transvaal territory, and it was thus in the power of the Netherlands Company to put prohibitive prices on that section, to make it such an expensive section, indeed, that nobody would care to send goods over it. The Netherlands Company exercised that power; it raised the rates to an impossible point. Nay, it did more; it subjected Cape traffic coming up to Johannesburg on this section to intolerable delays; blocked the line, and generally made the Cape–Rand route impossible. On the other hand, the company expedited the traffic from Delagoa Bay.

Rhodes, however, refused to be beaten. He organized rapid ox-wagon transport from Vereeniging on the Transvaal border to Johannesburg. Goods were off-loaded from the trucks at the border to these ox-wagons, and drawn over the forty intervening miles cheaply and with the minimum delay to the goldfields.

Enraged at this, Kruger now ordered the drifts to be closed; whereupon Rhodes appealed through the High Commissioner to Chamberlain, submitting that the closure of the drifts was a breach of the London Convention. Chamberlain agreed. He inquired whether in the event of war with the Republic, the lines affected would carry Her Majesty's troops free to the scene of war. And he was not surprised to learn that they were not only willing but would bear a share of the cost of the campaign. In this matter, it should be mentioned, Kruger had to reckon with much Boer hostility in the Cape and Free State where many of his own countrymen

were interested in the prosperity of the southern lines. They were unable to see why a company of Hollanders should be given a monopoly of railway traffic to Johannesburg and the goldfields.

At the last moment Kruger climbed down. He opened the drifts, and the ox-wagons moved once more north towards that long line of mines and the ever-growing city of Johannesburg, the city which was now fast becoming a focal point in African politics.

5

But there were lesser wars in those last days before the through connexion was established between Johannesburg and Pretoria, little wars between the coaching factions plying between the two towns. They were anxious to reap big profits, these men, before the Cape lines which had reached Johannesburg in 1892 touched Pretoria on January 1, 1893.

Coaching competition was so keen between Johannesburg and Pretoria that a fare-cutting war began. Down went prices from £9 to £1 per single journey, until the Jehus were actually plying at a loss, and the delighted passengers were making many and frequent trips to and fro at negligible cost. There was much homely sarcasm, too, between rival coaches as they caught and passed each other on the road. In one respect, however, they were in fraternal agreement; they would not grant return fares. They felt, instinctively perhaps, that one day, perchance, they might yet discover a basis of agreement and turn the tables suddenly on their passengers; and sure enough that day came, when, having deposited big passenger loads in Johannesburg, the rivals met and discussed the position over a friendly glass. In the end it was unanimously resolved to restore the original fares for the return journey.

A notice was displayed to this effect, and the passengers learned the news on assembling for the return journey. One of them was in a state of panic, for it was essential that he should return to Pretoria that day,

and he had spent almost all he had. He broke out of the queue, walked boldly into a jeweller's shop, and finding nobody behind the counter, slipped his hand into a case and removed a diamond ring. He got out of the shop without the theft being observed—in those days jewellers were as casual as the rest of the community—and after doubling several corners, pawned the ring with a gentleman who refrained considerately from making embarrassing inquiry.

With the money thus obtained the man got his seat. Years afterwards, having made a fortune, he called upon the jeweller, confessed the crime, and counted out £100 in notes as payment and as conscience money.

The jeweller glared at him awhile.

"That ring cost £250," he said, "and that's the sum I want from you."

The penitent paid out promptly, but as he fared forth he remarked: "Say, I'm bound to take your word for it, but would you like to know what I raised on it? I raised ten pounds!"

"At any rate," said the now smiling jeweller, "your conscience is clear."

"Quite; and I hope yours is also."

And he went his way.

6

The exactions of the Netherlands Company brought about a strange state of affairs: they laid a crushing burden of taxation on the mining industry, and on the people, the Uitlanders. It was claimed that when the three railways were in full stress of competition South African railway receipts from all sources amounted to £7,000,000, to which the Rand and Johannesburg contributed £5,000,000 annually. Meanwhile the revenue of the Netherlands Company had reached the total of £3,000,000 per annum; and it was claimed with entire justice, that at that time at least £2,000,000 of this was clear profit paid mainly by the unfortunate mines and the people of Johannesburg. These extortionate profits

went into the Republican Treasury, and into the pockets of shareholders and Hollander officials of the railways, and the knowledge that they were going there not only incensed the leaders of the mining industry, the success of whose enterprise was being jeopardized, but also angered the general community, which complained ceaselessly that little or nothing was being returned in police protection, education, lighting, and other services.

CHAPTER IX

THE REFORM PLOT OF 1895

I

KRUGER and his homely wife and house were exactly representative of their peasant State; a fact which must be borne in mind if the great conflicts which ensued in the 'nineties between the burghers and the Uitlanders—the Jameson Raid and the Anglo-Boer War—are to be properly understood.

There are many stories illustrative of the simplicity of the old couple.

Once when the wife of an eminent Republican judge invited President Kruger and Mrs. Kruger to dine with them, the latter replied: "Tell the woman we have plenty of food in the house." There was no calculated rebuff in this. It was the expression of a homely woman's belief that here was a mistaken attempt to come to the rescue of a depleted larder; a larder which, by the way, was something of a shrine to Ouma Kruger. On another occasion she surprised her son, then in the late twenties, and Commandant Bleksley, an important Johannesburg official, making free with her preserves.

"Just so!" exclaimed the old lady. "I seem to be living in a den of thieves!"

Mrs. Kruger, incidentally, was a farmer's daughter, to win whom the President as a young man had trekked many miles and crossed many rivers. Her husband with his masterfulness, great prestige, and love of his Bible,

was the only sun in her little sky, and his burghers who would "drop in" casually for coffee and a talk with him on the stoep, boasting of it afterwards in the dorps for many a long day, were her special charge and care. Her husband, indeed, was the idol of the people of the Great Trek, and in his own big elemental way had a rough sense of humour.

The burgher market-master of Johannesburg, who derived a splendid income from his commission on goods sold, once inspired the President to remark: "Why, you make more money than I do!"

"Quite so, your Honour," was the answer; "I work harder."

The President's twinkling eye showed that he enjoyed the joke.

On another occasion, after opening the first Witwatersrand Agricultural Show, the rain began to fall.

"You look wet," growled Kruger to one of the Republican officials.

"Wet to the bark," was the reply.

Turning to the official's wife, whose new dress had been spoiled, his Honour remarked; "I know your husband. He will buy himself a new coat out of expenses. Make him buy you a new dress, good woman. If I know him aright he'll charge it all to the State."

2

Kruger was a modern Bunyan without Bunyan's humility. He had heard his pilgrim fathers chanting their psalms before battle in the terrible days of the Great Trek, when the Matabele and the Zulu hordes had dashed on the Boer wagon wheels to be shot down with rifles fired as fast as the Boer women could reload them. He had never forgotten the cause of the Great Trek. And because of these things he had learned to dislike British rule, remembering well, as he did from *Voortrekker* talk, how Lord Glenelg had complacently

condemned the Cape colonists in dispatches written from Downing Street in the 'thirties for warring on raiding native tribesmen. He remembered how farms had been burned by those tribesmen, cattle stolen, and white folk murdered; notwithstanding which, Lord Glenelg in his determination to uphold the black man had found that "original justice" was on the side of the black, and that the white man had been utterly to blame. This was one of the iniquities that helped to bring about the Great Trek in which Kruger had taken part as a boy, his people leaving the Cape in their thousands to find new homes in the savage north, homes which should be for ever independent of any rule save their own. The Transvaal was one of those homes. Kruger was therefore the more determined to preserve it for his burghers, and to grant the "Uitlander" neither the vote nor any other privilege lest the grip of "het Volk" (the people) be relaxed from the land. He was prepared to fight Rhodes and the Empire on these issues and to push his policy to the point of war.

One day a young Englishman mounted the stoep of the President's house.

"*Dag,* President," said he.

"*Wie is jy?*" (who are you?) the old fellow asked, turning his pouched and piercing eyes upon him.

"Godfray Lys."[1]

"*Is jy die zoon van ou Jan Lys?*" (are you the son of old John Lys?).

"*Ek is*" (I am).

"*Kom zit*" (come and sit down).

And presently coffee, that infallible token of Presidential approval, was brought along and Lys opened up boldly—hazarding the chance that the old lion might be roused—a conversation of some difficulty and delicacy.

[1] Godfray Lys, who with the Strubens was among the first to prospect the Witwatersrand. See page 14.

"President," he began, "why don't you make friends with the 'Uitlanders'? Why not give them a voice in things? They pay most of the taxes."

Kruger glared as if taken aback at this presumption, then reflecting awhile, said, as he puffed at his pipe:

"If I gave them the vote, Lys, our people would lose the country. The Uitlanders are as the hosts of Gideon compared with us."

3

Meanwhile, at this time (1894) Rhodes was camping in the Rhodesian wilds with Hays Hammond his engineer, and Dr. Leander Starr Jameson. Hammond's task was to report on certain gold properties, and to sum up the gold prospects of Rhodesia; a matter of great moment to Rhodes. But, as Rhodes and the other historic figures lounged thoughtfully over their camp-fires o' nights, while the vast white Rhodesian moon sailed gloriously overhead, their talk was not entirely of gold or of the miners of antiquity, who had picked the eyes of so many gold reefs thereabouts and had then vanished as long ago, perhaps, as the days of King Solomon. No, they talked chiefly of the people of Johannesburg and the hardships they were enduring under Kruger, of their resentment of those hardships, and of the mutterings of the coming storm. Rhodes and Jameson were, for the most part, attentive listeners; and Rhodes seemed thoughtful and disturbed.

Now Hays Hammond was an American, and whatever he did he did with all his might. He had come to South Africa in 1893 as Consulting Engineer to Barnato Brothers, but he fell quickly under the spell of Rhodes, who offered him a position which, he felt, afforded him wider scope; for Rhodes required him not only to give his opinion on the mineral deposits of

THE OLD RAND CLUB
Where the Reformers were arrested in 1896

Rhodesia[1] (controlled by the British South Africa Company) but also on the mines at Johannesburg belonging to the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, a concern of which Rhodes was Managing Director. Hammond's job, in a word, befitted an engineering intellect such as his was, of the highest order, one which subsequently became in America the most liberally remunerated in all the world. He identified himself so completely with his work that in spite of his American birth he took a political as well as an engineering interest in the Rhodesian and Transvaal goldfields. He soon found, to use his own words, which he emphasized to Rhodes on those memorable camping expeditions, that: "As my field observation broadened

[1] Some remarkable concession-hunting expeditions had set out from Johannesburg shortly before this time, bound generally for the North and to little-known territories in which the expansionist policy of Rhodes had created a new interest. One of these parties, whose adventures have not hitherto been published, was headed by Dr. Bertram (a relative of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the "Somtseu" of the Zulu War) and with him, among others, were Major "Joe" Goddard and Mr. "Joe" Millbourne. The travellers were bound for Gazaland, in the hope of securing from King Gungunyana certain concessions on behalf of the Rand Syndicate financing them. They reached Mbabane (Swaziland) after travelling due east for some days and were joined there by Dr. Schultz, ostensibly as a supporter of the syndicate, but secretly acting on behalf of Rhodes as a rival seeker of concessions from the King. The unsuspecting band accepted Dr. Schultz and treated him as one of themselves. Schultz, however, made the mistake of taking the interpreter with the party into his confidence when the rest of the party were off hunting hippo on a lake one day; and, although Schultz swore the interpreter to secrecy, the latter remained loyal to his employers and told them what had happened. At that time they were encamped in a forest, and they decided to have the matter settled summarily. The doctor was invited into their tent and was then and there requested to leave the expedition. The money which he had paid the chief bearer was tossed back to him and he picked it up out of the sand, and with some contrition acknowledged that he had been in the wrong. He then went his own way. The party saw King Gungunyana but failed to get the concessions, the king declining to set his seal to verbal promises. The travellers had a romantic and adventurous journey back to Johannesburg, passing in one instance through a wide valley of bones, remains of natives who had died of hunger, thirst, and fever, in trekking to the king's great palace. Dr. Schultz, however, reached the king, and was backed by Jameson who ultimately secured the concessions for Rhodes, concessions which, unfortunately, the Government declined to confirm, the Gazaland territory coming eventually under the dominion of the Portuguese.

and my daily routine gave me increasing familiarity with gold mining in the Transvaal, the conviction was forced upon me that the difficulties which the industry faced in Johannesburg were not due to any of those technical obstacles which engineers are employed to overcome, but to obstructions deliberately placed in the way of the mining community by the Boer Government."

Hays Hammond, therefore, took political sides. He examined the position, and found that the troubles of the "Uitlander" population—social and engineering—might be summarized under the following heads:

1. That the mining industry had to pay excessively for its dynamite; had indeed to buy it from a single privileged firm which paid a royalty to certain members of the Boer Government, and that this monopoly cost the industry £600,000 a year. Men, too, were being killed through the poor quality of the explosive.

2. That 75,000 burghers with the vote were paying one-tenth of the taxes, while,

3. 175,000 "Uitlanders" without the vote were paying nine-tenths of the taxes.

4. That, in return for all the wealth earned for the Boer Republic by Johannesburg and the goldfields, Kruger did little or nothing to provide adequate policing or educational facilities. Furthermore, that while burgher childern were allotted educational subsidies at the rate of £9 per head, "Uitlander" children were subsidized at the rate of two shillings per head.

5. Johannesburg and the mines were heavily penalized by excessive railway rates, which increased the price of goods and the cost of living, and created an additional burden for the goldfields.

6. That the Boer Government had granted a liquor monopoly, so that liquor dealers were allowed to sell alcohol to native labourers and even to men about to go down the mine shafts, a concession which had caused serious accidents.

Impressed by what Hammond said, Rhodes sent Jameson down to Johannesburg later on to become more fully acquainted with the revolutionary movement; for

such a movement had begun to set in. And Jameson, whose great hero was Clive—the man of swift decisions, the impulsive military genius whose force of 3,000 had defeated 70,000 at Plassey—Jameson went on visualizing the future through the spectacles of Clive.

4

Now the man who had secured the dynamite monopoly from Kruger was a certain Edouard Lippert of Hamburg,[1] whose astuteness as a financier had stood him in good stead with Kruger, and had made him a tenacious rival of Rhodes for concessionary favours from Lobengula. In the latter negotiations, indeed, Rhodes had to buy him out. Whenever Lippert set his mind on anything he usually got it; and one of his schemes was the achievement of this dynamite concession, by which he hoped to exploit the goldfields on behalf of his German principals. And so, in the very early days of gold mining he had gone to a prospector whom he trusted.

"Do you happen to know?" he asked, "of any farm where one can get Kieselguhr?"—this being the mineral remains of an algæ used in the making of dynamite.

"I do," replied the prospector, who knew almost every yard of the Transvaal.

"Show it me, then," said Lippert, "and I will pay you well."

[1] Edouard Lippert came to South Africa from Hamburg where his family had lived for many decades. He took part in the Franco-Prussian War as an ambulance bearer. He was a keen musician, as was also his wife: and both rejoiced in good pictures and antiques. His affection for astronomy was such that he devoted the later years of his life to it, often spending months at a time on the Swiss mountains. The first town he visited on reaching South Africa was Port Elizabeth, and from there he went to Kimberley and thence to the Rand. He married a Miss Zacharias, of Hamburg. She and her husband resolved that when she died their beautiful estate at Poppenbuttel near Hamburg should be converted into an orphanage, bearing the name Marienhof. This was done, and it remains to-day a home for children. Their residence in the Saxonwold, Johannesburg, was named after the estate of Prince Bismarck. They planted trees there and elsewhere which still beautify the gardens of Oxford Road, Parktown. It was Edouard Lippert, in fact, who started forestry on the Rand and at Pretoria. It was he who laid out Parktown with spacious tree parks which, alas, were finally absorbed into the estate and lost to the occupiers of adjoining properties.

They travelled by wagon into the wild. At night when the marvellous skies were aglow with stars, Lippert would bring out his telescope and, fixing it on its tripod, would introduce the prospector to planets, constellations, and nebulæ, with all the enthusiasm of one who loved the majesty of the Infinite; for his enthusiasms were liberally bestowed.

They found the beds of Kieselguhr and certain other raw ingredients of dynamite; whereupon, armed with the detail of these discoveries, Lippert went to see the President and made out a case for a new local industry, namely, the manufacture of dynamite in the Transvaal. He got the monopoly. But, he did not actually make the explosive in the country, he imported it from Germany, and subjected it to certain treatment in the Transvaal, which he thought, might enable it to pass in the Raad for a locally manufactured product.

The factory was "merely a depot in which the already manufactured article was manipulated to a moderate extent to lend colour to the President's statement that a local industry was being fostered."[1]

[1] "An investigation held by order of the Volksraad exposed the imposition. The President himself stated that he found that he had been deceived and that the terms of the concession had been broken, and he urged the Raad to cancel it—which the Raad did. The triumph was considerable for the mining industry, and it was the more appreciated in that it was the solitary success to which the 'Uitlanders' could point in their long series of agitations for reform. But the triumph was destined to be a short one. Within a few months the monopoly was revived in an infinitely more obnoxious form. It was now called a Government monopoly, but the 'agency' was bestowed upon a partner of the gentleman who had formerly owned the concession, the President himself vigorously defending this course and ignoring his own judgment on the case uttered a few months previously. *Land en Volk*, the Pretoria Dutch newspaper, exposed the whole of this transaction, including the system of bribery by which the concessionaires secured their renewal, and among other things made the charge that Mr. ——, a member of the Executive, received a commission of one shilling on every case of dynamite sold during the continuance of the agency, as consideration for his support in the Executive Council, and that he continues to enjoy this remuneration which is estimated now to be not far short of £10,000 a year. Mr. ——, for reasons of pride or discretion, has declined to take any notice of the charge, although frequently pressed to take action in the matter. It is calculated that the burden imposed upon the Witwatersrand mines alone amounts to £600,000 per annum, and is, of course, daily increasing."—Sir Percy Fitzpatrick in "The Transvaal from Within" (1896).

This piece of duplicity only served to increase the exasperation of the leaders of the mining industry.

5

Charles Leonard, Chairman of the National Union, a Johannesburg solicitor, and brother of the advocate "Jim" Leonard, the most eloquent of all South African pleaders of other days, had warned the Raad plainly and repeatedly of the dangers that lay ahead. The National Union, it should be explained, was a union of the rank and file of the Great Dissatisfied of the goldfields, chiefly the "Uitlanders." But as the storm clouds darkened, the Union secured the support of influential mining men such as Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit, Lionel Phillips, Hays Hammond, Colonel Frank Rhodes, George Farrar, and Abe Bailey, and thus the "reformers" came into being. They became a powerful political force, working intensively for the defeat of Krugerism and for fair-play for Johannesburg. They met in the board-room of the Consolidated Goldfields Company, Johannesburg, where the atmosphere was usually befogged with cigar smoke. Discussions went on day and night. Foremost in these discussions were the leaders of mining groups which had their head-quarters in London and Europe; but behind them all stood Rhodes. His position in the matter was a trifle vague, but it was a big thing to know that the Colossus was with them. As Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, as Chairman of the Chartered Company of Rhodesia, he had, of course, no right to intervene in the affairs of the Transvaal; but as Chairman of the Rand house, the Consolidated Goldfields, he had exactly the same rights as Phillips and Farrar and other reformers, his financial interests in Johannesburg being vast. And yet, in standing behind the reform movement and the Jameson Raid which arose out of it, he risked not only his political position at the Cape, but also his Charter in Rhodesia, that highway to the realization of his dreams of Imperial expansion northward. "I think the whole thing had better be dropped," he would sometimes say wearily,

thinking doubtless, of the calamitous results which would attend failure of the Raid. And then he would change his mind and undertake to pay the whole of the cost of this Raid from the Bechuanaland Border on Johannesburg, because, as he told Phillips and Leonard in 1895, at Capetown, he would be sufficiently reimbursed by the improved conditions which the rising would bring about in Johannesburg, and by the more favourable treatment it would assuredly win for the mines.

The Raid was really the only big undertaking about which Rhodes ever remained in a state of vacillation. As an older man, perhaps, experience would have warned him to keep clear of it. But the fact remains that he did not keep clear of it.

6

The sudden glare of revolution was now rapidly intensifying all along the goldfields. A debate took place in the Raad, in Pretoria, in August, 1895, concerning a monster "Uitlander" petition containing 32,479 signatures from Johannesburg (and others from all parts of the Republic) praying for an extension of the franchise. It was a big, almost threatening gesture from the "Uitlanders." And upon it hung the probability of peace or war. If the petition succeeded, peace might prevail. If it failed, the end would be war. It, of course, failed, and was thrown out by the Raad after a historic debate in which Kruger, unyielding and staunch to his *Voortrekkerism*, passionately urged its rejection. The now historic discussion, however, was notable for a prophetic speech by Mr. Carl Jeppe, on behalf of the people of Johannesburg. "This petition," he declared, "has been signed by practically the entire population of the Rand. There are not three hundred people of any standing whose names do not appear in it. . . . It embraces all nationalities: the German merchant, the doctor from Capetown, the English director, the teacher from the Paarl, all have signed it. So have—and that is significant—old burghers from the Free State whose fathers, with yours, reclaimed the country. . . . Then,

too, there are the new-comers. They have settled for good; they have built Johannesburg, now one of the wonders of the age, and valued at many millions sterling. . . . They come from countries where they freely exercised political rights which can never be denied to freeborn men. . . . What will we do with them now? Shall we convert them into friends, or shall we send them away empty . . . ? Old as the world is, has an attempt like ours (to suppress the 'Uitlander') ever succeeded? Shall we say, as a French king once did, that things will last our time, and after that we reck not the deluge?"

But nothing availed. All warnings were ignored. The petition was rejected, and nearer came the clamour of the conflict.

7

It was in this atmosphere that the Jameson plot was rounded off. It contemplated certain measures of incredible daring—measures which, as we know to-day, stood always in grave danger of failure. At the outset, Johannesburg was to formulate an ultimatum. Upon its being treated with contempt and rejected, the revolutionaries were to seize the town and to declare themselves the provisional Government of the country; and that same night they were to make a raid on Pretoria, to capture the State arsenal and seat of Government, and the President himself. Then they were to issue an appeal to South Africa and the world for the submission of their grievances to the vote of the white population of the Transvaal. It was recognized, of course, that the burghers would resist these measures by force of arms; but when they did so, or perhaps before, Jameson was to cross the western border at Mafeking, which lies within two days' striking distance of the Rand. "The exact method and the moment of Jameson's action," declares Mr. J. G. McDonald in his noteworthy book "Rhodes: A Life," "were never clearly fixed, but the idea was that Jameson would be there, that Jameson always carried things through."

Jameson, meanwhile, paid two visits to Johannesburg, and in order to protect himself if awkward questions were asked by the directors of the Chartered Company, demanded and obtained his famous letter of invitation, signed by Charles Leonard, Lionel Phillips, Frank Rhodes, Hays Hammond, and George Farrar. This letter recapitulated the grievances of the "Uitlanders," and concluded: "It is under these circumstances that we feel constrained to call upon you to come to our aid, should a disturbance arise here. The circumstances are so extreme that we cannot but believe that you and the men under you will not fail to come to the rescue of people who will be so situated. We guarantee any expense that may reasonably be incurred by you in helping us, and ask you to believe that nothing but the sternest necessity has prompted this appeal."

This letter was handed to Doctor Jameson in Johannesburg, towards the end of November, 1895.

Jameson shook hands on a certain occasion with Hays Hammond in the presence of Rhodes; and solemnly swore not to cross the Transvaal border with his Rhodesians and Bechuanaland Police unless and until he had received from Hays Hammond, as representing both Rhodes and Johannesburg, the special request to come in.

"Of all the scenes of the period," Hays Hammond has declared, "none is more clearly imprinted on my memory than that of Jameson shaking hands with me in the presence of Rhodes as a solemn pledge that he would not cross the border until I gave him the signal."

But, as will appear later, Jameson crossed before that signal was given.

8

Rumours that arms were being smuggled into Johannesburg for a big "Uitlander" rising began to be noised abroad. The Republican Commandants heard them, chiefly through Commandant Bleksley who lived at the time in a little house in what is now King George

Street, Johannesburg, a house still standing (1929), as a live-stock shop opposite the School of Arts and Crafts, and close to the Union Ground. And one day these Commandants rode in from their farms and assembled in the big room in Bleksley's house. They wanted to know what was going on.

"You say, Mynheer Bleksley, that guns are coming in," observed Commandant Labuschagne, an old burgher whose lower eyelid had fallen back giving him a somewhat whimsical expression. "Where is your proof?"

At this moment, by some amazing coincidence, Bleksley was summoned by his native servant into the road outside, where he saw a covered cart, and a certain Major Tremeer with a companion. Both wanted to talk with him.

"Give me a khaki suit," began Tremeer, knowing that Bleksley had just ordered a number of these suits for municipal officials.

"Really, I'm too busy now."

"Well, then we're coming inside for a rest."

"You can't. I've got a meeting on."

In a quaint burst of generosity Tremeer then presented Bleksley with a rifle, although the latter's position as a Republican was well known. "You can have it," said he; "we've got plenty more."

Bleksley managed to get rid of his inconvenient visitors and went back, rifle in hand, to his Commandants.

"Gentlemen!" he said, holding the weapon up; "you doubted my word. Here's one of them!"

9

That quaint Russian genius and philosopher, Sammy Marks, who began life as a pedlar and ended as a millionaire, became a powerful member of Kruger's secret service. He determined to find out for Kruger how many rifles and guns had reached Johannesburg, and with this object in view, he called one day on Hays Hammond.

"They say you've got 30,000 rifles, Mr. Hammond." he began.

"I don't know how many we've got, but I don't think it's as many as that," said the wily American.

"And how about artillery? Is it true you've got thirty guns?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure that's an exaggeration."

Marks left. Hammond gave instructions that he was to be "trailed." He was followed to the railway station, where he went by special train to Pretoria and straightway to the President's house.

"I heard afterwards," Hammond subsequently declared, "that he told Kruger that we had 30,000 rifles and thirty guns!"

And meanwhile similar rumours were being repeated to the President, so that an exaggerated idea of the strength of the movement undoubtedly prevailed; and the burghers grew cautious.

10

The hot, dusty streets of Johannesburg were filled with excited men, some of them carrying rifles. A ceaseless battle of wits was taking place between burghers and "Uitlanders," and the following incident illustrates well the strange atmosphere which prevailed.

Bleksley, Commandant of burgher volunteers, was driving into town one day with the Republican lieutenant of police, Van Dam, when the two were held up by armed Cornish miners standing across the road.

"What do you mean," Bleksley demanded, "by stopping Republican officials in uniform?"

"That's just it," one of them replied. "You're the only two with pluck enough to wear it. So you've simply *got* to have a drink with us."

The officials got down. Even the asperities of revolution may be softened in the right way. The vehicle was drawn off to the roadside, and miners and officials trooped into an adjoining bar.

"Now then," said Van Dam, leaning familiarly over the counter, "I drink with nobody with a gun in his hand—against the ruling authority."

The miners looked doubtfully at each other.

"That's all right," said one at last, "we'll pile the caboodle outside." And the ground was presently thudding with the fall of rifle butts.

Several "rounds" followed; then the police officer excused himself and went forth to get a breath of air (as he put it) but returned in ample time for further hospitality; until at last in the best of spirits all went outside.

"Hello!" exclaimed Bleksley; "where's our cart?"

"Gosh!" gasped several miners simultaneously; "where's the guns?"

All looked around, and up and down the road which, however, yielded no clue to the mystery. Nor was this supplied until the police officer, winking almost imperceptibly, permitted his colleague to understand that the driver of the cart had been ordered (when the Commandant adjourned for a "breath of air") to drive off with the weapons.

"Never mind, lads," said the leader of the still unsuspecting Cornishmen, "there's plenty more where them came from."

And miners and burghers returned once more to the Bacchanalian board, where trifles are readily forgotten. Part of the original bar—the Pavilion in Jeppe Street—where this incident occurred, is still standing.

II

H. J. King, a partner in the Neumann group of Rand mines, and a great sportsman and lover of horseflesh, went his ways in Johannesburg, in 1895, with very little idea of what was toward. But one day Spencer, the manager of the old Treasury property, one of the Neumann group of mines, said to him unsuspectingly: "I suppose we'd better close the mine down for a bit when the show starts?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Well," Spencer went on more cautiously, "I suppose you know what's happening?"

"I don't. What *is* happening?"

"Go and ask the reformers."

King lost no time in doing so. Upon discovering, as he soon did, the details of the Jameson plot, King reviled the reformers for not letting him into the secret sooner, and his group in the end subscribed £10,000 to the Relief Fund established to help such as might suffer in consequence of the movement; and later on he suffered arrest for his actions and convictions, and went off proudly with the other reformers to jail.

12

Towards the end of 1895, Jameson moved down with a mounted force to Pitsani, near Mafeking, and waited on the Western Transvaal border. The rifles continued to arrive in Johannesburg in coal trucks (completely covered with coal) and in great oil drums with deceptive little taps dripping oil, and in cases labelled "mining machinery." They were unloaded and placed in mine managers' houses, in back gardens, and even down mine shafts, and were distributed gradually to various depots. The big central distributing depot was the north-western corner of the Wanderers Ground, Johannesburg.

One night, according to arrangement, the East Rand commandos under Spencer and Morrissy came marching in. Morrissy, manager of the Jumpers Mine, was an Australian whose long venerable beard and clerical aspect seemed to blend badly with the duties he had to perform; so he shaved himself.

"Why!" exclaimed Spencer, on beholding him. "You've gone to the other extreme now, my lad. You look an awful scoundrel!"

Five hundred "Uitlanders" came marching in. Another body, tramping from a point further east, looted a store at Rietfontein. The storekeeper was too terrified to speak, but recovered on learning that he would be fully compensated for everything taken.

And then came the strange, inexplicable news:

"Jameson's crossed the border!"

It came with stunning force to the reformers, who had sent messengers by different routes to urge Jameson not to start because of their unpreparedness. Those messengers had both reached him.[1]

But Jameson, with obvious impatience, had merely taken a turn or two outside his tent, and thinking perchance of his hero, Clive, had forthwith announced his decision to enter the Transvaal.

And for long years after, the echoes of that decision reverberated about the world.

[1] Major Heany and Captain Holden were entrusted with emphatic messages from the reformers in Johannesburg to Dr. Jameson at Pitsani, warning him not to cross the border. Both reached him and delivered their messages before the doctor started. Major Heany went by train and via Kimberley: Captain Holden on horseback and by cart to Pitsani. Moreover, Lace, one of the reformers, cycled out from Johannesburg (with a messenger from the British Agent), and, on behalf of the Reform committee, pointed out to Dr. Jameson that the "rumour of massacre" which had started the doctor to their relief was incorrect and that they (the reformers) were not in possession of Johannesburg. The cyclists met Jameson near van Oudtshoorn's store as he was approaching Randfontein—Krugersdorp, on the morning of the day before the raid terminated.

CHAPTER X

THE STORY OF THE JAMESON RAID

I

AT three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, December 29, 1895, Jameson paraded his troopers at Pitsani on the Transvaal border, some 185 miles due west of Johannesburg, and addressed them on the objects of the expedition. They were a fine, mobile body of men, brown and bold and upright in the saddle, with brimmed hats rolled up at the side, and able to hit a moving buck at five hundred yards. Many of them had followed the little doctor when he had driven the savage, corpulent, yet ever-royal King Lobengula forth from his great kraal "Bulawayo," "The Place of Killing," in 1893. And doubtless, as they sat on their horses and heard the doctor address them in his slightly Doric drawl, they felt that they would fare ill and far for this man, for this friend of Rhodes and the "Uitlander," this man who had once sat on the bench at Salisbury and had sentenced a man to death, and whom Lobengula respected more than all living men except possibly Rhodes himself.

"Officers and men," Jameson began, "it is my duty to explain to you why we are going into the Transvaal and what we propose to do when we get there. We are going in response to a letter from the people of Johannesburg asking us to relieve them from their intolerable burdens. . . . We hope to reach Johannesburg without fighting . . . . but we shall defend ourselves if attacked. No harm must befall the property of the citizens of the Transvaal. . . . Our only object will be to help our fellow men in distress in Johannesburg."

The troopers cheered loudly. Jameson's face lit up with his swift, rare smile, a smile not easily forgotten,

and at half-past six that evening, while the sun was low and the light still good, the little force left Pitsani and rode on into the night.[1]

2

In late December the veld at evening is full of the poetry of sound, of penetrating calls, of the soft "pumpuru: pumpuru!" of the wild African dove, and the chirping of crickets and the croaking of myriads of frogs in the water-courses. Then it is that the rising moon fills the valleys with shadow, and touches the black mountains with silver. Through such a night rode Jameson's troopers on their strange mission, a mission destined to start echoes sounding about the earth, such echoes as are remembered to-day, in the light of some decades of history, as the beginnings perhaps of that era of tocsins and alarums which culminated in the Great War.

3

Ere long they found that a burgher force was following them at a distance of about a mile; they had

[1] Dr. Jameson's force effected a beautifully timed junction with a Mafeking column of Bechuanaland Border Police, under Colonel Grey, at Malmani, 39 miles from Pitsani in the direction of the Rand goldfields, at 5.15 a.m. on the morning of December 30. During that night Lieutenants Hore and Wood had gone out from Mafeking disguised as prospectors. "About midnight," wrote Captain Hore of Johannesburg thirty years later, describing what had occurred on that momentous night, "when all was quiet and the village asleep, we had been told to get our ponies out and to ride some few miles until we struck the telegraph wire, which we were to cut in at least three places. We were then to return through the village and to ride along a road where, after a few miles, we would come to what was ostensibly a new trading store, but which was in reality the first of a number of stores built on the line of Jameson's contemplated march, to supply his column with food. Unfortunately there was a brilliant moon that night which added considerably to the risk of our being spotted. . . . The man in charge of the store handed each of us a small axe. . . . We rode out on the veld . . . and cut at least 150 yards of the wire and smashed the insulators with our axes. . . . We then retraced our steps to the store . . . and lay down hoping to get forty winks. . . . We had barely closed our eyes when we heard a trumpet sound and commands being given and realized that the columns, both Bechuanaland Border and Pitsani troops, had arrived."

Thus were the wires cut, out of Mafeking, by daring members of the raiding force.

therefore to shift camp constantly, and to watch the country so carefully that they got little rest. But they afterwards deemed themselves fortunate in traversing safely the dangerous defile at Lead Mines, seventy-one miles east of Pitsani, for they were to learn that a force of several hundred burghers had tried to ambush them at that spot. The burghers arrived three hours late.

Twenty miles further on, the raiders halted at Doornpoort, which they reached in the early morning of December 31, and a mounted messenger—a hot perspiring figure—overtook them there with a letter from the High Commissioner ordering them to return at once to Mafeking and Pitsani. But how was this now to be done? "It simply couldn't be done," declared Sir John Willoughby afterwards. "In the first place, there was absolutely no food for men or horses along the road back. . . . Secondly, three days at least would be necessary for our horses, jaded with forced marching, to return. . . . Furthermore, a large force was known to be intercepting our retreat." Their only hope now, they felt, lay in a further advance. And so, and in spite of other messages urging them to return, they rode on, growing ever more distressed with thirst and hunger. The men would even fall asleep at an off-saddle, too weary to consume their rations: and it was in this condition that the force, a tiny moving oblong on the far-spreading slopes, approached the Witwatersrand goldfields on New Year's Day, 1896.

But the nearer the goal the stiffer the task. Shifting specks and spurts of flame now shot constantly about the sunny brown kopjes. The raiders were begirt with enemies. So matters proceeded all that New Year's morning and afternoon, until their scouts, mounting a sharp slope, came suddenly upon a newly-made defensive position on the far side of a fine, extensive valley, and above it to the north they saw the Queen's mine battery house completely dominating the valley. This, also, they observed, was strongly defended. There came a swift movement then in the invading force, and soon Jameson's artillery was pounding shell on the battery

BOER RIFLEMEN ENGAGING THE JAMESON RAIDERS AT THE BATTLE OF DOORNKOP, JANUARY 2, 1896

house at a range of 1,900 yards. Yellow-black smoke and rock fragments were streaking high in all directions.

But the burghers were fighting according to plan. They were fighting with that uncanny skill learned by long experience of the native wars. They had planned to leave the way open to the south, and thus to shepherd Jameson's force southward through Randfontein—the western edge of the goldfields—towards the watery vleis and engirdling kopjes of Vlakfontein-Doornkop. They left the country open to Jameson's right and his force eventually moved off through the undefended gap.

4

Let us for a moment try to visualize the trap. The scene of this final dash of the raiders extended to the south of the gold reef along a ten-mile line. The plan of the battlefield may be likened to a plate broken in half. Imagine for the purpose of this illustration the outer edges of a plate covered, say, with gum except for an inch or so next the jagged points of the broken rim. A body of ants trying to cross such a plate would certainly make for the clear inch space and then would descend to traverse the centre of the plate along the line of the break. Jameson's men did that. They got safely through the open undefended entrance, began to descend to cross the body of the plate (the vleis near Vlakfontein and Doornkop) and found themselves trapped and shot at from the higher ground or rims about them. This was the trap into which they were led.

But Jameson had evidently sensed the approach of disaster, even while his guns had been shelling the Queen's battery house; for he had ordered a bugler to take the swiftest horse in the force and to gallop off into Johannesburg that night (rather more then twenty miles distant), and to tell the Reform Committee now in ceaseless session there, to send out to meet him. The bugler rode off. He galloped towards the lights of the distant city and entered it early next morning. He saw Colonel Frank Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes. He delivered his message. And Colonel Frank Rhodes

interpreted it to mean that Jameson was in need of help but was too proud to ask for it. Others thought he merely wanted to be met by guides to lead him to his Johannesburg camping ground. Meanwhile, Colonel Bettington, acting (as he declares) on his own responsibility, had ridden out from Johannesburg in a westerly direction with a small armed force to meet the raiders. He had encountered Jameson's envoy, had got from him a rough idea of what was happening, and had ordered a scout forward over the Roodepoort slopes to his left front to ascertain the exact position of the rival forces. Colonel Bettington, it should be explained, was in command of Bettington's Horse, a body raised and equipped in Johannesburg, and in the general belief destined to meet Jameson's troops and to help them in, but Colonel Bettington maintains that on that fateful night he never received orders from Colonel Rhodes or the reformers to go to Jameson's aid, but that he undertook the task on his own initiative and was actually carrying it out when recalled by a mounted messenger from Johannesburg and ordered to take up a position to resist a threatened burgher attack on the north-western side of the town.[1]

[1] Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, whose "The Transvaal from Within," states a brilliant case for the reform movement, alleges that *as soon as Jameson's messenger arrived in Johannesburg, Colonel Rhodes instructed Colonel Bettington to ride westward with his men to meet the incoming raiders.* F. Edmund Garret confirms this in his "The Story of an African Crisis." Colonel Bettington, however, told the author (early in 1929) that these statements are inaccurate, and that he met Jameson's emissary, Bugler Vallée, some miles to the west of Johannesburg while the bugler was still on the way to the city, and while he (Bettington) was on *his* way to meet the raiders. So that if Bettington's memory serves him aright Colonel Rhodes could not have ordered him (Bettington) to march to Jameson's aid in consequence of any message received in Johannesburg per Bugler Vallée. Bettington, moreover, went on until a messenger overtook him with instructions from Johannesburg that he was to stay within the ten-mile limit. For it was felt that the city might itself be attacked, the attitude of the natives was deemed uncertain, the women and children had to be considered, and the Reform Committee did not agree that Jameson's message meant that he wanted assistance. The impression still prevailed that the burghers would be unable to stop Jameson. And so, in the end, Bettington and his men turned about, took up a position near Brixton, and eventually returned to Johannesburg.

Meanwhile, Jameson had struggled on further towards the trap. He had, as we have seen, pushed through the mining village of Randfontein, the limit of the western Witwatersrand, and was moving towards Vlakfontein-Doornkop. Fighting on in the darkness he was harassed by maxim and rifle fire, but remained on the alert for the hopeful sounds of counter-firing from some relieving force from Johannesburg; indeed, his military commander, Sir John Willoughby, stated afterwards that hearing many rifle shots near Krugersdorp, now nearly two miles on his left flank, he delayed his advance in order to join with, and to welcome, the supposed relief force. But it was not the relief force. It was a force of Potchefstroom burghers, whose arrival in Krugersdorp was being celebrated by jubilant burgher fusillades. And Jameson's men soon realized that it was their enemy and not they who had been reinforced and that their own position had become critical.

5

The spirit of war seemed to have settled even on the mine headgear. For instance, several huge iron sheets had been lashed to the fortified headgear of the French Rand mine, two or three miles east of Krugersdorp and close to Doornkop. It had been intended to fire from behind them in support of Jameson, but the rifles sent to the mine by the Johannesburg Reform Committee had not arrived. The stout little officer in charge considered that the Committee had let him down, being quite ignorant of the fact, of course, that the train conveying them had been held up by the burghers and the rifles removed from the dynamite cases in which they had been so skilfully hidden. Nor did he know that big burly Landdrost Human, the kindly old Krugersdorp magistrate, had executed this little commission so cunningly that some of the stout burghers who rode across the railway line at night to intercept Jameson were armed with these confiscated rifles.

"Which is the way to Doornkop?" was the oft-repeated shout of these burghers, and it echoed queerly about the futile, sheeted, sandbagged, and weaponless headgear of the mine. Incidentally it might be mentioned that in anticipation of probable fighting in the vicinity of this mine, a big shelter-chamber underground had been stocked with provisions and prepared for occupation by the women and children of the district.

It is amusing to reflect that, while an old burgher of Doornkop known as "Cyclops" (by reason of his one big remaining eye) had made mystified inquiries about these preparations, and had refused to believe that the raiders would even be able to interrupt his profitable trade as a purveyor of groceries to the officials of the mine, President Kruger thought so differently that his old white charger was saddled up all night in Pretoria in case of emergency.

But as the rifles had gone astray, so were other matters destined to go astray. An attempt to blow up a culvert at Langlaagte to prevent a train carrying burgher rifles through to Krugersdorp had failed. The dynamitard had made the fuse too long and the culvert blew up far in rear of the departing train!

6

Nevertheless, a certain very plucky attempt, hitherto unrecorded, was made from the distracted city to bring succour to "Doctor Jim." The attempt was made by the manager of the Crown Reef mine, a friend of Jameson's, and by the staff of the property, which property, by the way, lay on the western outskirts of Johannesburg and had also been sandbagged and fortified. The little force resolved to ride through that night to Jameson, believing that if they could not support him with arms—they only had one rifle between them—they might yet guide him in. The unit included several old hunting enthusiasts, and, incidentally, three friends of officers of Jameson's force. Their leader, the manager, was an

old military man and knew every inch of the difficult ground between Johannesburg and Doornkop.

"I prospected it all ten years ago," he eagerly told Schumacher, one of the Reform Committee in Johannesburg that night. "Give me the men and the guns and I'll guide Jameson in."

"That's Bettington's job," was the reply.

"Does he know the ground?"

"He's had fighting experience," the other said.

The manager returned, much perturbed, to his little force, and believing that Jameson would have difficulty in getting through unless brought in by competent guides, got his men quickly together and rode forth with them. It was a dark, warm, starlit night, and afar off they could hear as they thought, the muffled sound of guns. Then presently they caught the clatter of a cavalcade coming slowly towards them, and descried the forms of a body of approaching horsemen. Some of them imagined that these were Jameson's men.

The manager, however, directed his followers to conceal themselves in an adjoining thicket. They did so, while he went ahead and met the horsemen. They proved to be a small body of Johannesburg scouts returning to the town.

"Hullo!" exclaimed their leader. "You here? Coming to join us? We're wanted in town! We're going back."

7

The manager of the Crown Reef mine had other plans. He determined to go out towards that distant "tap! tap! tap!" of the maxims away there beyond the dark ghostly slopes of Roodepoort. So his little posse emerged from the thicket and moved forward. They rode south-west to avoid any burghers that might be guarding the main roads. Making thus for a certain ford which, they believed, was the only spot through which Jameson might still get his men with safety, they urged their horses forward, listening intently as they went to the sound of the guns.

But they were too late. Two of Jameson's scouts, seeking the through path by the ford, had been shot and their bodies lay in a trench.[1] The only way through was closed. All approaches to the city were blocked.

Nearer still came the clamour of battle. Dawn broke. In the cold light a weary body of 450 men could be seen riding slowly on towards Johannesburg, in skirmishing order, some miles to the south of the French Rand mine —fortified but still without guns. Among them was Jameson on a coal-black horse, haggard and utterly exhausted, but rallying his followers cheerily, and Sir John Willoughby, in military command. Sir John was anxiously looking about, for everywhere on the low-lying ridges around he saw flashes; and knew he was surrounded. To his right as he advanced he noted a long line of burghers riding parallel to him, and amusing themselves by taking "pot" shots at his men as they rode on. These burghers presently dismounted and occupied an extended line of stony kopjes. A storm of firing broke out from them, whereupon Jameson's men also dismounted, turned to the right, and returned the fire. The general action increased in intensity. And Jameson's force was now taking cover under the slopes. It was at this juncture that certain occupants of a Kaffir hut at Doornkop, one of them a native servant on a

[1] While Jameson was struggling forward that night, some hours previously the leader of this relief expedition had said good-bye to his wife and children whom he had dispatched to Natal to avoid the disorders and street fighting anticipated in the town. The rush had been such that the train from Johannesburg had perforce to be divided into two crowded portions. The second half subsequently crashed into the first at Glencoe, 32 passengers being killed and 50 injured. The manager learned of the disaster the following night when out searching for men wounded in the Doornkop battle. He was intercepted by a mounted messenger galloping along a West-Rand road. The messenger pulled up and informed him that his wife and children had been killed. He returned to Johannesburg immediately and took a special train down the line the same night, although the burgher officials, suspecting some association with the raid, at first discredited his story and concluded that he was attempting flight. His special took him as far as Charlestown, on the Transvaal Border, and cost him £250. He arrived ultimately to find that, although his wife had been badly injured (she recovered completely afterwards), his children were unhurt. The disaster was the worst of its kind in South African history.

visit from Krugersdorp, with a new white apron, were peeping out in terror and excitement at the scene.

A trooper dashed in, tore the apron off the woman and sped out with it. Shortly afterwards it was hoisted on the roof of Brink's farm in token of surrender.

"Who authorized that?" demanded Jameson hotly.

But the surrender was made and was inevitable, as Jameson at length realized; and he realized doubtless also the tremendous consequences to himself and to Rhodes of this failure.

Surrender was then formally notified and notes exchanged.

Several burgher horsemen were presently seen galloping across to Jameson, one of whom was Commandant Cronje[1] of Potchefstroom.

"Are you willing to lay down your flag and your arms?" Cronje asked.

"I have no flag," replied Jameson. "I am willing to lay down my arms."

But Cronje, who had previously agreed by note to spare all lives provided that the force surrendered, was now joined by two other Commandants, angered at the

[1] A good story is told of General Piet Cronje, victorious over the Jameson raiders, but defeated by Lord Roberts at Paardeberg in the Anglo-Boer War. Cronje had gone on a lecture tour to America and was speaking one night in St. Louis to a Hibernian gathering, the hall being crowded. His lecture had reference to the war. At the end of it he expressed his readiness to answer questions.

"You can't do that, Piet," whispered his interpreter anxiously (Cronje always spoke in Afrikaans): "this is a lecture, not a political meeting."

"Why not? I've said I will, and I will."

Whereupon one Irishman wanted to know whether, if General Cronje had his time over again, he would still fight against the British.

Cronje hedged somewhat, the crowd enjoying his discomfiture. Suddenly one heckler shouted: "We've been talking about that for three hundred years."

"Yes," cried Cronje instantly. "You've been talking, but we've been fighting!"

There was a roar of laughter at this rejoinder.

It is not generally known, by the way, that during the Jameson raid operations Cronje's son was killed by one of his own compatriots who mistook him for one of the raiders. It was with the shock of this bereavement upon him that Cronje rode forth to accept Jameson's surrender.

terms of surrender. They told Cronje bluntly that no terms could be made in that place. And Cronje agreed.

"We cannot guarantee your life," they then told Jameson, "after we have handed you over to General Joubert."

The doctor took off his hat and bowed.

He signalled to his men to disarm.

And presently the tired, dejected force was seen riding off surrounded by mounted burghers. They passed around the edge of the French Rand property with its sheets of iron still hanging queerly there. Jameson glanced towards them with expressionless face for a moment, then rode on, a hunched-up figure with his head bowed and almost invisible under an old black hat.

And thus the defeated raiders entered Krugersdorp. The raid—foolish and inexcusable—had ended.

But the storm it evoked was about to break.

CHAPTER XI

RETRIBUTION OVERTAKES RAIDERS AND REFORMERS

I

WHEN Rhodes heard, in the Cape, that Jameson had crossed the border, the shock overwhelmed him.

"Poor old Jameson!" he groaned. "Friends for twenty years and now he goes in and ruins me!"

The news brought on a severe heart attack. That night and afterwards he became desperately ill; for well he realized what this raid on a peaceful town might mean, the raid he had tried to stop by urgent telegram and which would enable Kruger to win a vital round in their great struggle, the raid which might yet bring all Europe into war. And so, as he lay exhausted on his bed, his mind remained focused on the big dilemma, and his friends making frantic efforts to get into touch with him, could not, and imagined that he had gone up the slopes of Table Mountain to ponder the drift of events—and perhaps the fate of his friend. Capetown soon heard that Jameson had crossed the border, and Schreiner hurried out to Groote Schuur to see Rhodes—Schreiner, the brother of the creator of "The Story of an African Farm," and one of the ablest mobilizers of Dutch opinion at the Cape. Rhodes's confidential man met him that night with a lantern, and the two hurried through the woods to Rhodes's house. Schreiner found the Colossus in his study.

"Yes," said Rhodes brokenly. "It's all too true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart. . . . He has ridden in and ruined me!"

* * * * *

Movements then backwards and forwards to Capetown, consultations between Hofmeyr, Sir Hercules Robinson (Governor of the Cape), Rhodes, Schreiner; cables, too, from Chamberlain. And then, at the last, news of Jameson's surrender.

This is the vivid picture penned by Edmund Garrett of Rhodes, surrounded by inquiries as he left Government House, on receipt of this news:

"He paused to speak, checked himself, jumped into a cart which was waiting to drive him to Rondebosch, then, as he started, turned the same dreadful face over his shoulder and jerked out in an odd falsetto voice that he sometimes has: 'Well, there's a little history being made; that's all.'"

2

Down the long yellow road into dusty little Krugersdorp the captured raiders clattered that fateful morning, with mounted burghers discharging their rifles jubilantly on either side of them. On they went to the market square, and there dismounted. Some of them at once fell asleep at their horses' feet. Jameson himself, Willoughby, and the rest of the officers were ushered into the yellow courthouse on the edge of the square, where the defeated doctor made his way into a corner, and sat down in a veritable stupor of despair. Baskets of food were brought in (but Jameson would not eat), and provisions, it is said, were also carried out by the burghers to the troopers on the square. Cronje meanwhile was holding a general inquiry in the courthouse, and when this was over the move from Krugersdorp to Pretoria prison began. Jameson and his officers were escorted a mile or more out of the town in the direction of the capital, and there they saw their own troopers riding past them as prisoners.

3

"I'm sorry for you," said Duplessis, the thickset, hairy head-jailer, to a group of officers as they

arrived at the prison; "you're all going to be shot in the morning!"

Jameson's officers were divided into two parties. They were locked into two dark, dirty cells, so dirty, indeed, that they were at first loath to lie down in them; but being hungry, tired, thirsty, and without blankets, they began presently to hammer on the doors, a proceeding which brought the head-jailer again on the scene.

"If you don't stop that," he cried, "steps will be taken to make you." The door was then slammed, and his footfalls died away.

But presently they heard a mysterious tapping on the iron grating near the top of the wall, and a voice: "Whisht! Don't be after making a noise. Oi'm a pris'ner meself, but oi'm the jail cook. Would yez like a drop av coffee?"

A moment later a shaking tin of coffee was thrust through the grating.

Strange sights were seen afterwards in that jail-yard, when staff officers and London society men were strolling calmly about eating skilly with their fingers.

Their stay was short, for their cells were wanted for another batch of prisoners from Johannesburg. As Jameson's men were taken out, these new prisoners, the Johannesburg reformers—forlorn, and carrying their melancholy bundles and trappings—were escorted in. And some of them saw, as they entered a cell vacated by Jameson's officers, this reproachful couplet scribbled on the wall:

I fain would climb, but I fear to fall;
If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

A suggestion, of course—and an unfair one—that the reformers had let them down.

4

While Jameson and his senior officers still remained in prison, and sometimes exchanged friendly flag-signals with the reformers across the jail-yard (though the

doctor himself was rarely seen), the junior officers and men were sent off to the little border town of Volkrust, and were incarcerated in the wool sheds there near the station. The Boer guards soon got to like the big brown Rhodesians, and allowed them to bathe almost at will in the river, although for the sake of appearances they had to post armed sentries high on the sunny rocks above them. The Boer commandant was a Falstaffian fellow, who even permitted himself to be carried shoulder high one night around the room at a smoking concert. And when the time came for them to depart—they were to be removed under British escort to Natal, *en route*, in some cases, to England—the burghers rode alongside their train, hoisted their caps on their rifles, and cheered again and again until the train (now reinforced with a travelling escort of redcoats) drew out of sight.

And thus did the generous guards add to the rough records of chivalry.

5

But what had been happening in Johannesburg?

The news that Jameson had crossed, reached the reformers twenty-four hours after he had done so.

"Boys!" cried Lawley, one of the conspirators, rushing into the room at the Consolidated Goldfields Building in Simonds Street where several were sitting, "read this!" The telegram contained the ominous announcement: "The contractor has started on the earthworks with seven hundred boys: hopes to reach terminus on Wednesday."

Still quite unprepared to support him, as there were only 3,000 rifles in the town and many of these were still in the oil drums and packing cases in which they had arrived, the reformers nevertheless speeded up the work of distribution. By the following night, 2,000 citizens had been supplied with arms. Some of the mines shut down. Popular excitement grew, and further attempts were made to get the raiders to turn back.

At the invitation of the Kruger Government—now

clearly alarmed—Lionel Phillips, G. Auret, Abe Bailey and Max Langermann went over from Johannesburg to Pretoria on Wednesday morning to try to negotiate a last-moment settlement of Uitlander grievances with Kruger's men, and thus to prevent bloodshed.

"Who are the reformers?" one of Kruger's commissioners asked, ingenuously as it seemed, the question apparently deriving from a doubt as to whether they were fully representative of the town or not. A list was presently obtained and handed in, a full list, of which the commission took possession; they subsequently made out from it the warrants for the arrest of the reformers!

But while these *pourparlers* were in progress in Pretoria, late on Wednesday afternoon Dr. Jameson's force had reached and was shelling the Queen's battery house on the western edge of the Rand goldfields; and Johannesburg was busily throwing up earthworks, and putting the town in a state of defence. It was full of grimly determined men.

But none thought, even then, that Dr. Jameson could possibly fail.

Llewellyn Andersson (now Colonel Sir Llewellyn), who had camped with a number of armed men on the Auckland Park Ridge, Johannesburg, facing the way that Jameson must come, busied himself with the erection of a searchlight to light the raiders in. The current was to be supplied from the Robinson mine, well away on the southern side of the railway line. Martin Epton and other engineers toiled ceaselessly in the darkness to get a connecting cable trench under the track and away down to the mine. They succeeded; but when, one night, they turned on the current and the light beamed bravely forth, a rifle shot rang out: and the light was hurriedly extinguished, it being clear that it was somebody's intention to smash it.

On the Thursday morning, while the crowds were assembling in Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, to welcome Jameson in, while also excited girls with big bunches of flowers, and young men with rifles were thronging the sidewalks, the stunning news came of his

surrender. At first nobody believed it. A force such as his, it was argued, could not possibly have failed. But confirmation soon came. Details were published. And then followed an outburst of fierce animosity against the reformers. The citizens held that in not proceeding to Jameson's rescue, when he had all but reached the town, the reformers had betrayed him: and in spite of explanatory addresses by Lionel Phillips, Colonel Rhodes, and others, the crowd would not be placated.

Then Johannesburg agreed—believing that Jameson's life depended upon it—to lay down its arms.

6

There was a house to house search for these arms. In one case a body of miners persuaded weary Zarps to dig all day under the foundations of a cyanide tank for rifles. It was just a little joke of theirs. But then came the arrests of the reformers. Officers of the Boer police with clanking swords proceeded to make arrests in the town. One uniformed Republican lieutenant stationed himself in the vestibule of the old Rand Club. He stood there with a list awaiting the arrival of "wanted" members. One of these, Somerset Bell, walked up to him and said:

"Am I on your list, Pietersen?"

"No," was the reply, "but you're on ——'s. He's looking for you at your house."

"I'd prefer to be arrested by you."

"Certainly. My carriage is at your disposal. I'll drive you to the charge office."

Whiskies and cigars followed.

The Gilbertian lieutenant next agreed to drive his prisoner to his house, so that he might obtain pillows, blankets, and such clothing as might be necessary to soften the rigours of prison. And eventually the carriage was driven forth with its springs loaded to breaking point with reformers under arrest. In the small hours of the next morning, a procession of them, which included a number of doctors and several millionaires, set out

for Pretoria prison from the Doornfontein police station, smoking cigars, and generally in a jocular frame of mind. And behind them walked a cohort of obliging Zarps, bearing their baggage!

7

At night, when the reformers were locked in the big sheds which were their cells in Pretoria, they would gather round and tell stories from their inexhaustible treasury of anecdote, these men who had travelled widely, and who had lived every moment of their lives. Any one of them might have seemed something of a prodigy to the pavement folk of the great cities, to the little routine men whose lives remain from birth to death graded and prescribed. But there was one who outshone them all: old Captain Thomas Mein, manager of the Robinson mine. For he had followed perilous trails and sailed in many ships. In his quiet, even voice, he would spin his yarns of men and things, candle-light playing the while on his thoughtful face: and sometimes big, friendly "Uncle" Fritz Mosenthal would interrupt him with some guttural exclamation. Surviving reformers remember still Mosenthal's periodical ablutions in the open stream that ran through the jail-yard—when he would pour a handful of water over his vast, naked bulk, regardless of the facetious comment of those who stood in the prison doorways.

8

The reformers gradually settled down. Colonel Bettington became adept at marbles, Solly Joel and Hull (afterwards Minister of Finance in the Transvaal Parliament) would while away the time at cards. All tried to make the best of things, save perhaps one, poor Fred Gray, who became profoundly depressed and took his life. His funeral in Johannesburg developed into a great Uitlander demonstration. But Gray's death had another effect. It caused the medical administration of

the jail to be strongly criticized, and led not only to closer and more sympathetic supervision of the health of the patients, but also to better amenities for the prisoners.

Somerset Bell, already mentioned, remembers well the case of Goldring (at one time editor of the *Kimberley Independent*) who had permitted his face to become hidden in a veritable forest of hair which projected so far on each side that it was visible when his back was turned. This unkempt apparition proceeded one day to a wooden post, and taking down a rusty mug from the top of it, examined it absent-mindedly. The attention of a nervous jailer—nervous since the death of Gray—was drawn by certain practical jokers to Goldring's pre-occupation as he solemnly replaced the mug, clasped his hands behind him, and went on stalking up and down. The jailer departed. And the next day, a number of Republican officials, including the district surgeon, sent for Goldring and subjected him to a severe cross-examination, from which it appeared that they proposed to send him to a mental hospital.

Those who went to hospital however, brought back such glowing reports of it that in the end everybody wanted to go there, and the prisoners began to develop mysterious symptoms. Bettington gave up the solace of marbles and was removed in pain to one of the wards; then Solly Joel took to his bed, suffering from some laryngeal malady. While consuming a considerable portion of steak in his cell that very day however, a fellow prisoner warned him of the approach of the doctor. Hastily swallowing the mouthful, the diamond magnate urged his cell companion to "polish off the plate" for him.

"Well, how are we to-day?" began the sympathetic doctor.

"Worse than ever," was the reply.

"Let's have a look at your throat."

What the doctor saw there led him at once to order the patient's removal to hospital.

THE REFORMERS IN PRETORIA GAOL

9

The reformers were tried in Pretoria, on April 24, 1896, by Mr. Justice Gregorowski, a Free State advocate. He sentenced to death the four ringleaders: Hays Hammond, Colonel Frank Rhodes, George Farrar, and Lionel Phillips. The sentence was followed by affecting scenes in Court, in the course of which, it is said, Colonel Rhodes solemnly winked at the late Albert Cartwright. All the condemned men preserved an admirable air of composure.

The other reformers, over fifty in all, the rank-and-file, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay fines of £2,000 each, or an extra year in default of payment.

Ultimately, the death sentences which had provoked a stormy revulsion of feeling in favour of the condemned men and execrations on Kruger and the Judge, were commuted; and all four were liberated on payment of fines of £25,000 each. By the time all the reformers had been released it was computed that they had paid fines aggregating nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Colonel Woolls-Sampson and Major Karri-Davies resolutely refused to pay theirs however, and continued in prison for some considerable time.

Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, Major Coventry and the two Whites were tried on July 20, 1896, in London, before Lord Russell of Killowen. With him were Baron Pollock, Mr. Justice Hawkins, and a jury. London was greatly excited. Jameson had become a popular hero and was acclaimed in all his imperturbable comings and goings to court. The sentences were: Jameson, fifteen months; Willoughby, ten months; "Bobby" White, seven months; the others, five months each without hard labour. Dr. Jameson and Major Coventry were soon released, however, through severe ill health. All the five chief officers were retired from the army.

Thus ended the raid, with Rhodes saddened, humbled,

and far away in Matabeleland making that marvellous solitary ride of his into the lonely Matopos, the stronghold of the rebel Matabele. It was there that his great personality so wrought upon the savages who had murdered the white settlers in scores, that they surrendered. Single-handed, then, he brought to an end a rebellion which had defied the military efforts of General Carrington's forces.

But that heroic bit of Greek drama in its modern setting came exactly at the right time. It let the world know that Rhodes was still a great force; so that his prestige proved stronger than ever when he went to England, in 1897, to face the Raid inquiry before the Select Committee of the House of Commons.

CHAPTER XII

THE KRUGER TELEGRAM AND WHAT CAME OF IT

I

WHEN news of the raid reached Germany the Emperor at once left Potsdam. He went to the Foreign Office at Berlin, and in the presence of Baron Von Marschall the Foreign Secretary, and Kaiser the Director of the Colonial Section, Admiral Von Senden and others, either signed voluntarily or was persuaded to sign, the telegram which was received by President Kruger in Pretoria, on January 3, 1896.

The telegram read as follows:

"I tender you my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly Powers, you and your people have been successful in opposing with your forces the armed bands that have broken into your country to disturb the peace, in restoring order, and in maintaining the independence of your country from attacks from without."

The Kaiser, it has been said, perused the telegram with some misgiving, his pen poised in his hand. Around him were grouped diplomats, sardonically called—notably by Count Münster the German Ambassador in Paris—the "Central Cattle Market," in allusion to the stupidity of those who were surely the biggest Foreign Office blunderers who ever misled the activities of a great nation.

"Is it necessary to send such a telegram at all?" the Kaiser asked of these bureaucrats. "And if this telegram is sent, how will it affect our relations with England?"

"I am convinced," replied Baron Von Marschall

"that it is absolutely indispensible to show the world that the Imperial German Government most severely condemns this outrageous raid of English filibusters, both from a moral and a juridical standpoint."

The Colonial Director chimed in—one can picture the fatuous persuasiveness of these officials—with the words: "I cannot but assent to the view of the Secretary of State."

"Very well, then," acquiesced the Kaiser, "let it go," and indicating that a passage in the telegram should be deleted, His Majesty is alleged to have signed it in these circumstances so that it went forth upon its discordant errand.[1]

Lord Salisbury, however, always held that the Kaiser himself was the author of that telegram, and this belief would appear to be supported by the striking fashion in which His Majesty assumed entire responsibility for it afterwards, defended it, and sought to explain it to Queen Victoria and the world.

Its immediate effect, of course, was to arouse a storm of resentment in England. On the other hand, it won universal approval in Germany and greatly deepened the distrust which had long been growing between the two peoples. In South Africa it had a curious reaction. The *Cape Times* urged Jan Hofmeyr, leader of the Dutch Bond party at the Cape, to come into the open and to declare himself; and he, nothing loath, responded by publishing a letter which amounted to an adjuration to Germany—"hands off!" Like Kruger, Jan Hofmeyr was suspicious of German dreams of suzerainty.

2

The Kaiser meanwhile wrote the following letter to the Czar:

"Now suddenly the Transvaal Republic has been attacked in a most foul way, and, as it seems, not without England's knowledge. I have used very severe language

[1] "Ten Years at the Court of St. James's," Baron von Eckardstein.

in London, and have opened communication with Paris for common defence of our endangered interests, as French and German colonists have immediately joined hands of their own accord to help the outraged Boers. I hope you will also kindly consider the question, as it is one of the principle of upholding treaties once concluded. I hope all will come out right, but, come what may, I shall never allow the British to stamp out the Transvaal."

Note now the duplicity with which the Kaiser, who evidently thought that this letter would never get to the ears of his English relatives, his grandmother Queen Victoria, and uncle Prince Edward, behaved towards England over this telegram.

Queen Victoria, hearing of the telegram, had lost no time in writing to the Kaiser repudiating the raid, but also adding the subtle reproach that His Majesty should remember that German colonial pioneers had frequently shown themselves only moderately eager to respect British interests.

The Kaiser replied on January 8, 1896, that is to say, only five days after the dispatch of his Kruger telegram:

"Never was the telegram intended as a step against England or your Government. Through Sir Frank Lascelles (British Ambassador at Berlin) as well as the London Embassy, we knew that your Government had done everything in its power to stop the freebooters, but that the latter had flatly refused to obey and in a most unprecedented manner had surprised a neighbouring country in deep peace.

"The reasons for the telegram were three-fold: First, in the name of peace such as had been suddenly violated, and which I, always seeking to maintain your glorious example, try to maintain everywhere. . . . Secondly, for our Germans in the Transvaal and our Bondholders at home with our invested capital of 250-300 millions, and the local commerce of the coast of 10-12 millions which were in danger if fighting broke out in the towns. Thirdly, as your Government and

Ambassador had both made clear that the men were acting in open disobedience to your orders, they were rebels. I, of course, thought that they were a mixed mob of gold diggers quickly summoned together, who are generally known to be mixed with the scum of all nations, never dreaming that there were real Englishmen or officers among them. . . . I was standing up for law, order, and obedience to a Sovereign whom I revere and adore. . . . The German gunboat in Delagoa Bay was only to land troops in case street fights and incendiarism broke out, to protect the German Consulate as they do in China and elsewhere, but was forbidden to take any part in the row. . . ."

Thus spake the Kaiser—with one voice to the Czar, and with another to the Queen of England. There is something sinister in his first letter and something unctuously hypocritical in the second. By some fateful chance, however, both letters came to the notice of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), who at once saw through the treachery and (as the leading Royal diplomat of Europe) became the more firmly resolved upon a *rapprochement* with France.

He cherished that resolve throughout the next decade, even while Kitchener was on the verge of a conflict with Marchand at Fashoda, in 1898, and throughout the stressful period of anti-British feeling in Paris at the time of the Anglo-Boer War. He held on to it tenaciously all the time, and achieved it through the Anglo-French *entente* in 1905.

It was a personal triumph for King Edward.

3

But to revert to the raid.

The "Central Cattle Market"—to use again Count Münster's cynical label for his own Berlin Foreign Office—had other diplomatic follies in store for a wondering world. The Kaiser, as indicated in his letter to Queen

Victoria, had lent himself to a project to ship German Colonial troops to Delagoa Bay (in Portuguese territory and the nearest port to the Transvaal), and to pass these troops through to the Transvaal by rail. The excuse was his desire "to protect German Colonial interests." Count Hatzfeldt afterwards assured Lord Salisbury that these German interests in Johannesburg were enormous, for, said he: "There are 15,000 Germans who have invested 500 million marks of capital." South Africans will doubtless scrutinize these figures with wonderment, even if Lord Salisbury heard them with courteous deference.

To the "Central Cattle Market," however, this plea of the right to protect German interests in the Transvaal seemed all that mattered, and the German diplomats assumed with the utmost confidence that the Portuguese would be anxious to facilitate the progress of German troops through to the Transvaal, and that German soldiers would presently be proudly on guard in the streets of Johannesburg.

This expectation was not realized. Fortunately, once again for the peace of the world, chance threw a potent weight into the scale. Had a German soldier crossed the border, war between Britain and Germany would have been inevitable. The Marquis de Soveral, Foreign Minister for Portugal and a personal friend of King Edward, promptly declined to permit these troops to pass through Portuguese territory. And thus was war averted!

England, nevertheless, reacted to the challenge.

With swift precision she assembled a special-service cruiser squadron at Spithead, ready to head for Delagoa Bay to deal with these German troop-landings; and all England was soon thrilling with that strange excitement which seizes upon populations satiated with peace, and in the presence of war.

Kruger, old and wise in his own generation, requested the German Consul in Pretoria to delay any proposed German landing. The fever of European war slowly subsided, but Britain and Germany stood watching

each other thereafter sullenly, resentfully, as might a lion and a tiger through the bars of a cage.

4

Lord Salisbury once made a significant reference to the international repercussions of the raid. "It was," he told the German diplomat, Baron Von Eckardstein, who quotes it in his book, "Ten Years at the Court of St. James's," "a foolish business. It was a failure from the first and never had any prospect of success. But an even sillier business, at least from the point of view of German interests, was the Kruger telegram. And what your German Government was thinking about in wanting to send a few hundred men through Portuguese territory to Johannesburg is a complete puzzle to me. What would and could your Government have done there? At any rate, it was great luck that this coup did not come off, owing to De Soveral's determined attitude. War would have been inevitable from the moment that the first German soldier set foot on Transvaal soil. No Government in England could have withstood the pressure of public opinion; *and if it had come to a war between us, then a general European war must have developed.*"

Lord Salisbury then hinted that in the event of such a war neither France nor Russia would have fought on the side of Germany. He said: "Courcelle has already told me that in the event of an Anglo-German war, France would observe a most benevolent neutrality towards England, and would moreover probably take an active part in the war in the end. Further, Petersburg gave us to understand that in the case of a war with Germany, England would have nothing to fear from Russia in Central Asia or elsewhere. Anyone in his senses must have seen that Germany had everything to lose and nothing to gain by such a war."

Thus said Lord Salisbury to a responsible German diplomat. Every word of this speech, if accurately

remembered and set down by the Baron Von Eckardstein, is of historic importance. For Germany, of a truth, had nothing to gain by such a war. She had no fleet comparable with that of England. Had hostilities broken out, she would have been powerless to attack England on land, would have been defeated at sea, and would have suffered the inevitable loss of her colonies.

5

The Kaiser's grievances with England were:

1. Her possession of the fairest portions of the earth as colonies, a grievance exploited by Treitschke and his followers—one of whom was the Kaiser—in lectures and publications for young Germany.
2. England's command of the seas, and,
3. Jealousy of the superior diplomatic astuteness of Prince Edward, whose plans for European alliances found themselves frequently in conflict with the Kaiser's own political schemes.

These caused the Kaiser:

1. To form coalitions against England with Austria and Italy.
2. To poison the minds of other nations against the Island Power.
3. To build a fleet to rival that of England.
4. To encourage a great anti-British Press campaign in Germany which should make the Fatherland ready to disburse enthusiastically on armaments by land and sea.

This, then, was the political gunpowder which happened to be lying about Europe at the time of the Jameson Raid, and in the years that immediately followed. Bismarck and the Kaiser had laid most of it.

And knowledge of it, driven home later by the revela-

tions of German intrigue with other nations during the Anglo-Boer War, led England to abandon her policy of isolation in Europe. She sought other alliances. So that it seems clear that the political troubles of Johannesburg became actually and potentially a big factor in the formation of those mighty national coalitions which faced each other implacably in 1914, at the outbreak of the World-War.

CHAPTER XIII

FOUR YEARS OF DRAMA

1896–1899

I

THE year 1896 was the most disastrous in the history of the goldfields. For not only were fifty of the leaders of the town and Reef in prison, but the *Drummond Castle* sank off the coast of France in that year, with many Johannesburg passengers, there being only three survivors; while to the north, in Rhodesia, Rhodes and many men and women, some of whom were from the goldfields, were battling bravely with rinderpest and the terrible revolt of the Matabele, a revolt which led to the wholesale massacre of outlying settlers.

Then on Wednesday, February 19, 1896, occurred the appalling dynamite explosion at Braamfontein. It was one of the worst in world history, leading as it did to the destruction of one of the poorer quarters of Johannesburg, and to terrible loss of life. But this, and the town's other misfortunes all, strangely enough, had some subtle association with the raid: for the Matabele were encouraged to rise in rebellion by the defeat of Jameson; and the explosion itself, as will be shown later, was only made possible by the peculiar circumstances which attended dynamite storage after the raid.

The shock of it horrified the town. Scared citizens saw a vast black and gold cloud rising like a colossal mushroom into the blue. Debris was seen to be falling out of it, fragments of earth, men, mules, and trucks,

which crashed far from the actual scene of the catastrophe.

Strange scenes followed. Judge de Korte, who happened to be hearing a case in the Supreme Court at the time, dashed into the street in his robes, unceremoniously leaving the Bench. Pressmen and officials stampeded after him through the Judge's chambers. A hatless horseman came galloping through the town shouting mournfully: "Great disaster . . . help wanted . . . doctors, nurses . . ." and presently some thousands were scurrying towards the western area of the town, some on foot, some in horse cabs, or running like a fugitive army. Some, as they rushed along, noticed that all the window glass had been shattered, and that, curiously enough, the panes had everywhere fallen outwards.

Arriving on the scene, they discovered that the ground approaches to the spot had become like greasy volcanic mud, and that the site of the explosion was indicated by a mighty cavity, 250 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 50 feet deep, the earth around being banked up like the walls of a dam. Hereabouts lay splintered fragments of timber, horribly mutilated human remains, and slaughtered mules. Over a wide area the slate-grey houses of corrugated iron had been blown down. They remained at queer angles like flimsy cards. But the work of rescue was quickly undertaken by the local branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association under its chairman, Captain Bleksley.

Soon the dead-carts, out of which legs and arms, and little hands were protruding, were jolting about, and there ensued the ceaseless rattle and crash of corrugated iron as the rescue parties rummaged strenuously among the flattened hovels. In the Johannesburg *Star* of February 27, 1896, it was stated: "The deaths up to date number 78 and four boxes of remains."

2

It transpired that the calamity, which occurred close to the bend of the railway line between Braamfontein

SMOKE CLOUD SPREADING SKYWARD AFTER THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION AT BRAAMFONTEIN, FEBRUARY 19, 1896

and Fordsburg and opposite Vrededorp, was due to detonation of some tons of dynamite in railway trucks. This dynamite had arrived on Sunday, February 16, and was destined for use in the mines; but it had remained more or less in the open under the sweltering heat of the three following days (February is one of the hottest months of the year on the Rand), so that on the Wednesday, February 19, when a locomotive had been driven towards it to couple up, the impact probably detonated the mass, and the upheaval followed. It is curious to reflect that, as already mentioned, this horror had some association with the Jameson Raid; indeed it might quite reasonably be contended that had there been no raid there would have been no explosion. The facts which are certainly interesting prove how numerous and how unexpected may be the repercussions of a political movement. The circumstances were that William Hosken, an able Cornishman, remembered still as an ardent prohibitionist gifted with Gladstonian vehemence in public speech, had represented Nobels, the well-known dynamite manufacturers, in Johannesburg; and had done much profitable business for them with the Rand gold mines. One day, however, he discovered to his consternation that the whole of the dynamite business was about to be given as a vast concession to Lippert, the German financier and friend of Kruger. The history of this concession, and how it mulcted the mining industry of £600,000 a year, and was one of the grievances which led to the Jameson Raid and the Anglo-Boer War, has already been briefly discussed in a previous chapter. The fact remains to be told that Hosken opposed it strenuously at the time, and made counter-proposals for bringing Nobels' dynamite to Johannesburg at lower cost than would be possible under the concession; counter-proposals which proved unavailing, chiefly because suddenly and inexplicably Nobels instructed Hosken from Europe to withdraw his opposition to the concession. He did so; and eventually took a seat on the Board of the Lippert Concessions at £2,000 a year. Furthermore, he drew £1,000 a year for

providing magazine and other facilities for the storage of dynamite.

But he presently came to the conclusion that the Lippert concession was unfair to the mining industry; indeed, that it was not even honest: and he eventually resigned from the Board, and sacrificed not only his £2,000 a year, but the other £1,000 for rent for his magazines. In fact, he joined the Reform Committee just before the Jameson Raid; and suffered imprisonment afterwards with the rest of the reformers. This brought about a rupture of his business relations with Lippert. Just after the raid, and as a result of all these political troubles, matters had developed to the point that the Board of the Lippert Concessions was no longer using his storage magazines, and that their own storage space was fully occupied. It was in these circumstances that the consignment of German dynamite which subsequently exploded, arrived by rail in Johannesburg; and, in the absence of storage accommodation, remained exposed to the blazing sun in a siding. It got into a condition where the concussion of a truck was all that was needed to detonate it. Thus, without any straining of the facts, one may forge a logical link between the raid and the Braamfontein explosion. And incidentally it may be mentioned that one of the heavy wheels and the axle of the locomotive was hurled right across Vrededorp, and lay half buried in the Agricultural Showground a mile away. The spot was for a long time railed off by the local railway officials, and a little tablet was affixed to the wheel detailing the facts of the disaster. The relic was removed by some vandal during the Anglo-Boer War.

3

When President Kruger heard of the disaster, he brought his clenched fist down heavily in the palm of his hand.

"They shall pay," he shouted, referring to the Netherlands Railway management, "to the uttermost farthing."

He lost no time in visiting the stricken city. He went to the big hall in the Wanderers Ground, where some of the dead were being laid out for identification. He came upon a little group of flaxen-haired children—girls—killed while playing some ring game. They lay there unmarked, as if asleep. The rugged old man contemplated them with moist eyes, and then, with head bared, and followed by his attendants, turned away unable to speak. No less, indeed, did the great heart of Johannesburg—some claim that it stands pre-eminent as a city of benevolent deeds—beat with compassion on this tragical occasion; for by Friday, the second day after the explosion, the public had contributed the splendid sum of £104,128 towards the relief fund, the greater part of which had been collected in the Rand Club. Political differences were for the moment forgotten.

4

That a great misfortune can exert a queer psychological effect on the nerves of a community was proved by what transpired at the great fire which broke out in the Kazerne goods sheds in the north-western town area, a few days after. The glare of this outbreak and, again, the ominous clouds of rising smoke, attracted a panicky crowd to the spot. In the midst of the excitement a railwayman, with an official peaked cap, approached the chief fire official. His face bore an expression of terror.

"See that truck," he said, directing a shaking finger at a lonely vehicle close to the fire, "that's dynamite!"

The fire official calmly directed a fireman to play his hose on to it; but after awhile the thundering of the water on the truck began to impress the bystanders, who suddenly and simultaneously seemed to realize what was toward. They broke and fled. Two mine magnates sped away with the rest; never stopping until they reached the mines a mile away. Among the fugitives was a certain Apsley, who had a big store in the centre of

the city. He fled from his own counting-house (then on the site of Stuttaford's corner), leaving a large sum of money on the table. The heedless crowd rushed on in every direction; but, no explosion occurring, Apsley returned to his counting-house. To his relief he found his money intact. Meanwhile the firemen had got the better of the outbreak, and the fire-chief ventured to approach the hoseman still playing heroically on to the truck.

"Stop a moment!" he said; "let's examine that truck."

Its coverings were forthwith removed, and it was found to be full of empty coal-sacks!

5

Some two years after the raid and the dynamite explosion, the notorious arch-swindler Kurt Von Veltheim suddenly made his appearance at Capetown, and, following an interview with Barnato, travelled up to Johannesburg. He had not been long on the gold-fields before he attempted to blackmail Woolf Joel, elder brother of Solly Joel, and nephew of Barnato. He afterwards maintained in Court that he was prompted to do this by reading Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel, "The Fatal Letter," by which he doubtless meant "The Scarlet Letter." He wrote several blackmailing epistles over the word "Kismet." They led to meetings between himself and Joel, who was anxious to trap him but knew him to be an astute and desperate scoundrel.

On Monday, March 14, 1898, Von Veltheim armed himself and went by invitation to Joel's office. He found there the spruce young capitalist, with his manager, Harold Strange, and he must have seen clearly that they were prepared to resist him to the uttermost. All were armed. There was some verbal skirmishing in which Von Veltheim's monetary demands were firmly opposed. And then the shooting commenced—a three-cornered duel. Joel fell, shot through the head

and chest, and Strange also dropped, unwounded however. Suddenly the door was burst open, the burly blackmailer was seized and disarmed, and thrown face downwards to the ground, his nose being broken in the fall. He was tried for murder before Mr. Justice Morice and a jury; Dr. F. E. T. Krause appearing as State Prosecutor, and Dr. Coster and Advocate Forster (of the Cape Bar) standing for the defence; while Advocate J. W. Leonard, Q.C., instructed by Attorney E. P. Solomon, watched the case on behalf of Barnato Brothers. After a hearing lasting several days and in course of which Von Veltheim went into the box and maintained that he only fired in self-defence, the defence prevailed, and the prisoner was acquitted. The verdict was received with the wildest applause, in which many women were prominent. The judge intimated that he disagreed with the verdict, but Von Veltheim continued to be acclaimed, and was actually being entertained by his admirers when he was suddenly re-arrested by order of President Kruger and put over the border.

6

The shooting of Woolf Joel has long been enveloped in a haze of rumour which has been exceedingly unfair to the Barnato-Joel family, and there can be no doubt that in Von Veltheim's own public statements made largely in Court, and in Press interviews, which consisted mainly of subtle *canards* intended to achieve print, he sought to create the impression that he had been brought to South Africa at the instance of Barnato to replace Kruger by General Joubert. There is not the slightest foundation for the allegation; indeed, Von Veltheim gave so many other circumstantial explanations of his presence in South Africa that so preposterous an allegation need not even be discussed. One of his other "confidences" was that he had come to South Africa to claim his share of a huge sum won in collusion with Woolf Joel at Monte Carlo. There is, of course,

not a vestige of truth in this story. Woolf Joel and he never collaborated at Monte Carlo. The plain truth is that Von Veltheim was a romantic blackguard who, owing to the great prominence given to Johannesburg and its affairs at the time of the Jameson Raid, and to the wealth of some of its citizens, became desirous of testing the country's capacities as a blackmailing field. The wealth of the Barnato-Joel family thereafter became for him an irresistible bait.

7

Who, then, was Von Veltheim? Was he a man of noble birth, as he has claimed? Is there anything in his boast that he has explored the Never-Never-Land of Australia, that he went through two revolutions in South America, and was not far away when President Barros was shot dead? Or, again, that he fought in Bulgaria and joined in the search for Stanley in Darkest Africa, proceeding as far as St. Paul de Loanda in West Africa, and only returning when he heard that Stanley had gone to Stanley Falls? It is not easy to establish or to deny these adventurous claims, but certain rough details of his career are known. From these it is clear that his real name is "Kurt," and that consequently the name "Von Veltheim" is assumed. As a lad he was a thief, and in early manhood a masquerader, a seducer of women. He married women in various parts of the world, robbed them, and deserted them. He set afoot the preposterous fable about the Kruger millions, and with singular plausibility persuaded men of business to finance expeditions to retrieve the treasure. London, Trieste, Capri, Brunswick, Perth, all knew this ambassador of crime, whose fate it was to wander about the world doing evil.

Many years ago, a body, nude and bound, was found in the Thames. It was that of a man 6ft. 4in. in height —Von Veltheim's height exactly—and was actually identified by Madame Von Veltheim as that of her husband. Murder was suspected, but was never proved,

and the body was buried at Little Ilford. But Von Veltheim turned up in the Cape not long after and committed the murder in Johannesburg in respect of which he was acquitted. Subsequently in London, in 1908, he was sent to jail for twenty years by Mr. Justice Phillimore for attempting to blackmail Mr. Solly Joel; was found in Johannesburg again in 1923, was deported, and in 1924 was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Magdeburg, Germany, for inducing a merchant to finance an expedition to search for £100,000 worth of gold buried in the Transvaal.

8

The State Prosecutor, Dr. Krause, who, as mentioned, conducted the case against Von Veltheim, was a brilliant young advocate with a high sense of duty. As he surveyed the goldfields for some years after the Raid he saw that, as he has since stated, the Republican Police were not very successful in bringing to justice the thieves who were robbing the mines of their gold amalgam. Nor were they stopping the illicit sale of liquor to natives working on the mines. And he devised reforms.

A curious case occurred at the time, which illustrates the clever fashion in which some of the gold thieves worked, a case, incidentally, not without an element of comedy.

An elderly reduction worker, known to his friends as "Job" from his habit of frequently and forlornly quoting the Old Testament, was observed from day to day to be taking a metal box from his pocket, and to be filling it with gold concentrates scraped from the plates. He always did this before the end of his shift. One day he was challenged by a senior mine official, who overtook him on the way home and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey," said he, breathlessly, for he was a stout man; "let's have a look at that box."

But Job took to his heels and reached his little house on the edge of the mine property a hundred yards ahead of his pursuer. When the latter reached the house he

angrily challenged him. "What's the game? Where's the box?" he demanded.

"Oh!" said Job; "box? I thought you said 'watch.' Certainly, here's the box;" and he produced from his pocket a perfectly, clean, empty, metal box.

"This isn't it," said the official. "You know that perfectly well."

"But it is!"

At that moment a dog began to bark mysteriously from somewhere underground.

"Hullo! Got a cellar here?" the official inquired.

Job became nervous. The official tapped along the wall. He came to a hollow-sounding space, pushed against it with his right shoulder, and burst in a secret door, some panels from which clattered down a newly-revealed flight of stone steps. Out of the darkness came a terrier, wagging its tail.

"Down you go, Job . . . lead the way."

They descended, the venerable guide presently entering a square, brick-lined and raftered chamber. There were candles, crucibles, and retorts, and a small safe let into the wall.

"Open that safe!"

Protesting, the man opened it, disclosing many "buttons" of gold, quite a pile in fact.

"How long has this been going on?"

"For some years," admitted the culprit, fondling the gold ruefully. Then he drew the official's attention to the retort, swiftly extinguished the candle, filled his pockets rapidly with gold, dashed up the steps, and disappeared.

Job has not been seen on the Rand since. He died at Brighton in 1905 in considerable affluence, it is said.

On another occasion, a German trader buying empty zinc cyanide cases from which the zinc was subsequently stripped, weighed, paid for, and sent back by him to Germany, noticed that half a dozen of his boys had the utmost difficulty in lifting three of these cases to his wagon for removal. The cases had been on an old heap of debris on the Ferreira mine. He looked inside them,

at the same time drawing an official's attention to their weight.

"Put those cases back," then said the man. "That's not zinc, that's gold."

It had been stolen, clearly, and put aside in the debris heap, where it had remained unsuspected and covered with dust throughout the Anglo-Boer War. The German buyer, who is still alive, has often deplored his stupidity in thus betraying the secret of the cases, for he firmly believes that the other man must have sold the gold afterwards, and made his fortune.

Thefts of gold, it was estimated, accounted for three per cent. of the output at the time, some putting the figure even higher. All such percentages, however, must clearly be problematical. The mines made repeated complaints to President Kruger concerning these thefts and the inability of the police to cope with the evil.

But these injured the industry no more than the huge illicit sales of liquor to natives working on the mines. Such sales at the very doors of the compounds frequently incapacitated a goodly proportion of the native labour force. Police raids were circumvented by the most wonderful ruses. In one shebeen there was an elaborate arrangement of electric bells. Natives buying drink would file up to a window like a booking-office, would put their money on a lift which vanished, rising a few seconds later with the drink. But nobody was ever seen at the window. There was only one approach to this place. But along that road of approach there was a "blind" man, whose head would make contact with an electric button whenever suspicious folk appeared. Whereupon a bell would ring in the shebeen, and in a few seconds the place would be deserted.

The reforms initiated by Dr. Krause dealt many shrewd knocks at such gold and shebeen businesses, though not before they had enriched many unscrupulous men, and had exasperated further the leaders of the mining industry.

9

Many Uitlanders began to feel that the courts had reached an unfortunate pass when a felon like Von Veltheim could so skilfully exploit political animosities as to evade conviction on a charge of murder. Their doubts were stimulated towards the end of 1898 by the shooting of one Edgar by the Republican policeman Jones, an affair which led to arrests, to the signing by 21,000 Johannesburgers of a great Uitlander petition to the Queen praying for Her Majesty's protection, and to the dispatch of an official complaint from Sir Alfred Milner, then Governor and High Commissioner at Capetown, to the British Foreign Office in London. The tragedy itself was attended by many conflicting circumstances; and it is perhaps only fair to suggest that there were two sides to it, and that the version given of it by Sir Percy FitzPatrick in his book, "The Transvaal From Within," certainly does not give any credence to the Republican case.

The victim, Thomas Jackson Edgar, was returning home in December, 1898, when he was insulted by some idlers in the roadway. He felled one of these with his fist, and the man lay in the road unconscious. Edgar, meanwhile, had entered his house in the vicinity, shut the door, and was in conversation with his wife when the Republican constabulary arrived. The policeman Jones burst open the door; and, as Edgar himself came out, shot him dead. He fell back into his wife's arms. At the trial, evidence was led to prove that the policeman fired in self-defence, and that Edgar struck the constable twice on the head with an iron-shod stick. The stick was produced in Court. On the other hand, Mrs. Edgar testified that her husband aimed no blow at the man, and could not have done so in the time that elapsed between the bursting open of the door and the firing of the shot.

Jones was acquitted, the judge commending him for having done no more than his duty. It was this

verdict which caused men to allege that burgher juries were no longer impartial.

The Uitlanders, however, had also been angered by the release of Jones on bail of £200 shortly after the shooting; by the arrest of Thomas Dodd and Clem Webb for organizing a meeting on the Market Square to present a petition of protest to the British Vice-Consul (their bail, by the way, was fixed at £1,000!); and by the later action of the burghers in breaking up a subsequent public meeting in the Amphitheatre or Circus, situated on what subsequently became Paddy's Market in Harrison Street. The meeting was called to protest against the arrest of Dodd and Webb. In order to wreck this meeting the burgher officials brought in Republican labourers working in the road camps along the goldfields. Lord Milner himself set out the facts on April 5, 1899, in his dispatch to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lord Milner then said: ". . . in the riot which followed several people were seriously injured, the sufferers in every case being sympathizers with the object of the meeting, and the aggressors being persons who had come there with the object of breaking it up. The police did not make the smallest effort to check the disturbances, though it would have been easy to do so; and when appealed to, they maintained an attitude of indifference."

One can picture Chamberlain reading this document with unusual gravity, that dapper little man, with monocle, orchid-buttonhole, and air of polite boredom who could look so astutely into the future, and whose bold Imperialism had long made him a prime favourite with the cartoonists of the world.

10

When Rhodes went to England, in 1897, to face the inquiry into the Jameson Raid, he seemed to walk in the shadow of the conviction that war between England and the Transvaal was only a matter of time. It is true that his able biographer, M. J. G. McDonald has

made Rhodes say that he was convinced that Kruger would never adventure into such a war, but Rhodes's actions all indicate that he held a contrary opinion, that he discerned the approach of war and almost certainly discussed that eventuality with Chamberlain. He discussed it in the light of his belief that all the resources of British statesmanship must henceforth be concentrated on securing a free hand for England when the fateful day arrived. In other words, he recognized that England must be in a position to know that, in the event of war with the Transvaal, the European powers would not intervene. The volatile and treacherous Kaiser was the main difficulty, of course; and it was clearly recognized that he might provoke intervention at any time if it suited his purpose.

As the years passed after the Raid, both Rhodes and Chamberlain saw nothing to shake their conviction of the inevitability of this Anglo-Boer war; for, they reasoned, Kruger's actions all tended to show that he would in no circumstances release the Rand mineowners from the thraldom of Lipper's dynamite monopoly and its heavy burden of £600,000 a year, nor would he yield in such other matters as the franchise which were vital to the Uitlanders. On the other hand the cosmopolitans of the goldfields remained more than ever hostile to the restraints of Krugerism, which, in spite of its critics, was not without some sound virtues.

II

It was in these circumstances that Rhodes eventually went to Germany, where the Kaiser told him that an Anglo-German understanding might be feasible if his uncle, the Prince of Wales, with whom he had had various personal quarrels, would only observe a more friendly attitude towards him. Rhodes at once wrote to the Prince, drew his attention to the isolation of England in world affairs, and urged him to make his peace with the Kaiser. As a result, the Prince arranged for the Kaiser to visit Sandringham. Meanwhile, in 1898,

Chamberlain concluded a secret agreement with Germany and Portugal, and later, on October 29, 1899, made an official offer of an alliance with Germany in a historic speech at Leicester. Thus, it was hoped, might Germany be persuaded to remain neutral.

When the Anglo-Boer War had actually broken out, however, it was learned that notwithstanding the Kaiser's friendly professions, he and Russia had made private overtures to France as to the possibility of exploiting the war as a pretext for intervention, to force England to settle all outstanding colonial differences as between Russia, France, Germany, and England.

France, to her credit, turned the proposal down. Chamberlain became embittered against Germany; and when King Edward ascended the thorne, both monarch and statesman directed all their brilliant diplomatic gifts towards negotiating and concluding the *entente* as between Russia, France and England, the coalition which, with Japan, faced the triple alliance in the Great War of 1914-18.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW LORD ROBERTS CAPTURED THE TOWN, MAY 31, 1900

I

THE shooting of Edgar, in Johannesburg, was the spark which fired the fuse, laid along the hard ground of years of Republican-Uitlander animosity. It was the immediate cause of the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902. It led, first of all, to the issue by the British Government of an invitation to President Kruger to discuss outstanding Uitlander grievances with Lord Milner, and from May 31 to June 5, 1899, these discussions took place at Bloemfontein.

But they broke chiefly on the old rock of Kruger's unshakable conviction that to make franchise concessions—to reduce the franchise qualification to a period of five years, as Milner wanted it reduced—would inevitably result in the retrocession of the Transvaal to the Uitlanders, which really meant to the British.

The conference, of course, proved abortive; and it left behind it tremendous irritations. It left behind the general belief that, as all attempts to reach a solution by negotiation had broken down, war was inevitable; and preparations for the inevitable conflict were pushed ahead by the Republicans, who had long been importing artillery from Germany and who, as soon as war was declared, intended to invade Natal and to seize Durban.

The shadow of coming events was over England also. Business men and London clerks speeding city-

wards in their morning trains became suddenly aware that the long peace which had brought such boundless prosperity to Britain was about to be broken, and that a war was looming ahead. There was a sudden awakening of interest in the mysterious personality of Kruger, and in the merits of the dispute between himself and Johannesburg. Then, the Transvaal Republic made the ominous position clearer by drafting an ultimatum to England, on September 27, following the intensification of feeling which had marked the breakdown of negotiations at the Bloemfontein Conference. The ultimatum was delayed until October 9, 1899, when it was presented to Conyngham Greene, the British agent in Pretoria. It demanded that all outstanding points in dispute be referred to arbitration, that the British troops on the border be withdrawn, and that others on the way to South African ports be not allowed to land—demands with which compliance was impossible without grave loss of dignity and prestige. And so, a state of war existed as from five o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 11, 1899, between Britain and the Transvaal. On the other hand, the Transvaal had the support of the Orange Free State, and the sympathy of certain great European powers, notably Germany, which was restrained only by thoughts of the overwhelming might, at the time, of the British Navy; and the powerlessness of Germany in the circumstances to land troops at a foreign base. On the other hand, there was Britain, to whose aid the great dominions rushed with amazing singleness of purpose. They gave staggering proof of Imperial loyalty.

2

When it became clear that war was inevitable, the people of Johannesburg left the town in great numbers. The rush, like all refugee rushes, was both tragical and spectacular. In many instances Uitlanders left the remnants of their last meal on their tables, shut up their homes, and with melancholy waving of the hands

to porch and garden-gate, and in the case of many women, with bitter weeping, made their way to the railway station. The platforms were thronged. In the multitude were many women and children. Some of their menfolk climbed to the roofs of the carriages, while others got away in cattle trucks bound for Natal. In one case, a faithful collie separated from its master, followed a train for ten miles and next day was found dead from exhaustion at the side of the track.

This hurried flight was inspired by the fantastic fear that the Republicans were about to exact some terrible retribution on the Uitlanders, by ridiculous rumours of impending massacre. Nothing of the kind occurred, needless to say. The burghers behaved with considerable restraint; so much so that British women who were permitted to remain behind were free to walk abroad much as before in the now deserted city. Grass soon grew in its streets, and dust collected in piles in the doorways. Many Uitlanders who left the goldfields for Natal seized the opportunity of offering themselves for service with the British forces and thus once again took up arms against Krugerism in support of their convictions.

3

As showing the bitterness of political feeling, however, the case of the two noted British "politicals" who had escaped cleverly from the town, is worth quoting. They were W. F. Monypenny, who had relinquished an assistant editorship of the London *Times* to become editor of the Johannesburg *Star*, and who had offended the Krugerite Government chiefly by his warm espousal of the Uitlander cause; and H. C. Hull, who ultimately became Minister of Finance in the Transvaal Parliament. Warrants had been issued for their arrest. Neither, however, had any desire to make acquaintance

with Pretoria jail, Hull having already spent some time there as a reformer three years before. They therefore resolved to escape to Natal. While completing their arrangements they went into hiding at the Ferreira gold mine, where a disused shaft had been placed at their disposal. Its recesses were well stocked with provisions, and there was an ornamental pond at the top, and a ladder-way, and certain rough luxury expedients. When opportunity offered, they would venture out to "take the air."

But dark shafts in which rats scamper and which exhale the vapours of the depths, determined them to delay no longer, despite the fact that the Republicans were still watching all trains and roads. They accordingly disguised themselves as prospectors, obtained a Cape cart and stores, and set out boldly towards the border. As they neared it they were intercepted by a Commandant on horseback, and it looked for a while as if they would be caught; but Hull, who had cultivated a huge moustache, bluffed the man successfully by complaining loudly that their horse had gone lame, and by striving to persuade the man to let them have *his* mount. The request was, of course, refused, and the burgher rode off leaving the road clear to the border.

4

A most intimate picture of the town in the dream-like days of the Anglo-Boer War is drawn in the diary of Mrs. Isabelle Lipp, wife of the late Mr. Charles Lipp, then manager of the Standard Bank in Johannesburg. She has explained that in 1900 she and her husband were British subjects who had obtained permits from the Boer Government "for ourselves and seven of the staff to remain and continue business, the condition being the taking of a certain oath of absolute neutrality."

The diary reaches the period when, the British having sustained severe preliminary reverses in Natal, troops began to pour into the ports which the Boers had failed to take, owing chiefly to delays caused by the investment of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking. The tide began to turn; and on February 27, 1900, Cronje was surrounded at Paardeberg in the bed of the Modder River and compelled to surrender with 4,000 men. Ladysmith was relieved and Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein on March 13, on his victorious march north towards Johannesburg.

At this juncture, when the Republicans were beginning to realize that they were threatened with defeat and the loss of the Transvaal, Mrs. Lipp's diary becomes of absorbing interest, reflecting as it does the effect of the war-news on the burghers and others remaining in the town.

"Many burghers," she writes on March 3, 1900, "are to be seen in town to-day and there is an ominous feeling in the air." On the following day she notes that the Johannesburg morning market was visited by the Commandant and that a whole batch of men was taken away, evidently to reinforce the Boer forces in the field. It was rumoured that one of the banks had been officially notified by the Field Cornet that a conspiracy had been discovered to blow up certain large buildings, notably that of the Consolidated Goldfields (where the Reform Committee had deliberated at the time of the Jameson Raid); Ecksteins (The Corner House), The South African Mutual, and various private houses. But nothing occurred. On the other hand, a big underground refuge was prepared for British women, many of whom, with their menfolk, used to go out on the hills about the town to watch the digging of trenches out Parktown way.

Commandos passed, the diary tells us, ceaselessly through the town, and a curious air of sombre anticipation filled every heart, for at the beginning of May it became

known that Lord Roberts had resumed his march on Johannesburg. He left Bloemfontein on May 1, having been delayed there by the enteric fever which had played havoc with his troops. Three weeks later he marched into the Transvaal. The Republicans came thronging back into the town, the Kruger Government having notified its intention of defending it to the last.

Mrs. Lipp's diary now gives a very vivid picture of what happened:

May 4-21: The Government is storing up foodstuffs in tons in big business premises, the various consuls having received notice as to the defence of the town, and all neutrals are warned to look after themselves. Guns are mounted at Eagle's Nest out Booysens way, and pits and trenches are being dug in every defensible position. . . . Boer women are leaving the centre of the town in great numbers. . . . Food has gone up tremendously in price.

May 22-25: The British troops are getting nearer every day. A thousand cases of ammunition and 700 bags of mealies were forwarded a day or two ago to Klip River, where the Boers evidently intend making a stand. . . . The National Bank is crowded day after day, by angry, anxious men. No gold issued, only notes, which in turn can be exchanged for silver. . . . Trenches are being dug, cannon placed, fortifications built around the outskirts. . . . Business is practically suspended.

May 28: At last! At last! Our soldiers are near. Boom! Boom! We hear the cannon thunder. . . . The hills around Johannesburg are lined with men, . . . women, and a few children. . . . All day long we are on the hills listening to the distant cannon.

May 29: Still the cannon boom, and now we know that there is fighting at Baragwanath, and at the Klip River. . . . Crowds of spectators still line the surrounding hills. . . . Tremendous excitement

reigns everywhere. . . . Many people expect Johannesburg to be in flames to-night.

May 30: Early this morning I heard a sound of galloping horses, and, rushing out, saw the khaki at last. They were Australian Scouts sent out to take the Doornfontein Works. I clapped my hands, danced, cried, hurrahed, everything that an excited Englishwoman could do. . . . All day there was firing on and about the waterworks hill, Barnato Park, and from the Johannesburg Fort, where a maxim was turned on the scouts. A few people ventured up town, we among them, but were promptly warned to remain indoors by mounted men (specials), as fighting was expected in the streets. We at once wended our way homewards, taking a couple of rickshas, as there was not a cab to be seen anywhere. Our boys leapt up high in their speed. They were Zulus, and the scent of battle was in the air. As we passed through Beit Street (Doornfontein) a regular fusillade rang out, and then didn't our ricksha bearers go! I was nearly tossed out of my seat. . . . A rumour was afloat that Lord Roberts had demanded the surrender of Johannesburg from Dr. Krause, the special Commandant, and that an armistice had been arranged. This was confirmed by Dr. Krause's proclamation coming out at 5.30 this afternoon announcing Lord Roberts's demand for the surrender and the mutual arrangement of an armistice up to 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. Dr. Krause ordered all burghers willing to fight for their land, liberty, and independence, to quit Johannesburg immediately and to join their respective commandos, and also to observe strictly and faithfully the armistice made by him in the interest of the town and its inhabitants. All that night burghers were leaving the town quietly and gravely. . . To Dr. Krause the thanks of the whole community are due. Through him a great calamity was averted, for undoubtedly a very large section of the burghers and mercenaries had determined to withstand the British advance on, and taking of Johannesburg. A

CORPORATION BUILDINGS

A Modern Business Office in Johannesburg

band of desperate men was known to have taken an oath to leave no Johannesburg for Lord Roberts to enter. . . . Early in the morning some British officers had ridden into town with a white flag to demand the unconditional surrender of Johannesburg to Lord Roberts. With this, Dr. Krause could not comply without first consulting General Botha, the Commandant General. He had no objection, however to proceeding with the officers to the Boer camp to obtain the decision. . . .

The streets are surging with excited people. . . . To-morrow will decide the fate of Johannesburg.

May 31: The surrender of the town is decided upon and the official entry of the British force to take place to-morrow about noon. What a sigh of relief goes up from the bottom of our hearts!

June 1: The Vierkleur came down and a small, unpretentious Union Jack was hoisted in its place. A very solemn though joyful occasion for us few British subjects, but a very sad one for those who loved the Vierkleur. All honour and respect to those who are fighting and have fought to keep it flying over their country! . . . Our joy was great, but so I hope was our good taste. . . . Good-bye, old diary! You have helped me to while away many a weary hour.

5

Meanwhile, the advance of Lord Roberts on Johannesburg had given rise in Pretoria to a very serious plot to destroy the mines. Some highly-placed burgher officials were in favour of this desperate measure, and there was discussion as to how it might best be done. One hundred men were got together to carry out the work of destruction. As Lord Roberts's successes became the more marked, so the plotters grew more resolute.

One of the chief conspirators was a certain Judge de Kock, who had obtained from a highly-placed officer of the Government an official mandate to co-opt officials in Johannesburg to assist him in schemes of mine destruction.

Now at this time, that is to say about two days before Lord Roberts actually captured Johannesburg, Dr. F. E. T. Krause was in charge of the town, and Commandant Van Diggelen was controlling a special body of police entrusted with the protection of the mines. The Republicans themselves had been working certain mines, to provide finances for the war. The police, meanwhile, had carried out this task of protection conscientiously; and de Kock knew well that before any scheme of mine destruction could be carried out it would be desirable to get both Dr. Krause and Commandant Van Diggelen to agree to it.

He therefore approached Dr. Krause and showed him a signed mandate authorizing him to co-opt officials in the work of mine destruction.

"If you make any attempt to destroy the mines," said Dr. Krause, "I warn you that you will be arrested."

Nevertheless, the man persisted. He went to the Robinson mine, at the head of one hundred mounted men, prepared to wreck the property. But a strange thing happened there, for he noticed that £400,000 in raw gold, which had been assembled for transfer to Pretoria, was still lying there.

In view of the rapid advance of Lord Roberts towards Johannesburg Dr. Krause had been instructed to transfer all gold to Pretoria, and a good deal had already been dispatched. But de Kock was disconcerted at the sight of so much treasure still on the property, and forgetting that his purpose in coming there was to destroy the mine, he galloped off with his men to the Commandant's office and ordered the *posse* to line up outside. Dr. Krause and Commandant Van Diggelen happened to be closeted together inside. De Kock dismounted, adopted

a hectoring tone and demanded to know why so much gold had been left about instead of being dispatched to Pretoria, and incidentally, he unwittingly betrayed the information that he had come to destroy the mine.

Dr. Krause at once jumped up and locked the door. De Kock made an effort to escape, but was caught and overpowered, being indeed no physical match for his captors. Then he asked Van Diggelen to deliver a note to his men outside. Van Diggelen refused. But the men outside had still to be dispersed, and as they had been instructed not to leave without him, the task of getting rid of them would not be easy.

A clever ruse was employed. Dr. Krause rushed forth suddenly, holding a sheaf of telegrams in his hand and called out to the men: "Who is in charge here?"

"Where's our general?" several of them clamoured in return. "Why doesn't he come out?"

"Your general," explained Dr. Krause, "is discussing important military operations inside. We have just had serious news about the advance of the British. Who is in charge here?"

"I am, sir, Captain McCullum," cried somebody.

"Well, captain," Dr. Krause went on, "your general commands you to ride to the Geldenhuis mine to reinforce the Boers who are to hold up the British. Captain, ride for your life and duty!"

In a few seconds the commando had galloped off, leaving de Kock under arrest. He was thereupon removed to the Johannesburg Fort on Tuesday, May 29, 1900.

That same afternoon, General Botha and his staff came riding through the town. Dr. Krause reported to him what he had done. General Botha approved entirely, and Dr. Krause was instructed to remain in Johannesburg to protect the town and its inhabitants and to see that all fighting burghers left at once for

their various commandos. That evening Kock was sent to Pretoria and delivered to the authorities.

Thus did Dr. Krause and Commandant Van Diggelen prevent the destruction of the gold mines exactly two days before the town was surrendered to Lord Roberts.

6

The ceremony of handing over the town was delayed until May 31, not only to enable the armed burghers to quit the town first, but also to prevent street fighting. When the official capitulation ceremony took place it was both simple and impressive. It was held upon what was then the open square at the north-west angle of the magistrates' court, a wide, dusty area upon which many fine buildings stand to-day.[1] As the Vierkleur was hauled down in front of the courthouse, the silken Union Jack which had been worked by Lady Roberts was run up in its stead. Three cheers were given for Queen Victoria. Then the seventh and eleventh divisions marched past, the Commander-in-Chief, erect upon his horse, taking the salute.

Captain Bleksley, of the Stadsraad, handed over the keys of the town clerk's safe in Corporation Buildings, the headquarters of the Town Clerk,[2] to the British military authorities, and the occupation was rapidly completed.

Long lines of brown, dusty troops were clattering and tramping through the town, and converging generally on the avenues leading out towards Orange Grove and Pretoria; for Lord Roberts had decided to march on Pretoria, and to disregard the opinions of some of his generals who had urged that the lines of communication

[1] It took place close to where the wholesale premises of the Central News Agency in Rissik Street face the north-western angle of the magistrates' court buildings.

[2] The actual office in Corporation Buildings where the keys were thus transferred was the corner office occupied by the well-known legal firm of Wertheim, Becker and Leveson.

between Bloemfontein and Johannesburg were already dangerously long, and that if they were cut and supplies thereby prevented from reaching the army, a serious situation would arise. But Lord Roberts felt that by capturing Pretoria and releasing the 3,000 British prisoners there, he would deal a shrewd blow at the Republicans, already disheartened by constant retreat. Moreover, he believed that the fact that the railway belonged in the main to Hollanders was likely to preserve it. So he took the risk and decided to march on Pretoria. He waited at Orange Grove, however, during June 1 and 2, while supplies were collected. In the waiting period, Ian Hamilton was at Braamfontein, the western suburb of the town, French and Hutton on the north of it, Gordon at Modderfontein, and other British generals and troops at the Yokeskei River.

7

Long before Lord Roberts had passed through Johannesburg he had issued the strictest orders against looting. He was rightly determined that the fine traditions of the British Army should not be besmirched. Nor indeed were they. But it is not given even to commanders-in-chief to curb all uncontrollables, nor was Lord Roberts able to do so. One instance in which he failed is worth mentioning, as proving how fine was the spirit in those stirring days between the best men and women of both sides.

One morning a certain burgher, who was doing essential duty for the British army of occupation, learned that two soldiers had commandeered a couple of Arab horses from his stables, and had forcibly restrained his wife in her attempts to stop them. They had galloped off with the horses, while she, in a fit of fury, had fired at them and had shot off one of their caps. Upon hearing of all this, the irate burgher rode off to complain to Lord Roberts, who was then staying at the Orange Grove Hotel. He arrived there shortly after dawn.

The little generalissimo came out of his room in an old flannel dressing-gown and a woolly night-cap.

"My friend," said he, "pray sit down. I learned in India never to discuss anything important on an empty stomach. We'll have some coffee first, I think."

After drinking the coffee Lord Roberts said: "Now tell me the story."

The burgher did so. At the end of the recital Lord Roberts remarked: "Very well, the men that did that must be caught and tried; and if found guilty must be shot. They know the orders about looting."

And he sent his aide-de-camp with instructions that the stolen horses were, if possible, to be traced and returned to their stables, and the guilty parties to be arrested and tried.

The horses were found and the men arrested. A hint, however, was given the wife of the burgher that the lives of the prisoners depended upon her, that if she identified them they would be shot, but that if she failed to do so the charge could not be sustained.

The men were brought in and confronted with the woman.

"Madame," said the officer in charge, "can you identify these men?"

She looked at them and then said: "I've never set eyes on them in my life!"

One rushed forward impulsively, delight on his face, then drew back, and both were marched out, and later dismissed the army.

In spite of this isolated incident, the behaviour of the British troops was splendid; and the generous comment was made by a Republican who saw them enter the town and march out of it: "Ah, the pity of it all! For this is an army of gentlemen!"

8

Meanwhile, President Kruger had left the capital on May 30, and had transferred his quarters to Middleburg.

His departure heralded the defeat of the Transvaal and Free State Republics and the end of Krugerism. It was a poignant episode. The old man looked long and hard at his home as he left it, never to return. Six days later, on June 5, 1900, the British troops entered the capital and solemnly raised the Union Jack there, after an interval of nearly twenty years. Subsequently both Roberts and Kitchener took up residence in a house in Jeppestown, the eastern suburb of Johannesburg, named after the Jeppe family. They remained there during some period of 1900.

The cloaked figure of Drama stalked through the streets of the city in those days, and as is always the case in war-time, Rumour moved with it. Without doubt both were concerned with reports of the alleged plot to blow up Lord Roberts while attending service in St. Mary's Church. At that time the church was in Eloff Street, roughly on the site of what is to-day St. Mary's Buildings; for it was not until September, 1904, that Lord Milner laid the stone of the present cathedral in Plein Street to the north. The Commander-in-Chief was a regular attendant. Forty yards from the church in a south-easterly direction, stood a now-vanished hostelry on the site of John Orr's Buildings in Pritchard Street. It was alleged that a number of Republicans had plotted in this hotel to drive a tunnel from this place under Eloff Street through an intercepting barrier of rock, and to a point immediately below the pew occupied by Lord Roberts. A heavy charge of dynamite was then to be exploded.

But secret service men, it was whispered, had learned of this plot; many arrests followed, and men were deported to St. Helena, to Ceylon, and elsewhere; notwithstanding which, a great deal of scepticism prevailed at the time and still prevails, as to whether there was ever an intention to excavate a tunnel, if only because of the extreme difficulty of cutting through the rock. It was said that sane men could never have contemplated such

a tunnel: for to excavate it would have needed the most costly mining apparatus.

9

The lighter side of Kitchener, so rarely revealed, came out one day when the General was riding in his carriage through the suburb of Jeppestown. An excited lad rushed up shouting: "Please stop, Mr. Kitchener, the soldiers are taking my rabbits."

"Jump in, my boy," said Kitchener.

And they went to the spot, when it became clear that there had been a false alarm, for the rabbits appeared to be enjoying life much as usual. Thereupon Kitchener invited the boy to his quarters, made him fetch his brother, gave them both enormous slices of cake, and (so their Republican parents said subsequently) more port than was good for them. But Kitchener had made two lifelong friends: for whenever other small boys disturbed the serenity of their little ways the lads would say: "I shall tell my friend, Mr. Kitchener."

10

A curious blunder was responsible for the hurried flight of the Municipal Officers from Corporation Buildings in the heart of the town, to that ramshackle collection of red, corrugated-iron shanties near the railway station known as the "Tin Temple." It housed the city fathers for more than a decade after the Anglo-Boer war. The circumstances throw light on conditions in the town towards the end of the war. Citizens had begun to drift back to Johannesburg, around which a cordon of troops had been previously drawn to prevent Republicans holding communication with the enemy, and for other reasons. Johannesburg began to hive with cheerful citizens; there was talk of a coming boom, and the war

seemed to recede until it was only a speck on the cheerful sky. Property values and rents advanced. And thus the owners of Corporation Buildings felt convinced that the time had arrived when they ought to be drawing very much more rent than they were from the municipal authorities.

At this time, either the Town Clerk, Mr. Lionel Curtis—one of Milner's men—or the Town Treasurer, forgot to renew the lease of their offices in Corporation Buildings, and this expired while the officials were still in occupation. The happy proprietor then sought an explanation as to why staff and belongings had not gone elsewhere; and on being told of the unfortunate oversight, regretted sincerely that a new lease would have to be conditioned on a much higher rental. The rental proposal was rejected, and emergency orders were issued for the construction of the "Tin Temple." Thus was the half-way home of the city fathers prepared, until they were ready for the larger dignity of the present Town Hall Offices on the Central Square.

II

Rhodes had been besieged by the Republicans in Kimberley, and his great rival Kruger—a broken and disillusioned man—had fled by way of Lourenço Marques to Holland, the land of his fathers. The grim figure of death was on the heels of both. It was stalking these men, whose rivalries had, to no small extent, been determined by Johannesburg and its Uitlanders. The city of gold had been a prime cause of dispute between them, and had long divided Europe into pro-Boer and pro-British camps.

Rhodes died of heart failure at Muizenberg, Cape Colony, on March 26, 1902; Kruger passed away at Clarens, Lake Geneva, on July 14, 1904. The war came to an end on March 31, 1902. It had cost £250,000,000 and had involved the shipment of 350,000 men to South

Africa. On the other hand, the constructive work done by Rhodes and Kruger has lived long after them: that of Rhodes, in the settlement of British dominion territory which extends from the Cape to Cairo; and that of Kruger, in the unquenched spirit of his people.

CHAPTER XV

HOW EUROPE HEARD THE SOUND OF THE GUNS

I

THROUGHOUT 1901, the German Press had been censuring the methods adopted by the British army to bring the Anglo-Boer war to an end; and on October 25, 1901, a few months before peace was signed, Chamberlain made his famous Edinburgh speech in defence of the conduct of the war. Speaking with characteristic vigour he declared that more energetic measures might yet have to be taken to controvert the guerrilla plans with which the Republican generals were prolonging the struggle.

"I think," he added, "that if that time comes we can find precedents for anything we may do in the action of those nations which now criticize our 'barbarity' and 'cruelty,' but whose example—in Poland, in the Caucasus, in Algeria, in Tongking, in Bosnia, in the Franco-German war—whose example we have never approached."

That speech made a profound sensation in Germany. The allusion to the Franco-German war was denounced there as deliberately contumelious; and in Britain, Count Metternich, the German ambassador, lost no time in drawing Lord Lansdowne's attention somewhat caustically to the extent of German resentment of the aspersions upon the German army. The ambassador's protest was pointedly confirmed by Count Von Bülow, on January 8, 1902, in the Reichstag when, in a wildly-applauded speech, he sought to rebuke the British statesman. One speaker who followed him expressed

the opinion that Chamberlain was the "most accursed scoundrel on God's earth."

These speeches not only threatened an explosion but they also ruined the last hope of that Anglo-German alliance for which far-seeing statesmen had long been striving. Eckardstein declares that the failure of all hopes of such an alliance in 1901 "*can be taken as the turning-point in the history of the world.*"

2

Shortly before Chamberlain made this speech, the Russian Czar had written a remarkable letter to his uncle, King Edward. In the course of this he said: "My conscience obliges me to speak openly . . . about the South African war, and what I say is only said by your loving nephew. You remember, of course, at the time when the war broke out what a strong feeling of animosity against England arose throughout the world. . . . I received addresses, letters, telegrams in masses, begging me to interfere. But my principle is not to meddle in other people's affairs, especially as it did not concern my country. Nevertheless, all this weighed morally upon me." The Czar then went on to express the hope that peace would be concluded at the earliest possible moment as the war had already lasted nearly two years.

This significant letter was submitted by the King to Lord Salisbury who supplied His Majesty with certain historical data for his reply, which enabled him to point out that two years was but a comparatively brief duration for war, and that that period had been exceeded thrice in recent history. ". . . The Russian war in the Caucasus (King Edward wrote) came to an end with the capture of Schamyl in 1859, though it had lasted since 1834! Its duration thus amounted to a period of twenty-five years!" His Majesty told the Czar that the "unexampled leniency" with which the British generals had conducted the war had undoubtedly prolonged the South African campaign.

The Czar did not reply, but Lord Salisbury remarked significantly that the sentiment of the Russian monarch which had hitherto been immune from contamination had now undoubtedly become affected by the misrepresentations current on the Continent concerning Britain. Hatred of Britain had never been more pronounced, and it is not unworthy of note that among responsible statesmen in England this feeling was attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the skilful diplomatic intrigues of Dr. Leyds of the Transvaal, who was then in Europe trying to influence public opinion ever more strongly in favour of the Boer Republics.

3

King Edward and his ministers now recognized how imperative it was to abandon England's policy of isolation. "Only a fool," Chamberlain declared, "could now believe in it." Chamberlain had been constantly strengthened in this belief by Rhodes, who well knew how perilous was the game of the lone hand. Great Britain, therefore, began to cast about for powerful alliances. Experience had shown that an Anglo-German alliance was out of the question; but on January 30, 1902, that is to say, just before the end of the war, Britain concluded an alliance with Japan, concerning which, Sir Sidney Lee remarks most interestedly in his work, "King Edward VII":

"The Anglo-Japanese alliance has great historical significance. It was not only the first breach with the policy of isolation which Great Britain had maintained for well-nigh fifty years, but it also initiated the new policy of combination which rapidly developed under King Edward's auspices. The world might now be considered to be divided between three great alliances—the Triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy; the Dual alliance of France and Russia, and the new alliance of Great Britain and Japan. The first was supreme in defence, being compact and boasting the finest military machine in the world; the second had an untried

and unexplored reserve of man-power combined with the second-best army and navy; the third was supreme in attack, commanding the most efficient navy and dominating the oceans of the world. It was a triangle of conflicting interests, and, as Euclid states, 'any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third.'"

That, then, was the international position at the end of the Anglo-Boer war on May 31, 1902, with the Kaiser and his ministers constantly raising the sword over Europe, and the outlook for peace very doubtful indeed.

4

King Edward determined not only that South Africa should be settled happily after the long and disastrous struggle, but also that the peace of Europe should be secured by a better understanding between Britain and France, and later on, with Russia. The story of how he drove in his scarlet uniform through Paris in 1903, while the sullen populace cried: "Vivent les Boers!" and how by speeches, in which he expressed his love for France, a love which was thoroughly genuine, he won the hearts of the Parisians—that story is one of the few worthy romances in the record of Diplomacy. Only a king, and such a king as he was, could have done it. When he moved freely, later on, in the *foyers* at the Théâtre Français and shook hands with a distinguished actress, saying: "Ah, mademoiselle, I remember how I applauded you in London. You personified there all the grace, all the *esprit* of France," he had his finger on the pulse of the nation. He was already nearer a solution of outstanding problems.

The Anglo-French *entente* was ratified in 1904. Three years later King Edward and the Czar signed the Anglo-Russian convention. And thus were the three coalitions reduced to two, for the Anglo-Japanese alliance eventually coalesced with the Franco-Russian alliance, to form a four-power group, while on the other hand, Germany, Austria, and Italy remained associated.

The reader may now, perhaps, judge from this brief survey how far, in the first place, Johannesburg, and subsequently South Africa, influenced the formation of the mighty four-power group which faced the almost equally potent Central alliance during the Great War.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW THE CHINESE SAVED THE GOLD MINES: AND SOME DRAMAS THAT ATTENDED THEIR STAY

I

THE Anglo-Boer war had a disastrous effect on Johannesburg and the goldfields. The mines closed down, and the staffs were dismissed. But perhaps the most far-reaching evil wrought by the war was the effect of the demobilization of the great force of 110,000 natives working in the mines, a force of experienced labourers collected from all parts of Southern and Eastern Africa, which had overcome its prejudice against working underground—prejudice which still persists among the Zulus—and had come to regard mining as a profitable field of employment. The great force had to be disbanded gradually, as the war progressed; some of its members going back to their kraals, others adopting town life, but shedding the mining habit in many cases for ever. This, of course, was disastrous. For when, after some lengthy period of war, the gold mines attempted to restart, the reluctance of the natives to return to them faced the recruiters everywhere; so that while in August, 1899, before the war, 110 gold mining companies on the Rand had employed 111,697 natives, in July, 1903, they could only muster 55,507 natives. The number of rock-crushing gold stamps which could have been worked after the war of 1899-1902 was 7,145, of which 3,420 had to remain idle—in other words nearly half. This was due to lack of native labour, the shortage at that time being computed at 117,193 for the essential requirements of the gold mines of the Witwatersrand.

2

The shortage being thus sufficiently acute to affect the prosperity of South Africa as a whole, the leaders of the mining industry bethought themselves of tapping supplies in other parts of the world. Inquiries were made, therefore, in every possible direction. Cavaliere Rossi of the Emigration Department of the Italian Government came out in 1903 in connexion with a project to introduce Italian unskilled labour. This failed to materialize. There was also an offer, in August, 1903, to supply 25-30,000 Hungarian labourers to the mines, at 4s. per day, food and quarters. Proposals were received by the Executive Committee of the Chamber of Mines with regard to the recruitment of Finns, Italians, Serbians, and Russians; but the Chamber of Mines, very wisely rejected all these suggestions, for it was felt undesirable to have large bodies of white men working for wages little, if any, superior to those earned by the blacks. Offers of labour supplies from India, Syria, Morocco, and Japan all proved futile, and the mining authorities were left with the conviction that their greatest hopes lay in China, where vast hungry populations were vainly seeking outlets for their energies. That this shortage was genuine and acute, and not, as political parties in England and in the Dominions professed to believe, an ill-supported supposition intended to enable the mining capitalists to exploit cheap, unskilled labour at the expense of the white man, was proved by two independent bodies. On March 19, 1903, a Bloemfontein Conference, which was attended by delegates from all the South African Colonies, passed a resolution affirming that the opening of new sources of labour supply was essential to the well-being of South Africa, the prosperity of which in those pre-Union days (as well as to-day), depended to a considerable extent on the mines. The other body which reported on the labour position was the Transvaal Labour Commission which found that available labour supplies

were insufficient for the immediate needs of the various interests of the Transvaal.

It was in these circumstances that Mr. (late Sir Harry) Ross Skinner was commissioned by the Chamber of Mines to proceed to China to make inquiries as to fresh sources of supply.

3

Mr. Ross Skinner, a shrewd, far-seeing Scot, approached his task with a clear conception of its magnitude, with the knowledge that the proposal to import a great force of Chinese coolies to the Rand goldfields would certainly make an unpleasant stir in the world, that it would not be popular with the Dutch, nor with the labour organizations of the Transvaal, nor indeed with the other Dominions. He realized all this and from the outset determined to make no mistakes, but to examine the possibilities with the utmost care. Reaching London on March 14, 1903, he obtained letters of introduction for use in California, British Columbia, Japan, the Malay Peninsula, and China. He travelled across the United States, sailed down the China coast visiting all important towns, and made lightning inquiries in Japan, Singapore, and the Federated Malay States. He submitted the results of his investigations in a remarkable report, dated September 22, 1903. It suggests generally that a Chinese labour force could be recruited and would prove suitable for the Rand gold mines; that the objections to Chinese in other countries had arisen chiefly from the absence of provision for returning them to China at the end of their periods of engagement; that this oversight in those countries had enabled Chinese to stay on, to settle down, and to compete successfully with white men; but that if Chinamen brought into the Transvaal were under definite obligation to return at the end of a given period, the only real objection to them as labourers would vanish.

The report did not make light of the difficulties of the experiment; but it urged that success ought to

attend it if initial mistakes were avoided. It advocated a system of "boss" coolies, cooks, and doctors with Chinese medicines, and it urged that yellow and black men be not allowed to mix in the same compounds; and, if practicable, not in the same districts. The report also stated that "if the reports to China from the first Chinese labourers are favourable . . . it would only be a matter of months before the labour supply from China would begin to affect very appreciably the production of these fields."

The report, taken in conjunction with the strong findings of the Bloemfontein Conference and the Transvaal Labour Commission that the labour shortage was real and acute, enabled the Chamber of Mines, on December 2, 1903, to go forward with a resolution urging "upon His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor the necessity of immediate legislation to provide for the introduction of indentured coloured labourers." On December 28 Sir George Farrar, representing the mining industry, introduced a motion in the legislative Council of the Transvaal in support of Chinese Labour; and, after a debate lasting three days, the motion was carried by 22 votes to 4.

Objection to the introduction of Asiatic labour was cabled to the Imperial Government by Mr. Seddon from New Zealand; while Australia also recorded grave dissatisfaction with the proposal; but, notwithstanding this, the Royal assent was published on March 12, and the first contingent of 1,055 coolies recruited for the East Rand Proprietary Mines sailed from Hongkong in the s.s. *Tweeddale* on May 25, 1904, and arrived in Durban on June 18.

Thus began the great experiment.

4

The queer, whining, high-pitched voices of the yellow men were heard ceaselessly afterwards in the streets of Johannesburg, streets in which many closed shops, and a multitude of unemployed, reflected the blight

with which the labour shortage had infected the mining industry. The sufferings endured by white men through lack of work, caused again through the shortage of natives over whom the white men in the mines always officiated as supervisors, gave a fillip to the Trade Union movement and fostered the development of a spirit which was less serious but not unlike that in London when John Burns once led the memorable riots in Trafalgar Square and in St. James's Street. But the coolies were able to alter the unemployment position. They soon settled down to mining. More and more stamps were dropped, and an ever larger body of white men was engaged to supervise them underground. They caused money to circulate. Their work was almost at once reflected in the sharply rising curve of gold production. The figures for ten years speak for themselves, the period 1899-1902 of course being that of the Anglo-Boer war, and that of 1904-1909 being that of the Chinese labour experiment.

Year.	Yield.	Dividends.
1899	£14,553,326	£2,946,358
1900	2,590,523	——
1901	1,097,219	415,813
1902	7,179,074	2,121,126
1903	12,146,307	3,345,502
1904	15,520,329	3,855,970
1905	19,991,688	4,754,349
1906	23,615,400	5,565,969
1907	27,400,900	6,922,420
1908	28,810,393	8,536,773
1909	30,833,282	9,471,391

It can hardly be denied that the Chinese saved Johannesburg, the Rand, and South Africa; and that, as the salvation of the country had been from the first the prime consideration, any less admirable features of the experiment must be regarded as of secondary importance.

5

At the same time, those secondary features existed and strengthened public support for the determination of General Botha and the Dutch that the experiment should cease at the first possible moment. The worst aspect of their early stay was a tendency, somewhat exaggerated by the Press at the time, to perpetrate outrage. This tendency was due largely to the doubtful class of coolie brought over in the first shipments. As a measure of self-defence the Government supplied rifles to farmers living in the vicinity of the mines. Later, however, better types of Chinese labourer were recruited and the crime-curve declined. Along the Reef thereafter, the yellow men were seen in picturesque Oriental settings, in their gorgeous silks and satins, in queer theatres, with fireworks, festivals, and superstition, all of which met the eyes of wondering Europeans. The yellow men lived as they had never lived before. Coolies in cabs laden with foodstuffs drove around this new Paradise of theirs, men from Cathay who remembered only too well the bitter hardships, the periods of starvation, and the general uncertainty of life in China. Many of them wept on learning that the experiment was doomed; and Johannesburgers, therefore, have reason to recall with indignation the lying "Chinese Slavery" cartoons, representing coolies in chains, by the help of which the Campbell-Bannerman Government deceived the British electorate, defamed the good name of South Africa, and secured an ill-gotten return to power in January, 1906.

6

The coolies were all born gamblers. Behind their dry, fantastic faces and in their hollow voices lurked a passionate regard for the great god Chance and a disregard for the sanctity of human life. Almost every Chinese miner on the Rand was a gambler. They

would gamble all day long in little, blue smocked groups in the spacious Reef compounds, so impassively, so motionlessly, that it was always difficult to tell which were the winners and which the losers. But winners and losers alike had the shadow of death over them. For if a man lost consistently, and, having gambled away clothes, rations, everything for months in advance, was adjudged to be in a hopeless position, the law of the coolie was that he must die. Leniency was rarely shown.

And so it befell that twelve of these ruined gamblers forgathered on the Princess Mine, near Roodepoort, on the West Rand, one night, and discussed their position.

"Why should we kill ourselves?" they grumbled; "when we can hide in the old shafts on the veld. We can sleep in them by day and come out at night and 'break' houses."

They then swore the Chinese oath of blood brotherhood, and made plans to become bandits, and to prey on the little farms which had sprung up in every direction around the goldfields. In order to equip themselves for this they broke into the house of a mine official and stole his rifle and some ammunition. Then they vanished.

The gang got to work at once, as was anticipated. Their absence was noted at roll-call. But their immediate activities were echoed in various crimes culminating in an audacious attack on a farm house; and the story is well worth relating in some detail.

Crossing the railway track one night at Witpoortje, the broken country close to, and a little to the north of the spot where the Jameson raiders surrendered, the bandits proceeded down the gorge towards the foaming waterfall at the end of it. Though the moon was at full and the sky cloudless, it being midwinter, they carried torches, for there were deep pools in their path hidden by the shadow of the gorge. They shuffled along thus, until, breaking off sharply to the right, they presently made their way towards a lonely farm on a small plateau. Their intention was to rob the house and to kill anybody who resisted. A single light was visible in a side-window; and, after taking counsel, they

deputed one of their number to break through this and to clear a way for the others. The coolie went forth, climbed on the sill, and proceeded to smash the window. The wife of the owner happened to be undressing, and her screams brought a burly relative to her rescue, who was just in time to seize the Chinaman by the throat and to hurl him backwards through the window. The rebuff was taken with Oriental complacency. The bandits consulted once more, and devised a fresh plan of attack. They shot a complete circle of holes around the lock, indeed, it was said, but with what truth it was impossible to say, that the marksman was a Boxer who had sniped among the barricades at Pekin. Having smashed the lock they splintered the door just as the family fled from another exit, making for a farm about half a mile distant.

The owners returned next day and discovered that their furniture had been destroyed and many articles of value looted.

7

A police cordon assembled, and closed in on its centre, but failed to find the bandits.

The hand of the law eventually found them. A deserter from the gang, who felt that it was better to risk death by the creditor's knife than the cold of those freezing shafts, betrayed them. He led a mounted posse at dawn to an abandoned shaft about a mile and a half to the south of the French Rand Mine. The troopers surrounded it, and called upon the bandits to surrender. A voice retorted in Chinese that they would shoot the first man that came down. An endeavour was next made to smoke them out by lowering bags of slow-burning explosive across the mouth of the shaft-tunnel. But the coolies lay flat, and the asphyxiating fumes passed over their heads. In the end the police rushed the adit and the bandits surrendered. The prisoners seemed to regard the whole thing as a joke. One of them was seen staring with amusement at his

little finger which was dangling by a piece of skin, shot off by a revolver bullet.

All were sentenced to long periods of penal servitude, but were afterwards repatriated to China.

8

Another Chinese incident occurred which illustrated still more strikingly the queer psychological "slant" of these mystery men.

A young gambler hopelessly in debt was ambling along a by-path to the French Rand Mine compound one night, pondering ways and means to satisfy his chief creditor, an old and fierce character who had long terrorized his fellows. The cold, white moonlight flooded the scene, and the great grey dumps of tailings, like hills of snow, threw gaunt shadows over the desolate tracks. Shuffling along thus, the coolie realized presently that someone was trailing him. He cast a glance over his shoulder, and there saw to his horror the dark, vengeful shape of his old enemy pursuing him. It was, he knew, to be a race for life. Could he get first to the compound gates? Not another soul was in sight. He fled; only to find that the awful presence was gaining; indeed, his pursuer presently seized him by the pigtail and flung him to the ground.

As, between half-closed eyes he saw the other gripping a knife, he felt that his time had come, and he did the best thing he could in the circumstances, namely, feigned death. His breathless rigidity caused his creditor to pause and reflect, and then to kneel down and press open the eyelids with the tip of his finger to see if he really was dead. Never a tremor was there. Still doubtful, the old man proceeded to slice off the other's ear, watching him narrowly the while. The young coolie remained motionless, without a tremor of an eyelid, or any sign of life. To Europeans this might seem incredible, but it must be remembered that the nervous reactions of low-caste Chinamen are generally small.

9

It is part of the belief of some Chinamen that they will live throughout Eternity as replicas of the shapes in which they left the earth. So that when the old man got up and walked away, his victim became suddenly furious at the melancholy prospect of eternity without an ear, and forgetful of his pain he staggered to his feet, and ran after his attacker. As the latter realized that he in turn was being followed, he fled, outdistanced the injured man and disappeared. The next day his body was found near the mine premises. He had hanged himself.

"Why did he do this?" inquired coroner Glen Leary, some days later.

The youngster standing in Court with a large white bandage about his head, replied in Chinese:

"He thought I was a ghost."

His eye then fell on the jar containing his lost ear —in some oil preservative—and he sighed heavily.

"These Chinese," declared the coroner with a smile, "become a bigger mystery to me daily." [1]

10

Political opposition to the continuance of these coolies on the fields was intensified, as already stated, by their crimes. The edict of repatriation went forth. And thus was pronounced the doom of the mighty, and, while it lasted, wonderfully successful experiment. Along the veld on either side of the mines the Chinese now conducted fantastic ceremonials, weirdly symbolical, as it seemed of the end of the great movement.

"Approaching the spot," the author, who happened to be an eye-witness of one of these strange spectacles,

1 The Coroner's record in regard to this strange case, which was heard in the little Courthouse at Luipaardvlei, on the West Rand, is understood to be still in existence.

wrote at the time, "I saw first a cloud of smoke, and then a number of fires burning in a circle. Each was a funeral pyre. Shut off by the blue of the distant Magaliesberg, the barren vista seemed a fit setting for the sombre drama. A coffin was burning on each pyre, and in some instances the wood had broken away leaving the corpse exposed in the midst of the flames. Each was that of a Chinaman who had died while working on the mines. Grinning compatriots fed the fires. In front of each crackling bonfire was an urn, and close to it a red silk flag with Chinese characters in white. This incorporated the description of the dead man, his name, age, and province of China. The urn was for the reception of the ashes, which were to be carried by 'blood brethren' back to China, and there handed over to relatives according to Confucian law."

By March, 1910, the last of the 100,000 Chinamen had left the Rand.

CHAPTER XVII

BOHEMIAN NIGHTS IN PIONEER TIMES—AND AFTER

I

IT may be that the incidents related in previous chapters have created the impression that the city was out of touch with all culture in its earlier days: that there was an entire absence of theatrical and concert life, and that the intellectual isolation of the Rand was complete. Such, however, was not the case. Almost from the first the city had its theatre, a barn-like structure it is true, close to the present Empire theatre, and chiefly memorable for melodramatic shows and the free fight which once took place there, chairs being flung freely about owing to the refusal of the management to play the National Anthem.

But in 1889 there suddenly appeared on the goldfields that determined, volatile little man, Luscombe Searrelle, who brought with him an Australian operatic company and his own theatre of corrugated iron, having actually transported the lot by coach and ox-wagon from Durban. Other theatres such as the Globe at the west-central end of Commissioner Street, and the Standard in mid-town made their several appearances, but among the picturesque *entrepreneurs* of the past, the figure of stout little Luscombe Searrelle, with his black beard and retroussé nose, stands out sharply and memorably. Fully realizing the difficulty of transporting an entire company of temperamental operatic singers, scenery, costumes, and the theatre itself over great distances by coach and wagon, he nevertheless determined to risk it, and the story of that adventure and how it succeeded is in itself a Romance.

He first sent everybody and everything forward by train from Durban as far as the railhead. There the company detrained. They transferred to coach and ox-wagon, the principals taking the stage-coach which stopped at stage-farmhouses en route, and the humbler wardrobe-mistress and others jogging slowly on by ox-wagon. One evening the coach drew up at a lonely farmhouse, its passengers alighted, and asked for bed and board. The Boer folk did their best to accommodate them and brought into the living-room two great bowls of food, one consisting of grease and the other of a queer stew, which the nineteen-year-old prima donna, Miss Amy Fenton, could not touch. She was terribly fatigued with the journey and was fain to satisfy herself in the circumstances with the bread and stout which Vernon Reid, the chief tenor, obligingly produced from his trunk.

"Can you let me sleep somewhere?" she drowsily asked the well aproned *vrouw* who was busying herself with her guests.

"*Ja!* You can sleep in Paul Kruger's bed," the woman agreed, "but if the President comes in to-night—and he's travelling somewhere about the country—you'll have to get up and sleep somewhere else."

The prima donna was shown to the President's bed. It proved to be enormously high and altar-like with a little ladder up the side. There was a huge canopy, too, of print material, and the feather bedding was so soft and deep that it seemed almost dangerous to sink into it.

2

At last the company reached the scattered city of Johannesburg. Luscombe Searrelle off-loaded his corrugated-iron theatre and began to assemble it with the utmost speed. The material blocked the road for days, but the blockade mattered little, for traffic passed easily

then by taking detours over the veld through the ground upon which His Majesty's Theatre and the Carlton Hotel now stand. When the theatre was completed, a wondering city perceived a wood-and-iron building with a goodly stage, presentable boxes, and a bar or so, and displaying the resounding title, "Theatre Royal." It stood in Commissioner Street on the site of what is now Marlborough House, diagonally opposite, that is to say, the south-east corner of the city's largest hotel, the Carlton.

The season opened. Searrelle conducted *Maritana*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and the Savoy operas; for he was prodigiously versatile, and knew not only how to conduct, but also how to score parts, to manage the financial side of affairs, and to maintain discipline. In fact, when poor Carrie Nelson once deliberately brought the name of the Governor's wife into a gagging reference, he rushed off after her into the artists' room and reprimanded her severely. His wife, the beautiful Blanche Fenton, was as popular as her charming sister, Amy Fenton. But the Pretoria critics followed the lead of Church and State in disparaging their rival critics of the goldfields. One scornful Pretorian scribe wrote: "The Rand journals have perpetrated some excruciatingly funny things of late in dramatic criticism." But a Rand critic retaliated by writing: "Whatever the Pretoria critics may say, the music of *Carmen* is beyond them just as it's beyond me."

Those days have gone; we are now, in the words of the old Harrow School-song, "Forty Years On." But the times of the pioneers were assuredly beglamoured by the visits of many celebrities, by Remenyi, that wonderful old violinist who so often beguiled his hosts into presenting him with their best antiques, Lily Langtry, Amy Sherwin, Leonora Braham, Grant Fellowes, Sir Charles Hallé, Neruda and Signor Foli; and there were rival opera companies, too, in this infant digger city of the late 'eighties. They played both at the Theatre Royal and the Globe, the latter being under the direction of James Hyde.

3

One night in 1892, a party of touring sportsmen bet one of their number that he would not go on the stage and kiss a pretty member of the company. He did so, but was met with hoots and howls from all parts of the house. He retired hurriedly. On another occasion a burly mining official, now an author with a considerable international reputation, returned after an *entr'acte* to his seat at the Theatre Royal only to find it occupied by a gigantic individual who resolutely declined to move. Without a further word the official seized him by the collar, and dropped him sack-like in the aisle, from which the man presently picked himself up and walked out.

A great fight took place one night outside the Theatre Royal between a leading town financier and another, the crowd declaring afterwards that it had been a splendid evening, that the show was first-rate and the fight magnificent. Something of the dramatic atmosphere of Colorado pervaded the rival Empire Theatre on another pioneer occasion when a gunman began to "shoot-up" the bar. The sound of the firing attracted a crowd; the man fired at and wounded the barman and then shot himself dead. The "turn" on the stage proceeded, meanwhile, without interruption. But that grand old actor-'cellist, Van Biene, whose high-pitched speech and Dutch accent are still recalled regretfully by pioneers, supplied a notable memory as, when playing his 'cello at the Standard Theatre one night in his mood of characteristic abstraction, an alarm of "Fire!" was raised, and flame and smoke began to envelop the stage. The audience rose as if to rush the doors, but the sounds of the 'cello continued to be heard, and the threatened panic was soon averted. Those who had begun to move returned somewhat crestfallen to their seats. The fire was extinguished quickly and Van Biene reached the final note without having even been

aware of the outbreak. It was a curious case of artistic absorption.

One of the figures who became a vital personality in the town was "Dave" Foote, conductor of the Old Empire Theatre. He was the "Jimmy" Glover of the goldfields. He had a languid baton, passed casual nods to acquaintances in stalls and boxes, and was known by all as one who had conducted orchestras, particularly in Vaudeville, for nearly forty years on the Rand. He was bored, and he looked bored. But every man on the goldfields knew and loved him. He died in 1927.

4

The Globe became the Old Empire Theatre, another joyous rendezvous of the old-timers. It opened in 1894. Cornish miners would enter its busy bar to get their £100 to £150 monthly cheques cashed—for they had begun to earn big money then—and if they only needed a few shillings to go on with they would fling down "fivers" in exchange for small silver which would be tossed at them by roguish barmaids. There was never any trouble about change. The prosperous barmaids, too, often found odd bank-notes on the floor when the crowds passed out in the early morning. Armed Americans with pockets full of gold made a terrifying commotion on Independence nights by "shooting-up" the saloons and firing off giant crackers behind the counters; and after the curtain had been rung down on the last Vaudeville turns mine magnates made a point of putting up purses of £50 for fights on the Empire stage—real fights—and professional "pugs" were generally at hand to provide them. It was all illegal, of course, and Kruger's police swooped down on the theatre one night while a fight was in progress and arrested all concerned. But nobody cared; for those were the days when olive-skinned Tarbeau, the card expert, used to throw big notes to the girls on the stage; when Advocate

Hollard of the round red face—his name is perpetuated in Hollard Street—had a box all the year round; when there were crowded Sunday shows; when little Edgar Hyman, the manager, was there to welcome his patrons; and when Solly Joel agreed to let it be known in London that the House of Barnato was behind the Empire enterprise in order to ensure a continuous flow of Vaudeville artists. Everybody lived for the passing hour. The spirit of the boulevardier was abroad, such a spirit as inspired the fashionables to go across to the two leading cafés, one on the site of the present Rand Water Board offices, the other almost opposite, and to sit up half the night drinking, and smoking, and gossiping, and fighting.

Searrelle, further east down Commissioner Street, could not cope with the new house, and he sold out just before the Jameson raid and went over-sea.

The Standard Theatre was opened in October, 1891, with an operatic season, the company having been selected in London by Bonamici and Mrs. James Hyde. The conductor was Dan Godfrey (now Sir Dan of Bournemouth).

5

Let it not be imagined that President Kruger never saw a moving picture. He saw one of the first ever taken in South Africa—one which made a feature of himself going to the Pretoria Raadzaal. Arrangements were made to show it to him in his own house, and Edgar Hyman and Dave Foote of the Old Empire went to the Residency for the purpose. They were duly received by Mrs. Kruger.

"We have come to show the picture of His Honour going to Raad," explained Hyman.

The old lady waved them inside and gave them some coffee. They entered a large room (which had once

THE OLD TELEPHONE TOWER AND FORMER MUNICIPAL OFFICES IN JOHANNESBURG

been two rooms separated by a partition) and proceeded to erect the screen, and to instal a piano; for it was felt that the occasion warranted a little music and Dave Foote was there to supply it. However, His Honour returned before the preparations were complete, and his eyes at once lit upon the piano. He fell into a violent passion.

"What is this godless thing doing in my house?" he demanded in Afrikaans. "Take it away. I'll have the men thrown out who brought it here!"

"What is he saying?" whispered Hyman to a much-perturbed official.

"His Honour's going to have you all removed," was the reply.

Explanations followed; but the subtlest diplomacy failed to soften the good old Puritan's wrath, and the piano had to be shifted. When, however, the suggestion was made that an organ might prove a more seemly instrument and more in accordance with the spirit of the house, Oom Paul was somewhat mollified, and an organ was ultimately installed which Foote played throughout the screening of the film. The little function was attended by the Executive of the Raad.

His Honour, who usually read his Bible until eight or after and then went to bed, watched his own movements on the screen with interest until nine, then retired leaving the Executive to see the film through.

6

When Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were voyaging from New York to Jersey in the early 'nineties they became much perturbed on discovering that two young members of their company appeared to have fallen in love with each other. As Sir Henry believed that love formed no part of a touring contract and that

acting was not a frivolous profession, he resolved—and so did Miss Terry—to talk very seriously to the young couple. So Ellen Terry approached the actress one day as she was staring dreamily over the ship's side.

"What is this dreadful thing," she began, "that is going on between you and William Haviland?"

"I'm in love," was the demure reply.

"Well, you must stop it," ordered Sir Henry. "If you don't you must go home."

Ellen Terry added her womanly adjurations. "You have your career to think of, my dear," she pleaded.

"It shan't happen again," was the tearful rejoinder.

Two days later career and vows were all forgotten, and the lovers were secretly married. The fact came to the knowledge of Sir Henry and Miss Terry through a somewhat indiscreet entry in a hotel register at Chicago.

"This is the last time I'll bring young girls on tour," stormed Sir Henry.

The girl was Amy Coleridge, one of Johannesburg's first resident actresses of distinction, and the man was, as indicated, the late William Haviland, who first made his mark in Johannesburg in the 'nineties, and later became internationally famous.

At the end of another tour, as she stepped off the boat at Liverpool, the great actress was met by the girl who had then left the company, and who carried her baby in her arms. Having just heard of the death of her own husband, Ellen Terry touched the child's face, and said sadly: "Birth and Death—both within a few minutes!"

7

In such distinguished acting company, then, the Haviland-Coleridge combination learned their stage technique. And when old William Holloway (who

understudied Irving in *King Lear* and made a great hit in it one night when Irving was absent through illness) decided to come out to Johannesburg, he brought with him a company of Lyceum performers all schooled in the Irving-Terry tradition. There was Amy Coleridge, William Haviland, Annie Mayer, and Gerald Lawrence; and there was Leonard Rayne who had been associated with the Tearles, and these carried the vogue and technique of the best British acting of the time to the Rand goldfields. They consolidated among the diggers a love for the stage which has never died. In the 'nineties the company could do no wrong. All their plays were joyously applauded. The diggers voted William Haviland the best of good fellows, when one night, in a tense moment in *Garrick*, he uttered the solemn words: "Farewell, I shall ne'er see thee again," and, stalking gloomily across a wooden structure to pass off-stage, suddenly plunged forward and crashed through it head first. He was mercifully caught by the foot and extracted by the feet in full view of the now hilarious audience. Stalls, boxes, and gallery continued to shout with laughter, and it was long before the play could proceed.

8

Albani, Crossley, Gerady, Sousa, Hambourg, Marie Hall, Maud Powell, the Cherniavskys, all came and went, after the Anglo-Boer war. Leonard Rayne became not only a great figure at the Standard, but also subsequently South Africa's leading theatrical manager; and Frank Wheeler—compared at his best with J. L. Toole—was the big man at His Majesty's. There were wonderful first nights. The Wheeler-Edwardes Musical Comedy companies, burly Oscar Asche, cracking his whip as Petruchio to the Shrew of Lily Brayton, H. B. Irving as a figure with a fearsome green face in *Jekyll and Hyde*, Lewis Waller of the spindle limbs, as suave and polished as some courtier of pre-revolu-

tionary France: all these came and went, as shapes that pass.

Then there was Maud Allan, who had angered the good white ladies of Calcutta by translating Chopin and Schubert into movement only to learn that dancing women are of small account in India; she also came. But as natives are not allowed in South African theatres, she transgressed no codes in Johannesburg, indeed met with very fair appreciation. Oscar Asche, on the other hand, made the error of bringing black men with him in his company. He played *Kismet* and *Othello;* and criticism was levelled at both pieces. In the bazaar scene in *Kismet* his blacks appeared on the stage hustling white girls. The scene itself was, of course, stage-managed brilliantly, for, needless to say, Asche is a master of stage crowds, but the mere fact that blacks were dragooning whites, and girls withal, resulted in Press protests. To this Asche replied, not only defending the employment of the blacks who, he said, had always behaved in exemplary fashion, but also complaining that they had been hustled in the streets. It was all very unpleasant of course; but it served to prove how essential it is to study international codes and prejudices before undertaking tours about the world. Incidentally, the impresario who brought over the film of the fight in which the negro Johnson defeated the white man Burns, was forbidden to show it in the City, both Press and Public condemning it as unsuitable in a country where the blacks outnumber the whites by four to one.

9

Paderewski was playing one night in 1912 in the Wanderers Hall—the only big hall existing before the present City Hall was built—when some pigeons which had long claimed its raftered roof as a home, fluttered noisily down and about. It happened during a performance of the Moonlight Sonata. The birds circled

ceaselessly around the artist, who glared about him, reached the presto-finale, rattled it off at a terrific pace, and then stalked off the stage.

"What would you have done if they'd settled on your shoulder?" someone ventured to ask him afterwards.

"Abandoned the recital, I think," was the reply.

The great artist always entertained a few friends after concerts, and at one of these suppers at which he loved to produce his pink Polish champagne, he revealed his grasp of European politics by prophesying that the might-is-right gospel of Treitschke and its influence on Young Germany might lead to a great war. "The philosophy of Nietzsche and Treitschke is making tremendous headway in Germany," he said, "and no one knows where its influence will end. Perhaps in war, who can say?" And the war, as everyone knows, broke out two years after.

He proved a sparkling talker. All languages came alike to him; French to his valet, Polish to some of his guests, English, German, as occasion required. He condemned the realism and pessimism of the Russian authors, and when one of the guests persisted in referring to his wife as "Baroness" (she was formerly the Baroness Von Rosen) he whispered with an amused smile to a compatriot: "Why not Madame Paderewska? Isn't the name good enough?"

The Wanderers Hall and the Moonlight Sonata would seem to have been fatefully associated, for when Carreño, that other great pianist who also toured the country, was playing the Sonata, a big St. Bernard dog stalked across the stage, stopped at the keyboard, raised his head as if to howl; but to everybody's relief refrained, and walked off. Madame Carreño played on imperturbably, although, as she afterwards admitted, she was scared to death."

All that, of course, was before the town built its many excellent concert halls.

10

Quinlan, the courageous little Irish director of the Quinlan Opera Company, had the misfortune to visit the town in 1913, during the great strike-riots. He had often complained of his enormous working costs, due not only to the engagement of expensive artists such as Robert Parker, Jeanne Brola, and Edna Thornton, but also to the cost of transporting heavy stage properties and orchestra and chorus all over the world. He used to say that if the Standard Theatre were packed every night, it would barely suffice for expenses. He came twice—in 1912 and in 1913—and it was in the latter year that the great miner's strike broke out on the goldfields, and the troops fired on the rioters in circumstances described later in this book, and the Public could not reach the theatre. Bullets were flying about. On the very night when Jeanne Brola was singing in *Madame Butterfly*, a dead man lay behind the Standard Theatre, and there were others close to the door of His Majesty's. Quinlan suffered heavy losses. He had to go humbly to the strike leaders to beg for permission to carry on; for the town was in their hands and not even a train could be run without their sanction. Poor Quinlan had Paderewski by way of opposition in 1912, and the strike riots in 1913. Such were the difficulties which occasionally hampered *entrepreneurs* visiting the goldfields in pre-war days.

11

Since Paderewski and Quinlan, however, the spirit of the town's cultural life has undergone a change. That change has been governed by much the same influences as those controlling the amusements in Britain and America. The old casual Vaudevillean, the "scratch" touring company, the oases and the deserts in the City's entertainment have gone. Picture-houses and wireless programmes now provide regular entertain-

ment, and the distinguished stars of the theatrical world include Johannesburg and South Africa in their itineraries equally with Australia. In a word, the amusements of the City and the Dominion have been organized. This has been done largely by I. W. Schlesinger, who controls from Johannesburg to-day over forty industrial concerns, and whose African Theatres Limited remains among the most important of his enterprises.

CHAPTER XVIII

KARL MARX COMES TO TOWN

I

WHEN Balfour was heavily defeated at East Manchester on January 14, 1906, mainly as a result of the dishonest "Chinese Slavery" campaign, he wrote to Lord Knollys in significant terms. "We are face to face," he declared, "with the socialistic difficulties which loom so largely on the Continent . . . and unless I am greatly mistaken the election of 1906 inaugurates a new era."

He wrote with some reason. For unrest was rife throughout the world. Lloyd George was about to lead an attack on the House of Lords, much to the dismay of King Edward; in 1905 there had been rioting in the Punjab, followed by demands for Indian Home Rule; Norway and Sweden had quarrelled and separated; and Russia was threatened with revolution. The Czar, indeed, dismissed the Duma, superseded the premier by his own nominee, and his soldiers shot down the masses in front of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg.

All this was part of a great democratic surge; of the periodical uprising of restless peoples which, it is hardly necessary to suggest, had been manifested at frequent intervals since the far-off times of Wat Tyler, through the doings of the Sansculottes, the Chartists, and the "Forty-Eighters," through such types as Louise Michel, the Red Virgin of pre-war London, Bakunine, and the Russian *litterateurs*—Dostoievsky, Turgueniev, and Tolstoy.

Balfour watched the new ferment with his usual complacency, making up his mind the while that crowns

and dynasties might fall, as indeed they invariably did, ere peace prevailed. The Transvaal was not to escape. Lord Milner's rule after the Anglo-Boer war, and the labour shortage of the Rand gold mines also after the war, a shortage which, as we have seen, led to widespread unemployment, jointly gave impetus to the Trades Union movement on the Witwatersrand; and something of the European spirit of turmoil thereupon descended upon Transvaal labour which began everywhere to "organize."

2

Lord Milner had engaged a coterie of clever young Oxonians to help him restore Government in the Transvaal. It included Geoffrey Dawson, subsequently editor of *The Times*; Philip Kerr, private secretary to the British Prime Minister; Lionel Curtis, a well-known advocate of Imperial Federation; John Buchan, author and politician; W. L. Hichens, a leader in the engineering world; R. H. Brand, and Patrick Duncan. These achieved a formidable administrative task brilliantly. The departments they controlled in Johannesburg were housed, incidentally, in offices in Castle Mansions, Eloff Street. But the Uitlanders (if such a term could still be applied after the Anglo-Boer war) were intolerant of the authority of this kindergarten, as they termed them, and clamoured for the vote to which they deemed themselves thoroughly entitled now that the war had terminated victoriously. They failed to realize fully that the hesitancy of the Imperial Government to grant responsible Government to the Transvaal was due to a natural fear that an election would return a Dutch Republican majority, which might be tempted to revoke the work of the British armies lately in the field.

Happily, however, the spirit of conciliation was abroad, and when the Campbell-Bannerman Government took office in 1906, it announced boldly that full self-government would be granted at the earliest possible moment. It was true to its word. For on December 12,

1906, the new Transvaal Constitution was promulgated, a constitution which provided for an Assembly of 69 members to be elected by the people, and for a Legislative Council of 15 members to be nominated by the Crown.

Many leaders of the mining industry in Johannesburg felt that this political development was premature, in other words, that the Transvaal was not yet ready for self-government. But Labour read many fantastic motives into the opposition of the mining magnates who had recently introduced the Chinese, and even associated them with the prevalence of that white unemployment which was part of the natural aftermath of the Anglo-Boer war, but which, it was said, the industry was perpetuating, with Lord Milner's help in order that mining might be carried on by the cheaper Chinese! The truth was, of course, that as the unskilled Chinese enabled more gold crushing stamps to be dropped, so were more skilled whites required; and that, as the results of the labours of the Chinese became the more pronounced, so was the curve of the white employment continuing to rise.

But the goldfields fell into line with many another industrial centre elsewhere when, in 1907, a strike was proclaimed and the mining industry suddenly found itself at war with a considerable section of its employés on the old Marxian battlefield of Capital versus Labour.

3

The dominant figure in this 1907 miners' strike, which involved 6,400 men and cost over a million pounds in wages, was a certain Tom Mathews, an outspoken, fearless, and often mistaken Trade Unionist, who, in an age not altogether remarkable for its ideals, was essentially an honest man. He was a bluff, earnest, but somewhat breathless orator; earnest because he had the cause of the miners so passionately at heart; breathless because he had dust on the lungs and the Great

AN IMPRESSION OF ELOFF STREET JOHANNESBURG
Looking South

Reaper stood ever closely at his elbow. The strike involved, among several other things, the question of the number of rock-drills a man ought to be called upon to supervise. The miners professed many grievances, and Mathews voiced them all eloquently from one end of the Reef to the other; but, although the men were enthusiastic at first, they presently began to waver, and strike support weakened and finally collapsed.

One afternoon, just before the final collapse, Mathews went out with certain followers from Johannesburg to Krugersdorp, to try to persuade the employés of a "doubtful" mine to "down tools." The strike had reached the stationary stage, and fresh accessions were imperative or the movement must suffer defeat. With Mathews, as he mounted the hill overlooking Krugersdorp on the way to the mine, were his strike adjutants and a broad-chested young man with some reputation as a pugilist; in fact it was quite an imposing party which presently entered the property and proceeded towards the mine recreation-room.

The manager himself was standing by.

"Well," he began, addressing the party. "So you've come to pull my men out? . . . I've told them to decide for themselves, and they're on the other side of that locked door, doing it right now. But I've not persuaded them one way or the other."

"That's fair enough," acquiesced Mathews, and with his chin sunk on his breast, he turned away and awaited results. Presently the door was thrown open, the miners streamed forth, proclaiming their decision not to strike, and a mêlée at once began. Fists were flying and a ring was soon formed.

"Not here, not here," cried Mathews, as the police galloped up. "Outside the property, lads!" and the crowd trailed off excitedly in the dust of that winter's afternoon to make another ring further out on the brown hillside. Two bare-fisted gladiators faced each other. One was the doughty one who had followed Mathews, the other was a non-striker renowned among the mines of the goldfields for his fistic skill. The battle proved

determined; the mine-man was repeatedly swept off his feet and his face grew bloody. Already the fight seemed won and lost, when suddenly the striker lashed out with his right, the non-striker countered over the heart, and Mathews's man sank beaten to the ground.

4

The first post-war elections in the Transvaal had been fought out early in 1907, and had resulted in the return to power of General Botha at the head of *Het Volk*, an essentially Dutch party. It secured a majority of seven over all other parties. Its chief rival was the Transvaal Progressive Party (with which the leaders of the mining industry had largely identified themselves), and there were also the Nationalists and the Labourites. Botha soon made it clear that his chief political aim was the reconciliation of the two dominant white races. His ministry did what it could also to placate Labour by carrying such measures as the Workmen's Compensation Act (1907), and a Shop Hours Act (1908), and by endorsing Labour's hostile attitude to the now-doomed Chinese experiment. But Labour remained dissatisfied with the Botha Government's attitude towards the 1907 strike, and this dissatisfaction determined it to go its own way henceforth.

5

The compulsory repatriation of the Chinese began in 1907. Strong endeavours were now made by the mining authorities to increase efficiency and to reduce working costs. These, in 1909, stood at 17s. 2d. per ton. In 1911 Sunday milling was prohibited in the mines; an eight hours' day was introduced by the Mines and Works Act; a Miners' Training School was opened, and the first Miners' Phthisis Act was passed—all important steps towards improved industrial conditions

and enhanced efficiency. The Phthisis measures, particularly, which made those miners who had contracted phthisis in the service of the gold mines beneficiaries under the Act, were humane provisions which, in spite of the heavy burden they cast upon the gold industry, have had the warm approval of the whole country. In 1925—fourteen years later—the Miners' Phthisis Consolidating Act, consolidated all legislation on the question of miners' phthisis, and made certain additional provisions for the beneficiaries and their dependants. It was estimated in 1925 that the Act would require a yearly expenditure of £800,000. Fortunately, the constant application of scientific principles of prevention has improved the health of underground workers and has greatly lessened the incidence of this disease.

After the 1907 strike, Trade Unionism in Johannesburg suffered a temporary set-back, but soon began to wax more influential than ever. Every branch of industry had its Union on the goldfields, and its paid secretary and its offices, centred chiefly in the old Trades Hall. The officials strove for full memberships, so that under a federation of all the Unions, the industrial leaders might declare a general strike if, in their opinion, the situation warranted it. There were presently dark hints of a coming industrial Armageddon, and "red" Raskolnikoffs set out to expound the doctrines of Karl Marx with greater assurance perhaps than the state of their knowledge warranted. The mining leaders looked on with considerable misgiving, meanwhile. They were to hear constantly now the jargon of the class-war, and to witness the gradual development of difficult industrial situations.

6

On July 4, 1913, thousands of miners came flocking in to attend a mass meeting on the Market Square, Johannesburg. There had been a dispute between the manager of the Kleinfontein Gold Mine and his men, and a general miners' strike had been declared. In

the morning the city had been calm; many smart women were shopping; traffic, crowds, commerce, restaurant life, all were proceeding normally. In the afternoon the storm broke. The miners began to mass slowly in the square. The soldiers and police who were at hand made no immediate effort to restrain them. Thousands of faces upturned in the sunlight of the early afternoon made a Doré-like picture.

Suddenly a trolley clattered on to the north-east corner of the square. The strike leaders were seen standing upon it—Mathews as Secretary of the Transvaal Miners' Association; grey-haired Bain, who had done his best to fan the strike on the East Rand; fluent Morgan; and Colonel Truter, Chief of Police, who was there to see that the decision of the authorities not to permit the meeting to take place was endorsed by these leaders in the speeches they were about to make from the wagon. The miners pressed expectantly about the trolley. Viewed from the windows of the lofty buildings all around, the square resembled a brown canvas set in an oaken frame: the canvas being the ground occupied by the miners, the frame the ranks containing troops and police.

The speakers tried to persuade the crowd to disperse. They failed. Morgan, Mathews, and others were shouted down. Bain stood up.

"We are here for the rights of free speech——" he began. . . . Then the police charged towards the wagon and the tumult began.

The following notes made by the author at the time convey a general idea of what happened:

"The police were seen hustling ahead in an attempt to break up the masses. The infuriated miners began to throw stones. A few retired down the side streets and put up barricades. . . . From an upper window I saw a woman carrying a red flag cross a cleared space and mount a barrel. The crowd swarmed from all parts to hear her. A minute later she led them towards the trams which were taking on and discharging passengers. Drivers and conductors were hauled off. . .

"A few hours later a crowd swept down to Johannesburg station, ordered the engine-drivers off their engines, and raked out the fires. . . . That night Johannesburg Station was set on fire. The blaze illuminated the sky for miles. The chief incendiarist was a Dane, the story of whose capture makes interesting reading. At an early stage in the attack on the station he entered the booking-office and ignited the papers and documents, so that the wooden partitions were presently ablaze. The crowd applauded his actions, which, unknown to all at the time, resulted in a native being burned to death in the parcels office next door. But a detective who was thought by the rioters to be one of themselves was observing him closely, and as soon as he came out he tapped him on the shoulder.

"'Well done,' he exclaimed, 'I've got a bottle in a passage round the corner. . . .'

"The incendiarist accompanied him into a passage, where he was suddenly seized and handcuffed, rushed down side streets, and locked up. He was afterwards sentenced to five years' imprisonment at the Rand Criminal Sessions.

"The office of the *Star* newspaper was burned down. The wreckers danced around dead cavalry horses in the roadway as the flames roared upward. Night fell on a horrified town."

7

Imperial troops arrived steadily. The situation having got beyond the control of the civil authority, the town was handed over to the military. On Saturday afternoon, July 5, just twenty-four hours after the fateful meeting on the Market Square, the rioters decided to attack the Rand Club at the intersection of Loveday and Commissioner Streets. Troops appeared and cleared the ground outside the club, braving showers of stones. Several of the dragoons were hurt. Then the officer in charge, who also had been pelted, ordered his men to dismount. Two files of soldiers lay in the prone position

with their rifles directed along Commissioner and Loveday Streets. An excited individual named Labuschagne advanced suddenly into the middle of the street, bareheaded and without a waistcoat, and repeatedly defied the soldiers to shoot. The rifles rang out. The man collapsed.

Shooting became general, then; until Mathews, rushing along with a white flag, arranged an armistice.

Two days passed.

The scenes of pillage, the street battles, the flame-lit skies, were no more. The day of burial, Monday, July 7, had dawned, and Labour had triumphed. Generals Botha and Smuts had made their settlement with the strikers literally at the pistol-point. The cortège was over a mile long. The brass instruments in front sparkled like amber. . . . In the line stalked clergy in white robes, the tall figure of the Bishop of Pretoria in their midst with crook and black velvet hat. The violet hood of a clerical graduate struck an unwonted note in the fore-front of the procession; but further along were many touches of colour—banners of crimson, green, and yellow, while there came faintly the solemn blare of the distant bands. All around were bare-headed crowds.

Winter passed into summer. Labour's unrelaxed grip of the position inspired a campaign of industrial oratory the aim of which was to strengthen still more the power of the Trades Unions. The uncertainty of the industrial outlook, was reflected in the placing of much riot insurance oversea. The impression prevailed that the conflict of 1913 which had been interrupted by negotiation would be renewed sooner or later.

It was; but this time the Government was prepared, and when the Trades Union leaders sought to precipitate a general strike early in 1914, the Government responded with a prompt declaration of martial law. From all parts armed burghers poured into the town, the Trades Hall was besieged, and a cannon was trained on to the

building. The leaders surrendered. They were marched under escort to jail. Later on, thirteen of them were sent away in the dead of night to Durban, where they were put aboard the s.s. *Umgeni*, and deported to England.

The deportations without trial, however, were criticized as unconstitutional, and had an adverse effect at the time on the popularity of the Botha-Smuts Government.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW THREE OUTLAWS FRUSTRATED A GREAT REBELLION

I

ALTHOUGH South Africa was profoundly stirred when the news arrived that England had declared war on Germany, there was little sign of public emotion in the goldfields, on that historic afternoon in August, 1914. Rumour, it is true, dealt at once and in circumstantial fashion with certain wholly imaginary naval encounters in the North Sea, and with the sensational capture of German spies in the secret places of the land, but after bells had been tolled and chimed, and prayers had been said in the churches, people began dimly to realize the gravity of the issues before the country; and they began to inquire if the Transvaal would still be able to sell its gold, and Kimberley its diamonds; whether currency values would be maintained and farmers' exports and imports affected; if there would be a demand for civilian soldiers; if the country would have to defend itself from German naval aggression, and from invasion by hostile German colonists, perhaps from South-West Africa.

On September 9, 1914, the House of Assembly at Capetown approved a motion by General Botha (the Prime Minister) identifying South Africa with Britain in the Great War. Approval of the motion meant that the Union would oppose the attacks that were being made upon her borders by the German colonists of South-West Africa. The chief dissentient in the House

was General Hertzog, who declined to believe that the Germans were seriously invading Union territory. General Hertzog's opposition reflected the views of a section of Dutch-speaking South Africans, and unfortunately also, those of a powerful element in the military forces of the country, both of which were against any participation by South Africa in the World War. Among these were General Beyers (generalissimo of the South African forces), and Generals de Wet and Delarey. The opposition of such powerful figures to any attack on South-West Africa was clearly a serious matter for Generals Botha and Smuts, who thus had the formidable task of conciliating once more that spirit of unyielding Krugerism which their opponents represented, a spirit not radically changed since the days of the Uitlander.

By reason of his close familiarity with the Government's proposed plan of campaign against German South-West Africa, and his knowledge of the men, material, and the feeling among the troops under his command, General Beyers was clearly a dangerous potential opponent, even for Generals Botha and Smuts. He was popular, too; a tall, commanding personality resembling the imposing military figures so often drawn in the pages of Tolstoy. His blue-banded cap, and quick, sensitive walk were as familiar on South African parade-grounds as on civilian ceremonial occasions; and his friendship with the Kaiser, whose army manœuvres he had attended in 1913, had not only heightened his prestige, but had also presumably hardened an undeclared determination never to lead South African forces against those of Germany.

On September 15, that is to say, six days after the momentous debate at Capetown, at which South Africa decided to enter the Great War on the side of Britain, General Beyers resigned. By a fateful chance he tendered his resignation to the Minister of Defence at Pretoria the day following certain murders at Fairview, Johannesburg, with which, as will presently be shown, his own fate and that of General Delarey's seems to have

been strangely associated. But of any such association, nay, even of the crimes themselves, he remained for awhile in ignorance. It seems certain that he resigned in order to be free to lead a rebellion against the loyal adherents of the South African Government. Such a rebellion would, he felt, hamper General Botha fatally in his invasion of German South-West Africa. He seems to have reflected, too, that a magnificent opportunity lay at hand of suborning the troops still in camp at Potchefstroom, some miles to the south-west of Johannesburg—troops just completing their annual course of training. The camp was about to be disbanded, but a rapid journey there by car would have enabled him to reach it in time to address them, and perhaps to suborn them. That, at any rate, seems to have been his plan. In order to strengthen his position in this matter he consulted General Delarey, a widely-esteemed leader of the Dutch, whose influence would have won many men over to his side. It is only just to state, nevertheless, that General Beyers maintained subsequently that he merely designed to go to Potchefstroom to address the men on his reason for resignation as Commander-in-Chief and that he was going on afterwards with General Delarey to Lichtenburg ; but the explanation is clearly dubious in the light of later events.

And so, with momentous plottings in their minds, the two generals drove from Pretoria through Johannesburg on the way to Potchefstroom camp on the evening of Tuesday, September 15, knowing nothing of certain extraordinary happenings in Johannesburg which were fatally to jeopardize their plans.

2

These happenings were the doings of the notorious Foster bandits. Their exploits, trifling on the larger canvas of international affairs, happened to coincide

with the historic preliminaries of world war, with the advance of the Germans on Paris and the tactical blunder of Von Moltke, Von Kluck, and Von Bülow, which had led to the German retreat to the Marne. Notwithstanding the colossal character of these events they did not seem to absorb public interest exclusively in South Africa, because—and the circumstance is familiar enough to students of mass-psychology—these obscure bandits aforesaid were being hunted by the forces of the law, and the popular mind was exercised as to the outcome of the hunt. That these men were destined to influence the fate of Generals Beyers and Delarey, and to affect the prosecution of the Union's campaign against German South-West Africa, was not, of course, known.

Who then were these bandits?

3

Shortly after the Anglo-Boer war, the family of an Irish immigrant named Foster, in very ordinary circumstances, came to Johannesburg from Capetown. There were various sons and daughters; but one of these, William Foster, born in 1886, was somewhat more noteworthy than the rest. He completed his education in Johannesburg; worked for a while as a photographer, and on the gold mines, and became something of a popular idol on the football field. Then he proceeded to England and returned to Capetown where some queer, long-concealed, criminal trait began to assert itself. He stole some donkeys, but afterwards claimed that they had been taken rather as a joke than with criminal intent. In those early misdeeds, of which there were several, he had been joined by his young brother, for whom he always professed warm affection, and the two proceeded to graduate in more serious crime. At last, in 1912, they entered a jeweller's shop in Capetown, held up the staff with revolvers, and were sent to jail for twelve years.

Professing somewhat theatrical concern for his brother's downfall, the elder Foster swore a vendetta against society. The brothers were transferred to Pretoria to serve their sentences. In February, 1912, the elder succeeded in escaping. He headed for Johannesburg, and seems to have begun early to form his anti-social band from men as desperate as himself. He got into touch, for example, with an American ex-cowboy, circusman, and gunman, John Maxim, who knew the inside of South African prisons rather better than the outside; and he gathered in another recruit in Carl Mezar, a youthful criminal of German-Dutch origin.

4

But long ere this, Foster had made the acquaintance in Johannesburg of a certain girl in the early twenties, of South European origin who had had some experience of theatrical life, and had sung and danced in the chorus at the Johannesburg Empire Theatre. She became sincerely attached to Foster, and seems to have taken a melancholy pride in his outlawry. If proof were needed of her attachment it would be furnished by her visit to the prison in Pretoria, where by arrangement with the jail authorities she had married him; after which she had returned to Johannesburg and had mothered her baby with exemplary care. When Foster escaped from jail and came to Johannesburg, she joined him in hiding, and such was the skill with which they covered their tracks that the police could never find them.

On the night of July 17, 1914, that is to say, five months after Foster's escape from Pretoria jail, he and the others drove on a motor-cycle to the National Bank's branch at Boksburg North, a spot lying some seventeen miles east of Johannesburg, and entered the premises with the intention of dynamiting the safe.

While at work, a man named Charlson saw, as he thought, suspicious movements within, and walked across the road to investigate. The bandits perceived him, shot him dead, and fired at another man who had come on the scene, the bullet shattering his knee and crippling him for life. They then escaped without securing any booty.

The crimes of the gangsters presently culminated in the murder of two police officers who had captured and handcuffed a member of this gang at Fairview. In order to release their confederate they shot the officers dead, after which they lifted the handcuffed man on to their motor-bicycle, and rode off at a terrific speed shortly before dawn.

The crime roused the whole community. Sympathy for the dead officers was associated with a warm resolve to bring the desperadoes to justice.

5

A woman living in Regents Park (also a Johannesburg suburb), made a report to the police on Tuesday, September 15, to the effect that she had seen several suspicious characters in a house in the neighbourhood; and Inspector Vachell, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, warned Detective Mynott, an able and enthusiastic officer, to proceed to this house to ascertain if the men were the Foster bandits; "but," added Inspector Vachell, "take no risks; for if they are, they are certainly dangerous."

Mynott left, and took with him two other officers, and all having duly armed themselves, they soon arrived at the lonely house in Regents Park. Mynott walked boldly to the front door, opened it, and passed through an apparently empty building, emerging at the back into the yard. He saw there a large Overland car with a man underneath, and another attending to the tyres.

"Hands up!" cried Mynott.

The man regarded him coolly.

"Why should I?" he temporized, while his companion stealthily pushed out a revolver from under the car.

With amazing celerity Foster grabbed it, whipped round, and with a mocking smile, to which several witnesses afterwards testified, fired. Mynott fell mortally wounded. Mrs. Foster then emerged from the house carrying her baby, and was helped into the car, the gangsters following one after the other. They drove off so hurriedly that the green tarpaulin, half covering the car, was almost torn off as it swept through the gateway. The police fired briskly as they withdrew. One bullet seems to have struck Foster in the arm, virtually incapacitating him, for as the car receded into the distance he could be seen supported by his companions. When the police searched the now empty house, they found false cheeks, wigs, and moustaches, and a corded box indicative of preparations for swift flight, presumably to the coast, perhaps to Portuguese East Africa, where men guilty of capital crimes are safe from extradition to South Africa.

6

Police headquarters acted instantly on learning of the death of Mynott. Large forces of armed men went out along the Reef, and orders were issued that all cars were to be challenged, and fired at on failing to stop. Unfortunately it was a windy night. There was the chance that some motorist, ignorant of the unwonted situation, might not hear the challenge and might suffer accordingly, and this is what actually occurred. Dr. Grace, a well-known medical practitioner of Springs, driving along the East Rand with his wife, failed to pull up when challenged, and was shot dead.

Meanwhile, at this time, when all the challenging and the excitement were at their height, Generals Beyers and Delarey were speeding through the town en route for Potchefstroom. They also were challenged as they entered the town from the north at Orange Grove, but drove on without heeding.

"*Oom Koos, zal ons stop?*" asked Beyers of Delarey in Afrikaans.

"*Nee,*" was the reply, "*Laat ons ongaan.*"

The police did not fire, and so the car sped along what is known as the Kloof Road by way of Killarney to the Vrededorp Subway and out towards the Western Witwatersrand.

At Langlaagte, the district, it will be remembered, where George Walker found the main reef leader in 1886 in circumstances described in an earlier chapter, a certain Constable Drury was posted, disturbed by the death of his comrades of the force, and resolutely determined to let no cars pass without a challenge.

The car ignored Drury's challenge. The constable knelt in the road. He fired at the back tyre, but the bullet striking the highway rebounded through the back of the car and instantly killed General Delarey. The car then pulled up. General Beyers, whose reluctance to stop can only be ascribed to his suspicion that knowledge of his political purposes had leaked out and that the Government was seeking to apprehend him, said to the policeman:

"What do you want with me? Do you know you've shot General Delarey?"

For a while the disputants remained at cross-purposes, Beyers knowing nothing of the bandits, and the police being unaware of the identity or of the plottings of the two leaders. But Beyers was compelled to stay in Johannesburg. And the camp at Potchefstroom meanwhile broke up, so that his supreme opportunity to bring about rebellion passed. And it never recurred.

7

It is interesting to reflect that at that time General Delarey was probably under the influence of a visionary residing at the general's home town, one Van Rensburg of Lichtenburg. This man had the reputation of being a prophet. He was well known in Johannesburg. Years before the outbreak of the Great War he had beheld a strange fight between bulls from which a grey bull had emerged victorious. This vision was discussed afterwards by thousands who, when war actually broke out, ascribed to it a prophetic character. The vision seemed clear, Germany, the grey bull, was predestined to triumph.

"The seer (states an official reference to him) was a simple and illiterate farmer. . . . But he had a great hold on the imagination of thousands of his own people. During the Anglo-Boer war some commandos even neglected sentry precautions when Van Rensburg was in their laager, maintaining that if 'Oom Nicholas' said that the English were not in the neighbourhood, it was a waste of energy to post sentries. . . . General Delarey took a great interest in the seer, who had belonged to his commandos during the Anglo-Boer war. The seer, again, had the greatest admiration for General Delarey, and had frequently hinted that big things were in store for him. One of his visions had been well known to General Delarey and his friends for many years. The seer had beheld the number '15' on a dark cloud from which blood issued, he had seen General Delarey returning home without his hat. Immediately after came a carriage covered with flowers!"

September 15 was the day the general, plotting rebellion, lost his life; and the blood, and the flower-covered carriage—a hearse presumably—assumed ominous significance. The prophecy had come terribly to pass.

8

The escaping bandits drove along the East Rand for some miles until the car broke down. In the approaching darkness, and with the highways alive with men hunting them resolutely, they dared not loiter to repair the car. Moreover, Foster was wounded and in pain. So they decided to separate, Mrs. Foster to walk ahead into Germiston with her child, while the others went across country to hide in a cave at Kensington, in which Foster remembered playing as a boy. Mrs. Foster managed to secure a cab and arrived that evening in Germiston. She went straight to her room, a room which she had engaged some days before. The others tramped for miles over the grey, moonlit, windy mine dumps until they reached Bedford Farm, and proceeded from there to the cave at Kensington. Entering it, they lay down exhausted.

Meanwhile, the abandoned car was found with empty cartridge-cases on the floor. The police lost no time in bringing their tracking dogs, and giving them scent from it. The dogs nosed off towards Bedford Farm; but before they reached the farm, police officers engaged in comprehensive search of the goldfields were already examining the Kensington kopjes, accompanied by Zulu police with assegais. One of the former entered the cave, and moved his powerful torch around. He saw a booted foot. Then came a flash and a report. A Zulu threw his assegai into the void. It clattered emptily along the rock of the cave. A figure lurched forth from the cave—Mezar, it was thought—and blazed away at them; but most of his shots went wide, though one seared the flesh on the top of somebody's head. The officers telephoned to headquarters; and blocked up the mouth of the cave, meanwhile, by rolling stones down from overhead. Shortly afterwards strong forces arrived and took up positions covering the mouth of the cave.

Powerful acetylene lamps were directed on the sealed opening, and the criminals were thus trapped beyond all chance of escape.

9

As the morning wore on the news that the desperadoes had been trapped spread through the town. Thousands of Randites drove up and lined the Kensington hillsides. Native police bearing long poles were seen casting these over the top of the narrow ravine, bridge-like, and preparing to sling lanterns on them. Bottles of ammonia were smashed over the front of the cave in the hope that this would drive the prisoners forth, and the chief of the fire brigade inspected the adit to ascertain whether the cave (which extended 150 feet inwards) could not be flooded. In the end it was decided to starve the men out, rather than risk the loss of more lives. In the midst of all this the police dogs arrived from the East Rand. They had performed the amazing feat of tracking the fugitives from their car at the New Primrose Mine near Germiston, across country, to the cave itself, and had thereby established the identity of the criminals, identity which up to then had been a trifle doubtful.

But at last the trapped men spoke. Foster made it known that his wife was not with him, but that he wished to see her, and that if she would but come to him in the cave where he could discuss certain matters with her, which he said could not be discussed afterwards, all would then surrender. He gave his wife's address in Germiston, and a police officer drove off to notify her that her husband had been trapped, and desired to see her before surrendering.

"I don't think you ought to go into the cave," he advised.

The girl flashed back: "Indeed, I know him better!"

Their car drove up to the green, rocky amphitheatre

with its far-spreading crowds around, and the besiegers concentrated about the black hole in the middle of the hollow. The little, slim figure of the girl was seen to alight and to walk down into the cave carrying her baby. Other members of the Foster family entered. They found Foster and his wife clinging to each other.

"We are all going to die by our own hands!" Foster told them.

The baby was handed to Foster's sister, and the family departed, toiling back slowly out of the adit.

Presently three shots were heard.

When the police broke into the cave they found the bandits dead and the body of the girl-wife by her husband's side.

10

Some days afterwards General Beyers went into open rebellion. General Botha took the field against him. Mounted police from Johannesburg moved after the rebel generalissimo. From the first, the fortune of war went against Beyers. He was harried about the country, and on November 8 was driven over the Vaal River. While crossing it he was shot and fell from his horse into the river. He tried to grasp the horse's tail but failed, and essayed to reach another animal struggling back to the Free State shore—the river divides the Transvaal at this point from the Free State. He did not succeed, dropped back into the flood, and was last seen whirling down stream. Thus perished General Beyers, and with his death his rebellion virtually ended. The collapse left General Botha free to continue the interrupted German South-West African campaign, and to conclude it victoriously.

Those who have followed carefully this story of the Foster affair will doubtless agree that the chance shot

at Langlaagte which killed General Delarey on the night of Tuesday, September 15, and which stopped the further progress of the general's car, had an important bearing on the entry of South Africa's forces into the campaigns upon which they embarked during the Great War on behalf of the Empire.

CHAPTER XX

TWO CAMPAIGNS AND THE RED REVOLT OF 1922

I

THE headquarters of the Defence Force in Johannesburg were besieged in 1914 by men anxious to offer their services on behalf of the Empire in the Great War. The gold mines, banks, and railways, the municipal and all public institutions, endeavoured to release men for the great purpose; and with the result that the efflux of civilian soldiers not only to German South-West Africa but also to German East Africa, and as volunteers to the Imperial forces oversea, was very considerable indeed. And incidentally this occasioned a grave shortage of skilled white miners on the goldfields.

It was claimed, and probably with truth as the war neared its final phases, that of the ten thousand officers who went from South Africa to the Imperial forces, a substantial proportion had come from the Transvaal goldfields; indeed the contention was also made without disparagement of the achievements of other centres of the Union, that the men, money, and material supplied so lavishly from the Witwatersrand, had done much to enable the German South-West African campaign to be brought to a speedy and successful conclusion. Whatever the relative statistics of provincial effort, the general conclusion remains that the people of the goldfields were in nowise behind the rest of South Africa in their efforts to support the South-West and East African campaigns.

Now although General Hertzog's Parliamentary

opposition to the operations in South-West Africa—referred to in the previous chapter—did not command majority approval on the goldfields, where the big mining interests, and, as indicated, the majority of the electorate, remained steadfastly loyal to the Empire, yet the General had no inconsiderable support from Republican and left wing elements which were united in their disapproval of South Africa's participation in Imperial wars.

2

Botha's loyalty to Great Britain, as revealed by his campaign against General Beyers, as well as by his resolute prosecution of the war in South-West Africa, continued to emphasize the cleavage between himself and Hertzog, and at the same time to win him many adherents from the ranks of the British loyalists. The issue, as between the two leaders, was to be decided at the elections of October, 1915, and speculation as to the result soon became intense along the goldfields and indeed throughout the country. Meanwhile, the Germans of South-West Africa surrendered to Botha on July 9, 1915, and the General gained considerable political prestige from his victory, a fact clearly instanced when he and General Smuts returned to the Union on July 22, 1915, and were accorded ovations in various centres. Furthermore, the sinking of the *Lusitania* off the Irish Coast on May 7, 1915, led to rioting in Johannesburg and to attacks on property suspected of belonging to German citizens, property which proved in general either not to be German, or, if it were, to be insured with British companies. General Botha's statesmanlike reprobation of these riots won him the respect of other influential elements in the community; so that in spite of the vigorous prosecution of the Nationalist and Labour campaigns, the elections of October, 1915, resulted in a solid S.A.P.-Unionist majority. The party vote was: S.A. Party 93,374 (Botha); National party 78,301

THE FORT, JOHANNESBURG, 1900

(Hertzog); Unionist Party 48,484; Labour Party 25,305 and Independents 12,029. In other words, Botha with potential Unionist and Independent support, continued to hold the suffrage of the country, and by a three-to-two majority.

3

Many Randites, and among them a big proportion of loyal labour men, now enlisted for the German East-African campaign, to the chief command of which, General Smuts was appointed on February 16, 1916, in succession to General Smith-Dorrien. Colonel F. H. P. Creswell, leader of the South African Labour Party, undertook responsible duties in this extremely arduous enterprise. But the multitude of volunteers, invalided back to the hospitals of the goldfields and elsewhere, presently made it clear that General Smuts had to contend with far more implacable foes in the swamps and fevers of East Africa than in Von Lettow-Vorbeck and his soldiers, able as the German commander quickly proved himself to be. The latter managed to keep in the field until November 14, 1918, three days after the armistice, when he surrendered with honour on the Chambezi River in Northern Rhodesia.[1]

In September, 1918, a terrible epidemic of virulent influenza swept over South Africa, causing the deaths of 11,726 Europeans and 127,746 coloured people and natives, but thanks to the health precautions taken on the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg suffered somewhat less than most places. The epidemic was attributed to infection from soldiers and sailors returning from European centres of war.

[1] The death of Sir Leander Starr Jameson, "Dr. Jim" of the Jameson Raid, was an event which attracted widespread attention in 1917 in this war period. His mental endowments, personal charm, and sincerity of purpose, enabled him to outlive the hostility of the Boers and to become Prime Minister of the Cape Colony in 1904, eight years after the Raid. He was buried by the side of his friend Rhodes, in the Matopos, Rhodesia.

When the armistice was declared, General Botha left for Versailles with General Smuts, to attend the Peace Conference. But now the Republicans became the more resolved to prosecute their aims; and the Reds, whose revolt in Germany had helped to complete the doom of the German armies, also began to raise their voices menacingly in South Africa and particularly in Johannesburg.

General Hertzog led a deputation to England to ask for the grant of independence for South Africa, a deputation which provoked from Mr. Lloyd George the cold reply that he could not recognize the right of a minority to speak in the name of the Union.

The municipal strike in Johannesburg, in March, 1919, proved a sinister affair, in which a strike of tramwaymen led to high-handed procedure, and to the stoppage of light and power in the town for three days. The dispute was settled by civil surrender to the demands of the men; but the conduct of the strikers had borne unpleasant resemblance to Soviet methods; and fears were expressed for the future.

4

The death of General Botha in 1919, occurred at a time of Communist disturbance, and South Africa had need of his restraining hand. Europe, indeed, was sick unto death. Red soldiery were wiring trenches and committing atrocities in the historic towns of Austria and Germany. Italy and France were threatened. Respect for old ideas, philosophies, Governments, even for the old laws of the arts, was passing, and the British Dominions were about to be tried in the fire.

South African dissatisfaction with the steady advance in living costs had created just the appropriate atmosphere for those awaiting an opportunity to start the conflagration within the Union. The currency situation

was at the root of the trouble. All European money, the rouble, the mark, the lira, the franc and the British pound had declined in purchasing power. The fall in British currency became such at last that the Witwatersrand gold mines got substantially more British money for every ounce of gold they sold than had been the case in pre-war days; in other words they began to enjoy a premium on their gold, as from July, 1919. But the concurrent rise in living costs forced people in all walks of life to claim cost-of-living allowances. These were usually granted on the understanding that they were to disappear as the cost of living approached the normal. When, therefore, the gold premium began to fall away, the leaders of the mining industry were compelled to consider ways and means of reducing working costs, not only to square reductions in their income, but also to ensure that their properties, which in many cases were approaching great depths, were not compelled to close prematurely through uneconomical working, as had so often been the case in Australia. The Trades Unions resisted the proposed economies. They demanded the maintenance of the *status quo* agreement of September, 1918, by which white men employed on certain tasks in the mines were not to be replaced by blacks.

Mining leaders felt that economic conditions had become such that the mines could no longer pay the higher white wage for certain unskilled jobs where the work could be done by natives. The mining leaders also sought a relaxation of Trades Union restrictions, and a revision of the system of mining by contract. The unions resisted strenuously: and thus, towards the end of 1921, there commenced the struggle between those controlling the mines (who asserted that unless working costs were reduced certain mines would have to be shut down) and the representatives of the workers, who opposed all attempts to reduce expenditure. The mine owners vainly pointed out that working costs had risen from 17s. 1d. in 1914, to 19s. 2d. in 1917, and to 25s. 8d. in 1920, and that the industry

could no longer support the burden of this with a fast-vanishing premium: the Unions would have none of it.

5

The great Rand revolt, which developed from strike declarations arising out of the foregoing considerations at the beginning of January, 1922, was without doubt the most serious South African disturbance since the Anglo-Boer war; and while its origins were rooted in the currency chaos which followed the Great War, it may also be said that the military methods employed by the revolutionaries, the use of battalions officered by workers with scarlet badges of rank, of cyclists, bombers, signallers, and "Red" nurses, that all this resembled closely the procedure of the "Reds" who were so active in Europe at the time. People shook their heads, saying: "How can this be? Are these not the young people of the country and how can they have acquaintance with the ways of the European revolutionaries?"

The following significant reference, however, to the changed personnel of the white labour force which worked the gold mines after the Great War, occurs in the report of the Martial Law Inquiry Judicial Commission issued in 1922, and the opinions expressed in it by Justices Graham and Lange cannot be overlooked in the circumstances:

"Of late years, the constitution of the labour forces employed upon the gold mines has undergone considerable changes. Before and during the Great War there had been an exodus of the skilled European miners, and their places had been filled by South Africans, the majority of whom came from the country districts. . . . Few of them knew anything of the history and objects of sane Trades Unionism, or ever had an opportunity of studying industrial problems.

The remuneration these men received upon the mines was in excess of anything they had previously earned. . . . All became members of a Trades Union. Not only were the mine owners unable to employ a man who did not belong to a Trades Union, but by arrangement with the Chamber of Mines the subscriptions to his Union were deducted from his pay-sheet, and handed to the appropriate Union official. . . . The newly-fledged miner doubtless came to the conclusion that the Trades Unions determined the wages and conditions of labour and were masters of the situation. . . . The Trades Unions grew in power and importance. Elaborate machinery was devised to obtain as much control as possible over the employers. Officers with high-sounding titles and with extreme views took control of the movement. The moderate Trades Unionist became a back number.

"So long as the industrial situation enabled the employers to give way to the demands of their employés in order to avoid a cessation of work upon the mines the power of the Trades Unions was supreme; but upon the conclusion of the War, the ruin, devastation, and loss which had been caused by it soon made itself felt. Employers within the Union of South Africa, it was said, could no longer open their coffers to meet all demands; they had to accept the effect of inexorable economic laws. It was stated that on many of the gold mines the cost of production was so great that the mines were running at a loss. Measures had to be taken to reduce the cost of production or these mines must close down.

"The Chamber of Mines—the governing body of the mining groups—made certain proposals to the Executive of the South African Industrial Federation, the governing body of the workers. A ballot was taken. The strike eventuated."

And shortly afterwards the Red regiments or commandos were marching about the Reef.

6

Edge was presently given the Red commando movement by a certain Council of Action, a body which played a vital part in all that subsequently transpired. It incorporated a number of Communists, the leader of whom was in regular communication with the official organizers of the Russian revolutionary movement in Moscow. On the other hand, the rank and file of the commandos was certainly not Communistic and could hardly have suspected that the Council of Action was really a Soviet body. The men undoubtedly believed that they were fighting for wage maintenance and for White Prerogative as against Native Encroachment on the mines. The Russian Soviet, on the other hand, acknowledged no colour bar. How then, it might be asked, did this Council of Action succeed in assuming control and in making its historic attempt to overthrow the South African Government through the commandos?

The most inflammatory member of the Council of Action, which seized the control of the strike on March 6, 1922, was Percy Fisher, a miner, and member of the Communist Party of South Africa. He was young and ardent; but the violence of his speeches and methods was often too much even for his fellows. It was known that he had been behind a strike at the City Deep Mine in 1919; moreover, he had been prominently concerned in the strike on the Consolidated Langlaagte Mine in 1921 when he had been punished with disciplinary action by his own Union. But Fisher's other associates on the Council of Action included Spendiff, as well as the acknowledged leader of South African Communism at that time. The latter corresponded regularly with Ivor Jones, a Natal revolutionary who had proceeded to Russia shortly before the 1922 revolt, and who afterwards died there. South African Communism was further linked with that of Russia through men like Sam Barlin of the Orange Free State, and Sydney

Bunting, of Johannesburg—both prominent South African Communists. There were other Communists on the Council of Action. According to the report of the 1922 Martial Law Inquiry Commission: "the Council of Action was closely associated with the Communist Party in South Africa."

7

These considerations really supply the answer to the question as to how control of the strike was assumed by the Communists. For Russian Soviet instructions to branches throughout the world as to the technique of revolution, embody the principle of "direct action applied at a critical moment," and in 1921 the Soviet Press was constantly pointing out that there were moments in strikes which might be smartly exploited and directed towards revolution. The Council of Action on the Rand determined to exploit the 1922 situation in this fashion. It watched for the critical moment: and it came.

A meeting was called of the Augmented Executive on March 6, at the Trades Hall, Rissik Street, Johannesburg, to ballot on the continuation of the strike; and some 120 delegates attended as representing the South African Industrial Federation. The strike had been in progress for some time and there had been much excitement and disorder on the fields. Soon after the commencement of this meeting several thousands of commando men appeared and took possession of the stairs and exits of the building. The members of the Executive were virtually made prisoners. The Council of Action assumed swift control, and although the delegates held out until 5.30 p.m., they were forced by these Communists to declare a general strike to commence as from the next day. Violent speeches were made from the balcony of the hall by the Council of Action, and the revolutionary spirit was passionately invoked.

And that was how it was done.

8

Revolutionary invocation proved to be the signal for an intensive campaign against existing authority and property. The excesses of previous weeks, when armed commandos had roamed the Reef, picketing the mines, and in some cases, burning the houses of those who had incurred their enmity, were now supplemented by still more deplorable happenings. The Post and Telegraph Exchange at Johannesburg was invaded by crowds of men and women who sought to remove the operators; trams and cars were violently captured in the streets; the natives were attacked by the commandos in all directions, some losing their lives. In an attempt to prevent General Smuts from reaching the town the railway line was blown up between Krugersdorp and Luipaardsvlei; but the General dashed through and assumed command of the Government forces in Johannesburg.

On March 10, the capture of the goldfields by the revolutionaries seemed imminent, and it was then that martial law was proclaimed. It has been held on all sides since, even by prominent Labourites, that martial law should have been proclaimed sooner, and that the delay led to unnecessary loss of life and damage to property. The Government seemed to have been anxious to avoid the possibility of any charge being preferred against it of using the forces of the Dominion prematurely against strikers engaged in industrial warfare. But as a matter of fact the struggle had ceased to be industrial and had assumed a dangerous political character.

The Premier, whose position was most difficult and unenviable, probably lost more prestige by deferring intervention than he would have done had he expedited it; for matters had drifted to a dangerous pass where great forces would now have to be employed, and where

victors and vanquished would have to suffer heavily. On the other hand, the measures ultimately taken undoubtedly saved the town, the goldfields, and probably the country, for there was great unrest in other urban centres. The credit of saving the country rests with General Smuts, who took the necessary measures and shouldered the responsibility.

On the day that martial law was proclaimed, Lieutenant Vincent Brodigan and his men were compelled to surrender at the Brakpan Mine and lost their lives; the Imperial Light Horse were attacked from the higher ground at Ellis Park, Johannesburg, and sustained casualties; while the Transvaal Scottish Regiment, which had proceeded against the rebels at Dunswart, near Benoni, on the East Rand, where the revolt had begun to resemble a Red Terror, were caught in a heavy fire and suffered a loss of 13 killed and 26 wounded.

But now the complexion of affairs began to change. The Government forces attacked vigorously and the Reds were thrown everywhere on the defensive. Artillery came into action and shelled the rebel stronghold near Vrededorp, Johannesburg. The inhabitants of Fordsburg (Johannesburg) were warned to evacuate their houses as the district was about to be bombarded. A tank rattled into action, aeroplanes droned over Red strongholds, there was the dull crash of bombs, mobile cars sped around full of riflemen; windows and balconies were crowded with excited spectators; but with the shattering of the rebel headquarters by artillery in Fordsburg, the Reds went down at last to defeat. From all parts they surrendered, and the loyal burghers, closing in, placed the issue finally beyond doubt.

Percy Fisher and Spendiff who had been so prominent in creating this terrible crisis, refused to give themselves up to the Government forces, and on March 14 shot themselves in a house in Fordsburg. Revolutionary snipers in gardens and parks were silenced; the military

went from house to house, and "cleaned up" the town.

On March 19, the revolt was deemed definitely at an end. The casualty roll was estimated at 291 police and military killed and wounded; and 396 revolutionaries and civilians. Six hundred arrests were made. The courts were occupied for months afterwards hearing charges arising out of these disorders, but the menace of Bolshevism had been destroyed and white South Africa had given its answer to the exponents of Soviet sophistry.

9

The Indemnity Act was passed by Parliament the following month, and the Government thus secured itself from the many embarrassments which would ordinarily ensue from complications arising out of the employment of force. The bill was passed by 57 votes to 44.

When the Judicial Commission appointed on April 12, 1922, to inquire into the events preceding the declaration of martial law—whether such declaration was justified, whether more force was used than was necessary, and what were the origins of the strike—issued its report, its findings vindicated the actions of the Government.

The Judicial Commissioners held that the strike became a revolution owing largely to the activities of the Communist Council of Action which was anxious to reproduce Russian revolutionary methods along the goldfields.

An inquiry of still greater moment, however, was that conducted shortly afterwards by the Brace Commission which was appointed by the Government, and which included the well-known British Labourite, William Brace. It found upon the several causes of the revolt and suggested conciliation machinery for the prevention

of future trouble. The Commissioners declared that the abolition of the *status quo* agreement of 1918 between the mines and the men was justified, inasmuch as there was no ground for the continued reserved employment of unskilled whites in certain positions, to the exclusion of the blacks. They found, moreover, that the employment of white unskilled labour in substitution of native labour was economically unjustifiable. The Commission expressed its opposition to the regulation by law of the ratio of European to Native labour employed on the mines.

The report was naturally a great disappointment to the workers, who had hoped for more favourable findings. But it was difficult to escape the logic of the conclusions stated by the Commissioners. Meanwhile, the many Trades Unions had emerged from the struggle bankrupt, and the community and the mines had suffered heavily; indeed the whole country remained shaken long after.

Out of the general dislocation emerged an Industrial Conciliation Act which set up machinery for the prevention and settlement of future disputes, and which stands to-day as a model legislative enactment. Parliament gave its assent to this measure on March 26, 1924.

The mining houses were compelled to suffer much criticism after the strike by reason of the decline in the spending power of the community, a decline, of course, brought about by the mining economies. And yet, unpalatable as the truth often is, especially to those compelled to suffer by it, such economies undoubtedly gave the mines a new lease of life, and headed the ship of gold safely off the rocks of Premature Demise. On the other hand, had the extravagant post-war scale of working costs persisted, all the deepest mines would have been forced to cease operations, and the scale of mining would have been reduced disastrously. The loss of spending power would have been the greater in such circumstances.

To-day, however, the prospects remain bright, the employment of white men stands above the pre-strike figure, mining engineers face the problem of vaster depth-mining with greater confidence, and the gold output continues to exceed forty millions sterling annually.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FUTURE OF THE GOLD REEF

I

WILL the gold-reef last; and the big city and the hiving population that have grown up around it—will these also endure? Or can it be that the Reef is approaching exhaustion, and that all its correlative interests are doomed to extinction?

These alternatives have sometimes perplexed economists.

The answer, however, is a very hopeful one, and it is based on the belief, which has now been established as a fact, that the Reef persists far below any point yet reached by the miners of the Witwatersrand. Given certain conditions, among which are (*a*) continued progress in engineering technique as applied to economical deep-level mining, and (*b*) sympathetic enactments by future Governments entrusted with mining taxation, the Reef will be worked profitably a hundred years from now.

But while there was little difficulty forty odd years ago in getting at the rich rock where it jutted temptingly above the surface, nowadays difficulties confront engineers mining at over 7,000 feet, that is to say, at nearly a mile and a half below the ground. At the end of 1928 the Turf Incline Shaft of the Village Deep Mine, Johannesburg, had reached a vertical depth of 7,500 feet, the deepest penetration in the world. At such forbidding depths the task of preventing the rock from "bursting"

under pressure of the strata above, and of keeping working places cool and well ventilated, has become most onerous. More and more labour has had to be concentrated on making the workings safe by means of timber supports, waste packs, concrete pillars, disks, and by sand-filling; indeed the number of natives so employed has been doubled during the past twelve years.

There are other important factors which make mining at great depths more costly. One is, that of temperature. The rock temperature tends to rise one degree Fahrenheit for every three hundred feet of depth. And such a rise becomes obviously important at over 7,000 feet. Moreover, the temperature difficulty is complicated by the water difficulty, by the considerable quantities of water required to allay dust particles floating about the drives as the result of drilling and blasting. Such dust exposes workers to the risk of phthisis, but the water required to deal with the dust also renders the atmosphere close and humid; to counteract this, great draughts of cool air are passed through the mines by the use of giant fans. One of these, capable of supplying 900,000 cubic feet of air per minute, was recently erected on the Government Gold Mining Areas property near Brakpan. It involved a cost of £155,000. The colossal winding drums, too, used for rock-hoisting in the deepest mines, and the amazing fact that anything between one and two millions sterling may be required to sink and equip shafts, all these things emphasize the ever-increasing costliness of mining at depth. So that the question emerges inevitably as to whether there is not a depth beyond which gold mining on the Rand will cease to pay? Some engineers believe that 8,000 feet is the present (1929) limit of economic working. But new inventions will most certainly increase that depth constantly and considerably, and in special circumstances (into which it is not essential to enter here) mining can even now be carried on at depths materially greater.

2

Ability to pay for the deeper-level mining which is contemplated is related also, of course, to the quality of the gold-bearing rock hoisted out of these depths, to the efficiency, as already suggested, of new engineering devices, and to the nature of and future financial burdens imposed on the mines by the State.

It is certainly interesting to learn that although values are being maintained well in the deep levels generally, there is, nevertheless, a slight falling off in some of them. But the whole question of values at depth, rests most interestingly and hopefully, upon the "River Theory" of the Reef, that is to say, upon the theory of its formation and origin. There is no fear of exhaustion. The Reef it seems, resembles a mighty golden bowl sunk so far into the ground that only a part of its rim rises to the surface, the body of the bowl being the buried portion. In the Central Witwatersrand area, miners at 7,500 feet are down to the lower middle section of the northern curve of the bowl, and if able to continue indefinitely they would probably reach the floor of the bowl at 10,000 feet or more, this being admittedly a speculative figure based on the character of the curve already disclosed. On the Far Eastern Rand the "dip" of the Reef is much less pronounced, and its value is sometimes substantially higher.

3

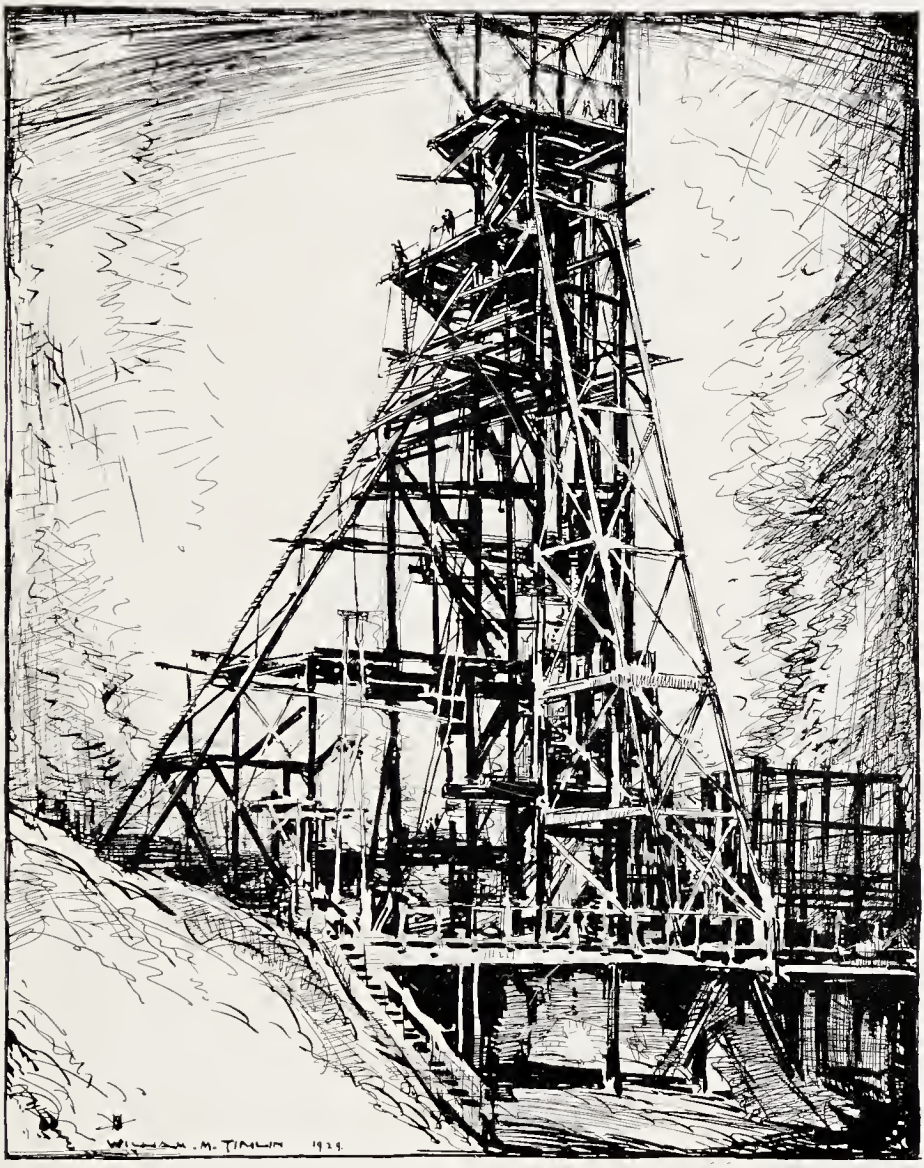
Before another thousand million pounds worth of gold have been extracted from the great Reef, it is obvious that a flood of light will have been thrown on the mighty "River Theory." Through it, geologists have sought to explain the origin of the golden bowl which is the Reef. It is their belief that (in the geologically remote past) a vast river once flowed down from the north-

west and carried with it gold in suspension and solution; that the river emptied itself through a delta, which lay roughly east and west along the Witwatersrand gold-fields for sixty or more miles, into a vast inland lake, or perhaps into the sea which may have then lapped the Witwatersrand. If the river discharged into a lake, and if the gold in the river was precipitated through the effluents of the delta on to the floor of that lake, one would expect a lesser decline in gold values on such a lake floor than if the river had discharged directly into the ocean. For the movement of ocean breakers in the shallows would certainly have dissipated all metalliferous deposits lying near the delta effluents. Whereas, of course, in the Witwatersrand, the deposits have not been dissipated; indeed their continuity is amazing.

The inland lake theory, consequently, seems not only to account better than the sea-coast theory for the gold occurrences on the Witwatersrand, but is also richer in promise, indicating as it does that the Reef should persist far beyond any depth reached in any mine to-day.

4

Into the more technical side of mining it is not necessary to go in a book of this character; but enough has been set down to show that the real problem is to counteract the increasing cost of deep mining. Much has been already achieved by the use of small portable 50-lb. drills, as compared with the old unwieldy drills seven times as heavy; by improvements in the method of extracting gold by cyanide and zinc; by better methods of crushing rock, and finally by the methods adopted to prevent the theft of gold from the mines. All these are making for success in the battle with working costs, and engineers are steadily surmounting deep-level difficulties as they arise. On the other hand, there are a few losing factors, chief among which is the failure of



A TYPICAL HEAD-GEAR ON THE RAND GOLD MINES

bygone Governments to lighten the burden of mining taxation, and to realize that an industry with an average yield of only 6½ dwt. of gold per ton of rock, and which, notwithstanding the low grade character of this yield, is yet bravely extracting precious metal from rock buried a mile and a half below the surface, that such an industry is entitled to every possible consideration. It is not a question of dividends and a few rich mines; rather is it a question of the only mining policy which can confer permanent benefit on the industry as a whole and on the people of South Africa. Such a policy must now be applied whole-heartedly.

5

One might paint a fanciful, but by no means incredible, picture of the Witwatersrand at the time the giant river of pre-history was forming the main reef series of gold strata. Thus there may have been a wide lake, sheltered by rich vegetation of a long vanished kind, and dinosaurs on its shores like those whose bones were recently dug up by German scientists from Tendagoru in Tanganyika. The monstrous pterodactyl, too, may have winged his slow formidable way over that lake, breathing the hot and humid air of that era, heavy with carbonic gas. And throughout the delta on the northern side of that lake probably flowed the river of gold.

Whence then came the enormous quantities of gold which it held in suspension and solution? Had they been washed off colossal beds of ore higher up stream? Who can tell? To speculate is futile. Yet one can affirm with certainty that some such river *must* have deposited the main reef series of strata which made the golden bowl; that the bowl itself became filled up by mother earth when the lake had disappeared and became tilted up on its north central side by volcanic activity; that the bowl having already added one thousand millions to the world's gold supplies, may henceforth yield as much

again before the end is reached. In its brief existence, it has produced one-fifth of the gold stocks of the earth, and the livelihood of a quarter of a million European and a million natives throughout the Union of South Africa is traceable to it, directly or otherwise.

6

What momentous problems have confronted Rand engineers as the shafts of the gold mines penetrated ever more deeply into the earth! And what catastrophes have sometimes made strange trial of their capacities!

When the protracted rains of 1909 flooded some areas of the goldfields, they not only caused the poorer kinds of houses everywhere to collapse, but also damaged certain mines. The walls of the mine dams were threatened by vast accumulations of water; and among those thus endangered was the dam of the Witwatersrand mine on the Eastern Rand. This stood near the upper part of a valley which sloped towards a mine shaft. The flood water rose abruptly to the top of this dam, and began to drain over in one spot, forming a gully in the wall which gradually became a breach through which the flood tore. On January 22, 1909, it was thundering along the valley towards the lonely black shaft.

Meanwhile, down in the mine, a white contractor was supervising his natives at their drills. Warned by an ominous sound, he peered along the tunnel towards the valley shaft and then again behind him in the direction of another great shaft thrusting into the depths. He heard the terrified shout of *Manzi!* (water), and the black flood swept around the drive and carried him off his feet. He was whirled towards the shaft. Striving vainly to grasp the stone roof, and deafened by the roaring of the waters booming into the abyss, escape seemed impossible. Nevertheless, such was the speed of the torrent that it tossed him over

the top of the shaft and into the continuation of the drive beyond, as a cork might be borne down a gutter and over a drain. He managed to swing himself on to a rocky ledge. It was pitch dark. Twelve hours later a rescue party found him. As they entered with their lanterns, he cried: "Thank God, boys; I never expected to see the light again."

All his natives had perished, as had most of those working in the lower parts of the mine. The majority of the levels were under water, and the disaster was generally regarded as the worst in Rand mining history. Even portions of the iron head-gear in the valley had been carried down the shaft, and at this point a frightful dark chasm in the midst of acres of mud indicated where the flood had entered the mine.

It was now decided to conduct pumping operations on the heaviest possible scale. Day and night the water gushed forth from the shafts, the skips rattled down on their narrow rails filled with heroic rescue parties, and returned laden with relics of the catastrophe. Ten days after, when hopes that there might be survivors in air-pockets had been abandoned, somebody reported that he had heard sounds as of tapping against a rock wall. It seemed incredible that anybody could still be alive down there. But as the water continued to subside and an opening appeared in this wall, one of the rescuers swam through it with a lantern and beheld a dozen, hollow-eyed natives inside—exhausted survivors of flood and fast. One poor wretch, in his anxiety to meet his rescuers, plunged into the water as soon as he saw the beams of the lantern, collapsed, and was drowned. They had all been without food for the greater part of a fortnight!

Engineers addressed a high degree of technical skill to the restoration of this mine; and in spite of the difficulties of the task, soon won it back to its normal place among the world's big gold-producers. Their work is suggestive of the high level of capacity which is being

constantly directed by the profession to the problem of countering working costs in deep-level mining.

7

Of recent years, the Transvaal Chamber of Mines has put forth every effort to enlighten public opinion as to the problems confronting the gold industry; and it has striven to improve the spirit animating the white and native mine labour forces. In both aims it has been successful. Towards the end of 1922 it established its own industrial news service which aimed at the creation of a better-informed public opinion concerning mining affairs. The time was opportune, for after the 1922 revolt, when working costs had once more been placed upon a proper basis, there had been much unsound criticism of the technical and financial policy of the mining houses. Accordingly, the news service began to publish regular official information concerning mining affairs, while the leaders of the industry met the canards of political opportunists with prompt denials. Nothing was allowed to pass unchallenged. So that when, in 1927, the news service was finally withdrawn, it had served a useful purpose. Ill-informed criticism and political mine-baiting had ceased—after many years. The originator of the idea was William Gemmill, General Manager of the Chamber of Mines, who is also recognized as a master of the actuarial side of mining, as an organizer, and a negotiator of outstanding skill. Another important mining figure is John Martin, President of the Chamber of Mines (1929), who made a reputation as General Manager of the Argus interests in South Africa and later won general recognition as an exponent of conciliation. Then Dr. Samuel Evans, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Crown Mines, is an economist of international renown. Dr. J. A. Orenstein, who directs the medical and sanitary services of the Rand Mines Group, is still another notable mining personality whose

reputation was consolidated years ago in connexion with the successful health measures taken by Colonel Gorges and himself among the workers constructing the Panama Canal.

The relations between the mining houses and their employees remain excellent, and confidence is expressed that the day of industrial stress is over and that an era of peace has dawned.

8

When, on September 22, 1926, a great ceremonial pageant was held in Johannesburg to celebrate the fortieth birthday of the city and the fields, the affair developed into a memorable carnival. There were triumphal arches, and a long and elaborate procession; there were floats representing the voortrekkers, the pioneers, and the first printing-press to reach Johannesburg by ox-wagon in 1888, with the men in attendance who actually accompanied the machine on its long journey to the Witwatersrand; there were mine native labour groups of Abakweta and Swazi, and a Chope Band. The schools, engineers, industries, art, government—all departments of effort were represented.

It was a picturesque endorsement of historic achievement.

9

The task of writing this book is ended. The Witwatersrand has been represented in it, and not unreasonably, perhaps, as a field upon which the game of life has been strenuously played; where Comedy and Drama have been rendered on heroic lines, and where, to some extent, the course of world events has been determined; but the hope and belief of its citizens, no less than the conviction of South Africa, is, that as its miners

delve more deeply into the earth and as Science continues nobly to aid them, so will the splendid city which has been built upon a literal foundation of gold, continue to stand, assertive, solid, and enduring, through the nights and dawns of the crowded years.

APPENDIX

CONTENTS

PAGE

A.—From the Records of the City Fathers . 234

B.—The Gold Industry helps to build a Magnificent Institute of Medical Research 241

C.—Table of Important Mining Dates . . 243

D.—Romance of the Great Rand Show . . 246

E.—Notes on the Newspaper Press of the Goldfields 249

F.—Citizens secure their University and Charter 252

G.—The Story of the City's Stock Exchange . 254

H.—How a Great Hospital arose on a Tented Hillside 256

I.—How the City solved its Water Problem 259

J.—Pioneer Women of the Witwatersrand . 261

K.—Racing on the Goldfields 263

APPENDIX A

FROM THE RECORDS OF THE CITY FATHERS

JOHANNESBURG, the Peter Pan of cities, is able to assert that, notwithstanding its size, about a third of its inhabitants have the advantage of it in age. A year after the discovery of the main reef leader, hundreds of ramshackle huts and tents were nestling in one of the little valleys of the "Ridge of the White Waters," but the amazingly rapid growth of the city since connotes some interesting municipal history.

On September 20, 1886—a memorable day for South Africa—the President of the South African Republic, Paul Kruger, proclaimed as public diggings portions of the farms Driefontein and Elandsfontein on the Witwatersrand. Within a fortnight, the farms Doornfontein, Turffontein, Rantjeslaagte and Langlaagte had also been proclaimed. Not long after, the President appointed a commission to inquire into the advisability of creating a township on these farms. The commission consisted of Johannes Christian Joubert, Johannes Meyer, and Johan Rissik, and the result of their deliberations was the establishment of the township of Johannesburg on the southern portion of the farm Rantjeslaagte on October 4, 1886.

Why the name Johannesburg was chosen is a mystery that will probably never be cleared up. It has been suggested that the city was called after the Christian name common to the members of the commission, for, as already indicated, both Meyer and Joubert were called Johannes, while Rissik was known as Johan.

The boundaries of Johannesburg were then modest indeed—Bree Street on the north, Commissioner Street on the south, End Street on the east, and West Street on the west. Most of the diggers were camping at what later became known as Ferreirastown, but a fair proportion were living a little to the eastward, at Natal Camp, Jeppestown. Even in the middle of the township a goldfield was proclaimed about this

time, and mining actually took place in the vicinity of what is now Von Brandis Square, where are the New Law Courts. The claims were held by Carl and Julius (now Sir Julius) Jeppe, but were not worked long because they were not considered likely to pay. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that a gold reef exists close to the Law Courts.

Imagine, then, a community of diggers camping on a remote spot sheltered by the kopjes of the Witwatersrand. To the east and west (now Jeppe and Fordsburg Dips) lay deep swamps, and to the south (Turffontein) a marsh. But this did not deter the oncoming prospectors who were trekking in numbers from south and north to the new goldfields. On November 10, 1886, a notice appeared in the Staatskoerant that a sale of stands in Johannesburg would take place eight days later. The leasehold rights were fixed at five years. But within a week, the Republican Government must have altered its opinion of the township very radically, for a further notice appeared in the Staatskoerant announcing that the date of the sale had been postponed to December 8, and that the lease would be for 99 years. The sale duly took place, and the buyers were allowed to take occupation on January 1, 1887. Just about this time the Government again demonstrated its changed attitude by inviting tenders for a substantial residence to house the landdrost, Captain C. Von Brandis.

The township of Johannesburg (which had originally been laid out by J. De Villiers, Government Land Surveyor), was now enlarged to include the area between Bree Street and Noord Street. Whoever was responsible for the laying-out of the additional portion made a curious miscalculation; and instead of continuing straight on with the north to south streets from Bree Street, he evidently started at the other end and found that the portions did not meet at Bree Street as neatly as they should. That is why to this day most of the north to south roads, like Eloff and Von Brandis Streets, bend sharply at the Bree Street intersection.

Johannesburg expanded gradually, first in the directions of Fordsburg in the east and Doornfontein in the west. In time this expansion became general on all sides. The fashionable centre, was at first in Doornfontein, slowly shifted northwards over Hospital Hill and Berea to Parktown, where it still remains.

The Local Government of Johannesburg was under the control of the Mining Commissioner, Jan Eloff, who was responsible to the Central Government. Assisting him in the administration of the town was a body of claim-holders known as the Diggers' Committee, whose functions were the proper maintenance of sanitary facilities, the upkeep of wagon tracks, and the allocation of water rights. The first members of the Diggers' Committee were Dr. Hans Sauer, Captain J. G. Maynard, and W. Bisset, J. Spranger Harrison, and Percy Fraser. It is not generally known that among those who subsequently sat on this committee were Cecil Rhodes, J. B. Robinson (now Sir J. B.), and John X. Merriman.

By 1887, the population of Johannesburg had increased to 3,000. An interesting commentary on the life of the town is contained in the fact that of the 79 trading licences issued in that year by the Mining Commissioner no fewer than 33 were for bars! By the following year this figure had leaped to 77; hotels had jumped from 3 to 43; and billiard saloons had increased twelvefold—from 1 to 12.

The existence of the Diggers' Committee came to a summary end in November, 1887, when it was politely pointed out to the members that they were administering affairs in which they were themselves very much interested. The Committee resigned, and its place was taken by a Sanitary Board, the members of which, (Jan Eloff, W. J. Quinn, C. A. C. Tremeer, C. W. Deecker, A. J. Jones and W. J. Biccard and Dr. Hans Sauer), were nominated by the Government.

No further change occurred for two years, and then the residents of Johannesburg were given the privilege of electing certain members of the Board. This body functioned until the end of 1897, when the Stadsraad was constituted.

This was a momentous event in the history of the town. The Stadsraad consisted of a Burgomaster (the first was J. de Villiers) appointed by the Government and twelve elected members. This number was subsequently increased to twenty-four. Twelve members were burghers and twelve represented the "Uitlanders."

When the Anglo-Boer War broke out most of the members of the Stadsraad left Johannesburg, either to serve in the field or to seek refuge at the Cape. In fact, there were not enough members left to constitute a quorum, and the administration of the town had to be carried on in part by some of the permanent officials.

On May 31, 1900, the British troops under Lord Roberts entered the town. Johannesburg at once became officially known as an "Imperial Government Municipality," remaining so until May 8, 1901, while the Military Governor, Colonel Colin MacKenzie, administered the town. He was assisted by Major W. A. J. O'Meara, who afterwards was given the title of Acting Mayor.

It was Lord Milner who, in 1901, first took definite steps to establish a Civil Government in Johannesburg. He invited the most representative men in the town to undertake its Municipal administration. Thus was the first Town Council of Johannesburg born. Its members were Major W. A. J. O'Meara, W. (later Sir W.) St. John Carr (Deputy Mayor), W. (now Sir W.) Dalrymple, W. W. (now Sir W. W.) Hoy, and W. A. Martin, H. F. E. Pistorius, W. H. Rogers, A. Epler, W. Hosken, H. Lindsay, W. McCallum, J. W. Quinn, and R. Shanks.

The Council sat from May 8, 1901 until December 9, 1903, and started several important civic enterprises. The first Town Clerk was Lionel Curtis, who belonged to what was popularly known as "Milner's Kindergarten." These comprised about half a dozen brilliant young Oxonians, who subsequently made big reputations for themselves in South Africa and oversea. Curtis, as a matter of fact, later became a notable figure in English politics.

In September, 1902, it is interesting to note, the Council ordered 8,065 house numbers and 2,381 street name-plates, all in enamelled iron.

Johannesburg's first Town Council elections took place on December 9, 1903. William St. John Carr was the first Mayor and George Goch the first Deputy Mayor. It commenced its duties in most inauspicious circumstances, for an outbreak of bubonic plague was soon ravaging the coloured population of the town, and one of the Council's first official acts was to order the destruction of the old "Kaffir" and "Coolie" locations in what is now Newtown.

It seems a far cry from December 3, 1903, to September 5, 1928, when Johannesburg was officially proclaimed a city. The record of those 25 years has been one of steady progress. Railways were rushed to the Reef; farmers flocked to the areas surrounding the goldfields to convert barren wastes into fertile fields; industries were established with magical speed; while Johannesburg itself expanded over ridge and along valley with such rapidity that in a few short years it

had wrested the position of premier town of South Africa from cities that had long been regarded as historically pre-eminent.

The following is a list of Johannesburg's Mayors:

Sir William St. John Carr	1903–04
G. H. Goch	1904–05
J. W. Quinn	1905–06
Senator W. K. Tucker, C.M.G.	1906–07
J. Thompson	1907–08
C. Chudleigh	1908–09
Sir Harry Graumann	1909–10
H. J. Hofmeyr	1910–11
J. D. Ellis	1911–12
W. R. Boustred	1912–13
Norman Anstey	1913–15
Major J. W. O'Hara, O.B.E.	1915–17
T. F. Allen	1917–19
G. B. Steer	1919–20
J. Christie	1920–21
S. Hancock	1921–22
Major L. Forsyth Allan	1922–23
M. J. Harris	1923–24
C. Walters	1924–25
E. O. Leake	1925–26
A. Law Palmer	1926–27
W. H. Port	1927–28
W. Fearnhead	1928–29

Johannesburg's Town Clerks have been:

Lionel Curtis	1901–03
R. H. (now Justice) Feetham	1903–05
John Dove	1905–07
John Taylor	1907–14
D. B. Pattison	1914

G. S. Burt Andrews, who had been Assistant Town Engineer under the old Sanitary Board since 1893, was appointed Town Engineer by the Council in 1904. He retained the position with distinction until he retired in 1927.

In the earlier years of the town's history the City Fathers were housed in various commercial buildings. As late as 1903, in fact, practically all municipal business was transacted in Corporation Buildings, Commissioner Street. In that year, however, the Council migrated to the "Tin Temple" in Plein Street, remaining there until the present magnificent City Hall was opened in April, 1915. The city has assuredly a proud record of successful municipal service.

In 1887, except for an occasional glimmer from a canteen, the Johannesburg streets at night were in utter darkness; but three years later the Sanitary Board ordered all barkeepers and hotel proprietors to display lighted lamps outside their premises at night. The streets must have been well lit! In 1892, a private company undertook the lighting of Johannesburg both by gas and electricity. Three years afterwards the Sanitary Board took over the plant, and it has remained a civic asset ever since. The city's new gas plant was recently opened; its great amplified power station is now complete.

A private company ran horse trams in Johannesburg before the Anglo-Boer War. Its initial mileage was $3\frac{3}{4}$, and often on hills passengers had to get out and push the vehicle. On June 30, 1904 the company sold all its assets to the Town Council, and almost exactly two years later the last horse-car disappeared. To-day the city owns a tramway service of 193 electric cars, working on a system covering 78 miles. In addition, the Council runs a supplementary bus service on many suburban routes.

In 1909, the Town Council decided to utilize an "insanitary area" of about twelve acres near the Fordsburg Dip on the western town area for a live stock Market and to establish scientific Municipal Abattoirs. Both remain to-day the best of their kind in the Union, chiefly owing to the work of their able director, Colonel James Irvine Smith.

And now, with its 300,000 people, its rateable value of £58,000,000, its area of 82 square miles, its 800 miles of streets and its 121 townships, this forty-three-year-old town has

become a city. Lord Milner was wont to visualize the day when a million people would call Johannesburg "home." Who can deny the possibility of such further development in the course of another forty years?

(The author is indebted to Mr. G. S. Burt Andrews for much of the information contained in this article.)

APPENDIX B

THE GOLD INDUSTRY HELPS TO BUILD A MAGNIFICENT INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL RESEARCH

THE South African Institute for Medical Research is without doubt the Union's most potent weapon in the universal battle against disease. A far-sighted agreement between the Government and the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association (on behalf of the gold-mining industry) was responsible for its establishment in 1912. The agreement set forth that the Institute was to be founded primarily to conduct and investigate methods of diagnosis, prevention, and treatment of disease. It was also empowered to undertake the work of a public laboratory.

The Institute to-day is a noble pile, cresting Hospital Hill and overlooking the city from the north. The main building was designed by Sir Herbert Baker, and later additions were made by F. L. H. Fleming. Lofty, and in the manner of the English Renaissance, these imposing white buildings are without doubt Johannesburg's greatest architectural asset. There are spacious courtyards and colonnades, and soft grass lawns, the whole surmounted by a columned dome which dominates the city. The site was donated by the Government. The cost of the original buildings and their equipment amounted to over £46,000 and was borne entirely by the W.N.L.A.

Control of the Institute is in the hands of a board of six members, three of whom are nominated by the Union Government and three by the W.N.L.A. The present members of the Board are H. O. Buckle (Chairman), Dr. Samuel Evans, and A. W. Rogers (representing the W.N.L.A.); and Dr. J. Alexander Mitchell, Sir Robert Kotze and Dr. Charles Porter (nominees of the Government). The present Director of the Institute is Sir Spencer Lister, who has achieved an international reputation in the world of medical science. Sir Spencer was knighted in 1919 for a notable discovery in connexion with the pneumonia germ.

Although administered as a single organization, the Institute consists of two distinct divisions—the Research Division and the Routine Division. The former is concerned entirely with original work for the advancement of medical knowledge in matters yet undiscovered; the latter is associated with the application of principles already known in the treatment of disease, and with the preparation of various vaccines and sera. The work done is carried on unobtrusively. For instance, it is not generally known that the number of diagnostic investigations carried out in 1927 exceeded 25,000. In the same year the Institute prepared and issued approximately a million doses of bacterial vaccines and sera.

While most of the work of the Institute is done in the interests of the general public, it has improved the lot of the mine natives in many ways. Some years ago, for example, its vitamine research work yielded excellent results in the prevention of scurvy among the natives. At present (1929) the Institute is engaged on investigations into the origins of influenza.

Crowning the white dome of the Institute is a bronze figure raising triumphantly the weight of Earth towards Heaven. It is symbolical of the Institute's ceaseless endeavours on behalf of science in its struggle with Death and Decay.

APPENDIX C

TABLE OF IMPORTANT MINING DATES

1884.	The brothers Struben commenced quartz mining on the farm Weltevreden and started a five-stamp battery. The quantity of gold produced in the Transvaal in that year amounted to 2,376 fine oz. valued at £10,096.
1885.	The Sheba Mine discovered and the first gold from the banket or conglomerate beds of the Witwatersrand panned.
1886.	Johannesburg founded and the first stamp mill started working banket. Two newspapers—the *Diggers' News* and the *Transvaal Mining Argus*—appeared in 1887.
1889.	Formation of the Witwatersrand Chamber of Mines with Mr. H. Eckstein as first President. The honorary President for that year and subsequent years prior to the Jameson Raid, was the Hon. S. J. P. Kruger, the State President.
1890.	First cyanide test works and start of the Robinson Cyanide Works.
1891.	Chlorination works at the Robinson Mine.
1893.	Rand Victoria Borehole. Reef found, depth 2,343 ft.
1895.	Bezuidenhoutville Borehole. Reef 3,127 ft.
1899–1902.	Anglo-Boer War. During this period mining operations continued on a limited scale—the output falling from 3,823,367 oz. (value £16,240,630) in 1898, to 258,307 oz. (valued at £1,097,219) in 1901, the apex-year of the war.
1904–1905.	Importation of Chinese to supplement native labour supply. Tube mills were first used in 1904.
1907.	Mine workers' strike. The quantity and value of gold produced in this year amounted to 6,450,740 oz. valued at £27,400,900.

1907–1908.	Compulsory repatriation of Chinese commenced. Movement started to increase efficiency and reduce working costs. Competition introduced to obtain reliable light-stoping drill.
1909.	Working costs 17s. 2d.
1910.	Last Chinese left in March of this year.
1911.	Sunday milling prohibited and eight-hour day introduced by Mines and Works Act. Miners' Training School opened. First Miners' Phthisis Act passed.
1912.	Working costs risen to 18s. 8d.
1913.	Strike and serious disturbances. Increased use of rock drills. Working costs lower.
1914.	Strike in January. Lowest working cost record of 17s. 1d. Workmen's Wages Protection Act.
1915.	Great War. Shortage of experienced white miners.
1916.	Gold output record established and continued shortage of white miners.
1917.	Native labour shortage. Working costs risen to 19s. 2d.
1918.	Influenza epidemic (Sept.–October). Boards of reference frequent on mines.
1919.	Low Grade Mines Commission appointed, and Gold Premium obtained from July.
1920.	Record high working costs of 25s. 8d.
1922.	Strike and rebellion (Jan.–March). The Rand Refinery started in January. Working costs reduced to 23s. 6d.
1923.	Working costs down to 20s. and 19s. 7d. in the following year.
1924.	Industrial Conciliation Act. The primary purpose of this Act is to make provision for the prevention and settlement of disputes between employers and employés by conciliation and applies to every industrial and public utility undertaking.
1925.	Gold Premium disappeared. Miners' Phthisis Consolidating Act of 1925, consolidates all legislation on the question of Miners' Phthisis and makes certain additional provisions for beneficiaries and their dependants.
	Economic and Wage Commission appointed in accordance with the provisions of the Wage Act No. 27 of 1925, provides for a Wage Board.

1928. Mozambique Convention entered into between the Government of the Union of South Africa and the Government of the Portuguese Republic, regulating the introduction of native labour.

Total value of Witwatersrand gold output for 1928 amounted to £42,052,000.

The total value of gold produced since the opening of the Witwatersrand fields now (1929) exceeds £1,000,000,000.

APPENDIX D

ROMANCE OF THE GREAT RAND SHOW

THE Witwatersrand Agricultural Society's Show, held each year in Milner Park, Johannesburg, is one of the biggest south of the Line, and is known to farmers all over the world. It began its remarkable career in 1896, with a show under the direction of a small body of enterprising citizens, with J. L. van der Merwe as President. The event took place during the *régime* of the South African Republic, President Kruger coming over from Pretoria to open it on the original showground which lay on the northern outskirts of Johannesburg proper, between the Fort and the Milner Park Spruit.

The affair proved an encouraging success. The horse section was very strong, owing, of course, to the importance of horse transport before the advent of the car in the Transvaal, and where farms were widely scattered. Mrs. J. Dale Lace, one of the early residents, who drove her own coach and had a magnificent team of horses the approach of which was always signalized by the sounding of a postillion's horn, had some notable horse exhibits. President Kruger was much impressed with the horse, cattle, and the general entries, and closely inspected every stall. He was presented with a multitude of samples, indeed, was almost overborne with them. Finally, he was driven away in a blinding rainstorm to Johannesburg station on the way back to Pretoria. The pioneer committee (which included such men as Mr.—now Sir—Julius Jeppe, and Edward Hancock, Charles Jerome, Edward Brayshaw, and Richard Currie), had good reason to be satisfied with the result of its efforts.

Two more shows were held, and then in 1899, the Anglo-Boer War supervened. The 1898 show, however, was remembered for a wonderful display of rough-riding by Major E. W. Warby, an Australian horseman, who still, in 1929, is a welcome figure in the show ring. Mounted on the most vicious mule that could be procured by local sportsmen, he stuck to

his mount so well that many of the Dutch farmers, who had never seen the like before, congratulated him warmly afterwards. He was presented with a gold medal in recognition of this display.

During the Anglo-Boer War the show was forgotten, indeed died utterly, nor was it revived again for six long years after Lord Roberts had ridden through the captured city and had passed within a stone's throw of the old showground on his way to Pretoria. The show was resuscitated in 1906–7 chiefly through the efforts of Sir Lionel Phillips and Charles Wood, John Roy, A. M. Mostert, J. R. Niven and James Davidson. Meetings were held in the "Corner" House, Johannesburg, Sir Lionel Phillips usually presiding, and in his absence, John Roy. The questions of starting a fresh show, liquidating the liabilities incurred in respect of the old pre-war ones, and indeed of capturing the agricultural lead from Pretoria, were discussed. Funds were few, but volunteers were many, and the mines came helpfully to the rescue, as they generally do in matters of real public concern.

The first show after the Anglo-Boer War was held in May, 1907, on ground in Milner Park, west of the pre-war showground. The new site had been an old town brickfield. The 32 acres at the Society's disposal (it has 100 acres to-day) were levelled out, and Lord Selborne opened the show. It proved to be the first of a series of great annual events. The original ground and buildings, worth a few thousands, have now reached the general dimensions of an industrial township. Their value is something like £200,000. The attendances have sprung from 5,000 to 100,000.

Since the show was re-started after the Anglo-Boer War, the Witwatersrand Agricultural Society has had two presidents each of whom has been associated with it long and honourably. Sir Lionel Phillips occupied the chair from 1906 to 1924, while John Roy, his successor, still holds office. In its secretaries, the Society has also been singularly fortunate. W. H. Poultney was an early holder of the position, but after the Anglo-Boer War, J. G. Torrance, the present secretary, became associated with him. In 1915, Torrance took over the general control of the show, and much of its latter-day success must be ascribed to his efforts and to those of his enthusiastic executive. His greatest show organization feat was associated with the tragic 1922 revolt. The show was due in that year to open on April 12. On March 14 the grounds were occupied by nondescript crowds of refugees

fleeing from Fordsburg, which was about to be bombarded by Government artillery. Two days later the fugitives began to return and the task of restoring the almost unrecognizable show acreage was begun. It was not long, however, before Torrance succeeded in transforming an emergency concentration camp into a presentable showground which indeed was visited subsequently by thousands of sightseers from all parts of the Union.

APPENDIX E

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF THE GOLDFIELDS

JOURNALISTS were among the pioneers on the Rand, for when Johannesburg was only a collection of diggers' huts and prospectors' cuttings had begun merely to scar the face of the kopjes, it already possessed a newspaper. Moreover, while other mining camps, such as Barberton, were dependent upon handwritten or stylographic news-sheets, Johannesburg, from the very outset, had what was in those days considered a comparatively modern printing-press. The achievements of these pioneer pressmen will best be understood by those who, from a perusal of the early chapters of this book, will recall the formidable difficulty of transporting machinery far inland in the absence of railways, and of transmitting "copy" from the scattered camps.

Johannesburg's first newspaper was a Dutch journal published by a certain Du Toit. Its life was brief, and even its name has been forgotten. It was followed by the *Diggers' News and Witwatersrand Advertiser*, the first number of which was published at sixpence per copy by Will Crosby and Company at their printing works in Market Square (near the present site of the Carlton Hotel), on February 24, 1887. The paper consisted of four clearly-set pages, the greater portion of which was devoted to advertisements. The letterpress section dealt with mining intelligence, local notes, and had half a column of overseas telegrams.

The following day, February 25, the *Transvaal Mining Argus*, which subsequently became the first Johannesburg daily, was published by the late Charles Deecker, whose widow, Mrs. M. E. Deecker, is still a frequent contributor to the Press. The first office of the journal consisted of canvas over a wooden frame, and there Deecker and his wife discharged their journalistic duties under exceptionally onerous conditions.

The *Standard and Transvaal Mining Chronicle* was the next paper to appear, the first number being issued on

March 12, 1887. Its great rival was the *Diggers' News*, and the two papers often took opposite sides in controversies on problems of the day. Both became daily newspapers and were eventually incorporated in 1890, under the joint title of the *Standard and Diggers' News*. Its offices were in Loveday Street South.

Soon after the amalgamation, the paper published an issue on Sunday, this being the first South African Sunday issue. The dubious position of South African banking at the time, following the failure of the Cape of Good Hope Bank, was responsible for the extra issue. It was the first and last Sunday edition of the *Standard and Diggers' News*.

In 1889 the *Star* first saw the light of day under the editorship of the late Francis J. Dormer. It was followed, several years later, by the *Transvaal Leader* (edited by F. J. Pakeman). The latter journal afterwards became incorporated with the *Rand Daily Mail*, the first editor of which was Edgar Wallace, now the popular novelist. Within six years of the proclamation of the goldfields, Johannesburg was being served with seven newspapers, these being, in addition to those mentioned—the *Daily News*, the *Eastern Star*, the *Goldfields News*, and the *Golden Age*. In the critical days prior to the Anglo-Boer War, there was great rivalry between the *Standard and Diggers' News* and the *Star* on the great question then agitating the goldfields of the attitude of President Kruger towards the "Uitlanders." The *News* supported the policy of the President, while the *Star* gave its allegiance to Rhodes. The *Star* to-day is one of South Africa's best-known newspapers. It has identified itself largely with the interests of the gold-mining industry and with those of the country in general. Its editor is Charles D. Don.

The *Rand Daily Mail*, Johannesburg's notable morning newspaper, has always sought to maintain an independent policy and to do justice to all sections of the community. Some of South Africa's most brilliant journalists have, at one time or another, contributed to its columns. Its influence to-day is very wide indeed. Its editor is Lewis Rose Macleod.

The *Sunday Times* first saw the light on February 4, 1906. It was a time of great industrial depression on the "fields" which had not yet recovered from the disastrous results of the Anglo-Boer War. From the outset, the cheerful tone of the paper marked it out for success. Its first managing editor was G. H. Kingswell. It was the first Johannesburg

paper to feature a weekly cartoon. Among the artists who have been associated with it, are W. A. Lloyd, now on the staff of *Punch*, W. A. Bradley, J. H. Amschewitz, and Denis Santry. The *Sunday Times* has always been strictly impartial in its attitude, and is to-day almost a national institution. The present editor is J. Langley Levy.

Intimately connected with the growth of the Press is the simultaneous development of the Central News Agency, Limited, the greatest publishing house in the Union and a monument to the industry and foresight of its joint managing directors, A. V. Lindbergh and Michael Davis (who retired in 1928). Johannesburg was little more than a mining camp when the foundations of this business were laid in 1892. Here there were already gathered a cosmopolitan company of adventurers—miners, traders, speculators. The partners saw their opportunity and their little business grew quickly. The insignificant Harrison Street store where the newspaper distributing agency began to crystallize soon became a rallying ground in the early 'nineties for all sorts and conditions of men. Expansion continued, as to an ever-increasing extent, the partners took over the entire issues of newspapers for distribution. Sole agency works were secured and commerical contact was established with leading publishing houses in Great Britain and America.

APPENDIX F

CITIZENS SECURE THEIR UNIVERSITY AND CHARTER

On the western end of the Hospital Hill ridge—the hog's-back of the Reef—stands the Witwatersrand University, a noble pile overlooking the city from the north. Johannesburg did not achieve its University easily. As late as 1917, ambitious students had to go elsewhere to qualify as doctors; and in the early years after the Great War, a gowned student in the streets seemed almost an anachronism. The history of the Witwatersrand University, in fact, is a record of persistent endeavour in the face of difficulty. Permanent facilities for higher education in Johannesburg were lacking until provided for the first time in March, 1904, when the Transvaal Technical Institute was formally opened. Three years later, its activities were extended by the establishment of a branch institution at Pretoria. This arrangement, however, terminated in 1910. In that year, the two were declared separate institutions—the Transvaal University College at Pretoria, and the South African School of Mines and Technology in Johannesburg.

Once more therefore, Johannesburg possessed merely a mining college. Nothing further happened until a handsome bequest of £200,000 for a "Johannesburg University," made by Alfred Beit in 1906, was handed to the University of Capetown by the trustees, in 1916. This roused the whole of the goldfields, and a citizens' meeting held in Johannesburg pledged the town to support a vigorous movement for the conversion of the School of Mines into a University.

The campaign was prosecuted with the utmost vigour, so that in a few months, sufficient funds had been found to establish extended courses in Arts and Science. Further progress was made in other directions. A limited canvass of Johannesburg yielded nearly £200,000 for maintenance and building purposes. There remained but the Charter, and Parliament alone could sanction that. By obtaining it, the enterprise would be placed on a permanent basis; and the town would achieve its greatest of educational objectives.

So in 1921, Parliament was approached. A bill was passed in formal recognition of the Witwatersrand University as from March 1, 1922. In this way, a spontaneous civic movement on behalf of education achieved a noteworthy triumph. This very success, however, brought with it the new problem of suitable accommodation. The Eloff Street building and the "Tin Temple," which were the premises then occupied as University buildings, were soon uncomfortably crowded; and it became clear that another home would have to be built.

The Johannesburg Municipality and the Transvaal Consolidated Lands Company, Limited, between them provided it by way of the ninety-six acres that constitute the present site. Gradually, the buildings (for which the joint architects were Emley and Williamson, and Cowin and Powers) began to take shape. On October 4, 1922, the inaugural ceremony took place. The Chancellor (Prince Arthur of Connaught) presided. In June of the following year, the Prince of Wales formally opened the new buildings. The University has had only three principals during its brief career: H. J. Hofmeyr (later Administrator of the Transvaal), Sir William Thomson, and the present principal, H. R. Raikes. It has some 1,700 students, a staff of over 200, and it has become one of the intellectual centres of Dominion life. This remarkable accomplishment in so short a time, is ascribable chiefly to the fact that, while Johannesburg grew from a mining camp into a great city almost overnight, its citizens were nevertheless determined that its sons and daughters should enjoy educational facilities equal to anything in the world. More than 750 graduates, who are proud to claim the Witwatersrand University as their Alma Mater, can now testify to the manner in which the institution has justified its Charter.

APPENDIX G

THE STORY OF THE CITY'S STOCK EXCHANGE

JOHANNESBURG, being primarily a mining city, its Stock Exchange stands with the most important of its business institutions. Without it the Rand would probably never have reached its present stage of development; for it was the medium through which was furnished the capital necessary for the expansion of the gold industry. It stimulated development of the reef to its present position as the leading gold industry of our time. The Stock Exchange is thus clearly an organ of much account in the national life.

The earliest Stock Exchange record is an old ledger, dated 1887, giving the names of the 122 original members. In those days the Exchange was owned by the Johannesburg Exchange and Chambers Company, Limited. This company ruled the Exchange, the brokers having no control whatsoever. The company flourished, needless to say, and a year later Barney Barnato, realizing the profitable nature of the concern, secured control.

A new Stock Exchange was opened in 1890 in what is now known as Palladium Buildings, and that section of Simmonds Street in front of the Exchange, between Market and Commissioner Streets, was closed to vehicular traffic by heavy chains suspended from iron posts.

In those days brokers came out into the street to deal, and it was because of the congestion thus created that the Government yielded to representations to close this portion of the roadway, which consequently became known as "between the chains." Here, especially in the cool of an afternoon, a tremendous amount of business was transacted. All classes met and mingled and, in boom times, remarkable scenes were witnessed. Brokers and their clients, speculators, business men and idlers, miners "off shift," made up a noisy, cosmopolitan, buying-and-selling throng. And when darkness fell, lamps from sharebrokers' offices, where clerks strove vainly to overtake the day's work, would gleam fitfully across

the deserted roadway. The business of share gambling would often be carried into adjoining bars. In boom times, dealing started as early as 7 a.m. and was continued with unabated zeal until midnight. Brokers even attempted to conduct business on Sundays, but this was stopped by the committee. One of the reasons, in fact, for the eventual suppression of the street market was the fact that in one year the Gentiles stole a march on their Jewish competitors by dealing on the Day of Atonement!

The Johannesburg Stock Exchange has seen many booms and slumps. The great platinum boom of 1925 is still remembered, but even this was surpassed by the boom of 1895, when the business was of such volume that the clearing-house of the London Stock Exchange was unable to cope with Rand mining transactions, and a special making-up day had to be set apart for shares in mining companies.

In 1897 the Exchange ceased to exist as a private concern, and became incorporated. The present imposing building, with frontages on four streets, was erected in 1903 at a cost of £162,000. It is modelled on the lines of the London Stock Exchange, with the local variations of procedure that mark all new organizations. Its affairs are conducted by a committee.

While in theory the Stock Exchange is a private institution, it may be fairly described, nevertheless, as the barometer of the Union's finances.

APPENDIX H

HOW A GREAT HOSPITAL AROSE ON A TENTED HILLSIDE

In view of the present status of the Johannesburg General Hospital as one of the largest in the British Dominions, it is interesting to consider its humble origin as a first field Hospital for the diggers of the Witwatersrand goldfields. Some forty years ago or so injured miners were nursed under canvas on the site of the present great Hospital, by nuns of the Holy Family. Snakes then infested the grass of the surrounding veld, and at night patients could hear lions roaring on the vleis beyond Hospital Hill.

On August 1, 1888, Captain Von Brandis, the special Landdrost, declared a certain collection of tents dotted over the veld the first Johannesburg Hospital. The opening meeting of a "Hospital Board" had been held five months before under the chairmanship of William (later Sir William) St. John Carr. By the following year the tents had given place to a wood-iron building where the present Hospital stands. It had 14 beds and was staffed by four nuns with the Rev. Mother Adèle as matron. Dr. Hans Sauer, District Surgeon, assisted by Doctors Saunders, Melle, Duirs, and MacLean, were the medical staff. The temporary structure was not allowed to do duty long. The town was expanding so rapidly that accommodation became inadequate and ambitious extension-schemes were set afoot. The Government and the people contributed liberally, the result of their united endeavour being the opening of the nucleus of the present building on November 5, 1890, by J. N. A. Wolmaraans, a member of the Executive Council.

There were 130 beds in the Hospital then. Its total cost was £42,000, of which £34,000 was provided by the Republican Government by way of loans that have never been called up. In the years that followed, generous donations were made to the Hospital funds by individuals and public bodies. The names of Barney Barnato and John Stroyen are both commemorated in memorial wards.

Henceforth the record of the Johannesburg General Hospital became one of ceaseless progress. There were constant additions to the buildings, notwithstanding which the phenomenal growth of population and industry began to tax the resources of the place, and branches had to be established outside its walls. In 1913 it absorbed the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital. Two years later Sir Otto Beit, with characteristic generosity, gave "Hohenheim," his beautiful Parktown home, to the Hospital authorities, who converted it into the Otto Beit Convalescent Home. The Fever Hospital was established in 1916, and seven years later, H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught (then Governor-General of South Africa) opened the Children's Hospital, erected by the people of the Province as a memorial to those who had fallen in the Great War. The latest addition is the non-European Hospital which came into existence in June, 1925.

In 1889 the nursing staff was four: at the end of 1928 it numbered 384. The number of beds has increased from 130 to 990, and the patients treated from 320 in 1899 (the first year for which figures are available) to 155,564 in 1928. These figures speak for themselves.

Mother Adèle and her sisters of the Holy Family remained at the Hospital until 1915, when they left, some to join the staff of the Kensington Sanatorium, the rest to take up residence in a Roman Catholic institution at Sea Point, Capetown. Their departure was a great loss to the Hospital. Incidentally, the Kensington Sanatorium, is one of Johannesburg's best-known private nursing institutions. It was founded in 1905, and is conducted by 20 sisters of the Holy Family with the Rev. Mother Albertus as matron. It has 28 wards and a staff of about 40.

No record of Hospital achievement would be complete without particular mention of Sir Julius Jeppe and Dr. R. P. Mackenzie, both of whom have done outstanding work. Sir Julius was for many years chairman of the Hospital Board, and the great institution is indebted to him in a thousand ways. Among other things he instituted a fund to provide Christmas cheer for the patients, and evinced his interest in their welfare by frequent visits to the wards. In April, 1926, he retired from the chairmanship, but resumed the position at the beginning of 1929.

Dr. Mackenzie retired from the post of superintendent in April 1928, and was succeeded by Dr. A. H. Louw after 24 years of highly meritorious service. He piloted the Hospital

ably through the greatest crises in its history—the influenza epidemic in 1918, and the industrial revolt of 1922.

The institution, although not actually the largest in the Empire, is nevertheless the largest under the control of a single superintendent. It has grown faster even than Johannesburg, a fact of which its mother-city is justly proud.

APPENDIX I

HOW THE CITY SOLVED ITS WATER PROBLEM

JOHANNESBURG'S sudden uprising on a lonely plateau several hundred miles inland from the African coast and well away from any considerable river, soon confronted its citizens with an urgent problem of water supply. It is true that clear streamlets flowing down the sides of the kopjes had earned for the Rand in 1885 the name of the "Ridge of the White Waters," a ridge which is actually an important dividing line along the watershed of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans; but these little streams dried up as the mining community expanded, so that in a few years the "white waters" had disappeared for ever.

Even the sedgy pools to the south of the gold reef, once the resort of the hippopotamus and wild fowl, vanished as the paths made by the feet of the diggers and by flocks of sheep deepened into watercourses, and as the rains and the springs drained the more easily off the watershed. And thus the problem of the water supply soon became acute.

The middle of 1889 saw the birth of the "Johannesburg Waterworks Estate and Exploration Co., Ltd." which exploited a spring in the neighbourhood of what is now the Berea Reservoir. This supply, however, proved most uncertain, and water shortage continued incessantly. The greatest water shortage the town has ever experienced occurred in 1895, when there were 51,000 Europeans in residence. The season had been marked by a prolonged drought, and water was literally at a premium. The story is told of one man who paid half-a-crown apiece for a dozen bottles of soda-water for washing purposes; and there is another, of the resolute individual who rode on his horse twice a week from Johannesburg to Pretoria and back to get his bath. It was during this drought that the experiment was made which, it was hoped, would make the clouds discharge their moisture—the experiment of firing small explosive bombs at the clouds from the Wanderers Grounds by officials of the Waterworks Company.

The Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902 delayed the solution of the water problem. Lord Milner appointed a commission in 1901 to inquire into it, and the result was the formation of the Rand Water Board two years later. This is a public body, the members of which are representatives of Rand Municipalities, of the Chamber of Mines, and of the South African Railways. The Chairman is appointed by the Union Government. T. A. R. Purchas was the first to occupy the chair; and he retained the position with distinction from 1903 until 1928. S. A. Van Lingen succeeded him and still holds office.

The bodies represented on the Board carry all its obligations and conduct its affairs. The Board supplies the railways with a steady one-and-a-half million gallons a day; the mines with some six millions a day; and Johannesburg and the Reef Municipalities with about eight million gallons a day. Each of these bodies pays a certain fixed sum to the Board every year, and, in addition, are charged a flat rate of 7d. per thousand gallons to cover working costs. The Municipalities are supplied with sufficient water in bulk to enable them to retail it to householders within their areas. Charges to the public vary in each Reef town. In Johannesburg it is 4s. 2d. per thousand gallons.

The Board may be said to exist solely for public service without profit. It has had its vicissitudes, however. At the outset, many sources of potential supply were inspected by its chief engineers, the late W. Ingham and David Draper, before the magnificent Vaal River Barrage scheme was evolved and carried out at a cost of about a million-and-a-half sterling in the years 1916 to 1923. Samuel Marks, it is interesting to note, with his wonderful business prescience foresaw that Johannesburg would eventually have to come to the Vaal for its water, and actually bought up Vaal water rights before the Boer War.

The Rand to-day is assured of its water, no matter how dry the season. Twenty million gallons a day, with a potential quantum of thirty millions, are always available.

The Board's pumping plants are among the most up-to-date in the world. Every twenty-four hours they are required to raise a weight of water greater than the weight of ore handled daily by all the mines on the Rand. They lift that colossal weight to a height equal to twelve "Corner Houses" piled on top of one another. They do this ceaselessly in order that when a tap is turned on anywhere from Randfontein to Springs a clear stream of water shall flow.

APPENDIX J

PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WITWATERSRAND

For several years after the proclamation of the goldfields Johannesburg had few women citizens. The men—most of them hardy diggers and prospectors—concentrated on gold-seeking. The camps and tents where they "roughed it" were scarcely the places for women accustomed to the amenities of civilization. So rare were womenfolk, in fact, that pedestrians would turn round and tradesmen would leave their stores to stare at them as they passed along the streets. This state of affairs prevailed for many years, the male section of the population increasing enormously, while the women remained well in the minority.

Among the pioneer women, may be mentioned Mesdames A. D. Alexander, W. H. Hancock, Courtenay Acutt, Catherine Blomefield, M. E. Deecker, Matthews, A. L. Walker, Adler, C. E. Scott, L. J. Currey, I. J. Salomon, and J. C. Pietersen (daughter of the Landdrost, Captain Von Brandis). Keeping the home then was often an arduous job. Houses, for example, were built of "raw" brick, and it was no uncommon experience to find a kitchen wall dissolving into mud on a rainy day. Mud houses were replaced later by others of corrugated-iron. Cooking and baking were mostly done in the open until stoves made their appearance. Water was scarce and had to be obtained from the small springs running in different parts of the "neighbourhood." There was one at what is now the Fordsburg Dip, another at Doornfontein, and another close to the present Kazerne, in mid-town. It was a common sight to see a native "boy" rolling home a barrel of water under the guidance of his "missus." Baths were a luxury. Later, the menfolk began to sink wells, but sometimes did so without regard to the public safety. The story is still told by "old-timers" of how an unsuspecting traveller disappeared down one of these wells with his horse and cart.

Food, with the exception of meat, was difficult to get. Young farmers would kill cattle by the roadside, dress the meat on slaughter poles, and sell it at fourpence or fivepence a pound. Housewives hardly ever saw fresh milk; fruit had to be brought up mainly from the south.

As more men flocked to the fields, the scarcity of women became more pronounced. The Witwatersrand is one of the coldest parts of the Transvaal, and pneumonia wrought winter havoc among the diggers. Nurses were essential. Single women who came to Johannesburg married within a few weeks. Mrs. Isobel Salomon remembers well with what expedition every servant girl brought up from the Cape by her parents joined the married majority. The same lady, incidentally, obtained the first cat from the Cape. It proved invaluable, for rats had lived till then in peace and plenty.

The first piano was brought to the Rand in 1887 by A. D. Alexander. He never took delivery of it, for the miners commandeered it and insisted that the proprietor of Height's Hotel, in Commissioner Street should purchase it. He did so. It is interesting to note that the first pianos sent to Johannesburg failed to reach the town. Five were brought up by ox-waggon from Natal by J. H. Mackay, but were snapped up on the way.

Social life at first was a veritable round of dances and dinners to which husbands and wives invited their friends; but later on, life took on a more conventional colour; so that there is little to differentiate the woman's round in the golden city to-day from that customary in the wealthier capitals of the world: for its standard of living is well above the world's average.

APPENDIX K

RACING ON THE GOLDFIELDS

THE first horse-race on the Rand goldfields took place on New Year's morning, 1887, when half a dozen starters lined up on the Wemmer claims. The crowd was enthusiastic, consisting as it did of nearly all the diggers then on the fields. Some were accommodated in a ricketty spectators' stand made of tarpaulin-covered planks. The rest squatted cheerfully on the veld. The event was run over a course extending from the Wemmer claims to the Ferreira claims, a distance, roughly, of one-and-a-half miles. The course had been marked off with care in order to avoid pegged claims, for practically the whole of that neighbourhood had been proclaimed.

The field got away together. Six jockeys strained every nerve to win, and to keep clear of pegged land, for any rider swerving on to such land would have to pay a fine of £50. The winner was a horse named Videt, ridden by R. O. Godfray Lys, who, in 1929, is still living in Johannesburg. Some months later a few enthusiasts, among whom George (later Sir George) Farrar, Captain Hay, Colonel J. F. Ferreira, T. M. C. Nourse and Arthur Peacocke were conspicuous, guaranteed to finance Johannesburg's first official race-meeting. It was held in June of 1887, and, in spite of difficulties, proved an undoubted success. The seating accommodation consisted of a "grand" stand built of sods, but this did not deter almost 3,000 people from being present. A representative of the *Racing Calendar*, published at that time in Port Elizabeth, visited the meeting and wrote: "The inaugural meeting of the recently instituted Johannesburg Turf Club may be termed a pronounced success. I do not think I am far out in assessing the attendance at about 3,000. Lotteries, conducted under the supervision of the stewards, received a patronage unheard of in these dull times in any part of the Cape Colony. A totalizator was in operation during the meeting, and almost £1,200 circulated through

it. I cannot recall when I saw a greater array of carriages, certainly not anywhere outside of Kimberley in the palmy days. I have no reason to regret visiting what I felt convinced is destined to became the future capital of the Transvaal."

The Club held another and even more successful meeting in December, 1887, but on a different course, since the first had been pegged in the interim by prospectors. At the bottom of what was called Natal Camp (Jeppestown) a new course, one-and-a-half miles long, was laid out. However, this also overlapped proclaimed ground so that eventually in December, 1889, the Club migrated to Turffontein (its present quarters). Almost every meeting on the new course was patronized with enthusiasm, and in October, 1892, the Club was able to purchase the Turffontein property for £2,000.

In those days, race meetings were not held more than twice a year in any part of the country. Consequently there were few racehorses and owners, and the result was that the same horses would appear in all racing centres in South Africa. This fact becomes noteworthy when it is remembered that there was no railway communication between most of these centres. Jacob Swart, secretary for many years of the Johannesburg Turf Club, recalls the time when a stable of racehorses ran in Kimberley in April, walked to Johannesburg and raced there in June, then raced in Pretoria the next month; walked back through the Orange Free State to Norval's Pont, and entrained there for Port Elizabeth, where a meeting was held in October.

As the years passed, the Turffontein Club prospered exceedingly. Its big handicaps (the purses for the important quarterly events have increased from £250 in 1887 to £6,000 in 1927) became famous throughout the country and were soon being supported by the most prominent stables in South Africa.

The Turffontein course is also used by the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club, which was formed in the early 'nineties. It was not until after 1903 that racing started in other parts of Johannesburg. Freeman Cohen was largely responsible for the establishment of the Auckland Park Club on April 1, 1904. To-day the Rand can boast of several fine courses, and racing enjoys the support of all classes.

INDEX

ACUTT, MRS. COURTENAY, 261
Adèle, Mother, matron of Hospital, 256
Adler, Mrs., 261
African Theatres, Ltd., 185
Albani, Madame, visits Johannesburg, 181
Albertus, Mother, matron of Kensington Sanatorium, 257
Alexander, A. D., 262
Allan, Maj. L. Forsyth, Mayor, 238
Allen, Maud, in Johannesburg, 182
Allen, T. F., Mayor, 238
Amphitheatre, broken-up meeting, 137
Amschewitz, J. H., 251
Andersson, Llewellyn, erects searchlight, 111
Andrews, G. S. Burt, 239
Anglo-Boer War, inevitability of, 137 *et seq.*; declaration, 141; course of, 142 *et seq.*; end of, 155; European criticism of, 157 *et seq.*; output of mines, 243
Anglo-French Entente, 160
Anstey, Norman, Mayor, 238
Apsley, during Kazerne fire, 129 *et seq.*
Armfield, prospects Transvaal, 13
Arnold, claims original discovery of Rand gold, 19
Arthur of Connaught, Prince, Chancellor of University, 253; opened Children's Hospital, 257
Asche, Oscar, in *Taming of the Shrew*, 181
Auckland Park Club, 264
Augmented Executive, forced to declare strike, 217

B

BAILEY, SIR ABE, supports Couper, 45; supporter of National Union, 87; last-minute negotiations with Kruger's men, 111
Bain, and strikers' riot, 192
Baker, Sir Herbert, 241
Bantjes, claims original discovery of Rand gold, 19; early arrival in Rand, 24
Baragwanath, fighting at, 145
Barberton, gold diggers at, 21 *et seq.*; applies for steam tram, 69
Barlin, Sam, 216
Barnato, Barney, arrival in S. Africa, 34; founded J.C.I., 35; antipathy to Couper, 43; referees Kelly-Donovan fight, 44; backs Bendoff, 45; control of Exchange, 254; ward in Hospital, 256
Barnato Park, 146
Basutos, raids of the, 1
Bechuanaland Border Police, joins Jameson's force, 97 *n.*
Bedford Farm, 205
Beit, Alfred, 23; supporter of National Union, 87; bequest for University, 252
Beit, Sir Otto, 257
Bell, Somerset, 112
Bendoff, Wolff, fight in Johannesburg, 43 *et seq.*; after life, 50
Berea, fashionable quarter, 235; reservoir, 259
Bertram, Dr., concession hunting in Gazaland, 83 *n.*
Bettington, Colonel, 100, 113, 114
Beyers, General, opposes South Africa's entry into World War, 197; plots rebellion, 198; ignores challenge, 203; rebellion and death, 207
Bezuidenhoutville Borehole, 243
Biccard, W. J., 236
Bisset, W., 236
Bleksley, Commandant, and Mrs. Kruger, 79; reports on gun-smuggling rumour, 90 *et seq.*; at Braamfontein explosion, 126; hands over Keys, 150

Bloemfontein, Kruger-Milner conference, 140; Lord Roberts enters, 144; conference on labour shortage, 163
Blomefield, Catherine, 261
Boksburg – Johannesburg – Krugersdorp, "steam tram," 70
Boksburg North, 200
Booysens, scene of Couper-Bendoff fight, 46; guns mounted, 145
Botha, General, commandant-general, 147; objection to Chinese labour, 167; return to power, 190; settlement with miners, 194; S. Africa's entry into Great War, 196 *et seq.*; fights against Beyers, 207; augmented prestige, 210; at Peace Conference, 212; death, *ibid.*
Bousfield, Rev. Henry, first bishop of Pretoria, 53
Boustred, W. R., Mayor, 238
Braamfontein, dynamite explosion, 125 *et seq.*; British at, 151
Brace, William, commission, 220 *et seq.*
Bradley, W. A., 251
Braham, Leonora, 175
Brakpan Mine, surrender, 219; fan, 224
Brand, R. H., 187
Brandis, Captain Von, magistrate of Johannesburg, 40; Kruger in house of, 68; quells demonstration, *ibid.*
Brayshaw, Edward, 246
Brayton, Lily, in Johannesburg, 181
Bree Street, 234 *et seq.*
Brink's Farm, surrender of Jameson's force at, 105
British South Africa Co., mineral deposits, 83
Brodigan, Lieut. Vincent, 219
Brola, Jeanne, 184
Buchan, John, in Milner's administration, 187
Buckle, H. O., 241
Bunting, Sydney, 217
Burge, pugilist, 43
Burgers, President, attack on Sekukuni, 4; death, 8; visits Lydenburg diggings, 21
Butler, James, 39

C

Campbell-Bannerman Govt., and "Chinese Slavery," 167; grants self-government, 187
Cape–Johannesburg Rly., building of, 73; cheapness, 74; Netherlands Co. and, 75
Carr, Sir W. St. John, 237, 256
Carreño, Madame, 183
Carrington, General, 116
Cassel Gold Extraction Co., 66
Cetywayo, threatens Transvaal, 7; war with England, 8
Chamberlain, J., and Rand railways dispute, 75; and inevitability of Boer War, 138; works for coalition with France and Russia, 139; speech in defence of war methods, 157; and Anglo-Japanese alliance, 159
Chamber of Mines, news service, 230; formation, 243
Chambezi River, 211
Charlson, shot by bandits, 201
Children's Hospital, 257
Chinese Labour, arrival of, 165; success of experiment, 166; repatriation, 171 *et seq.*
Christiana, 63
Christie, J., Mayor, 238
Chudleigh, C., Mayor, 238
City Deep Mine, strike, 216
City Hall, opened, 239
Cohen, Freeman, 264
Cohen, Lou, 47
Coleridge, Amy, 180
Commissioner Street, 56; crowds to welcome Jameson, 111; Theatre Royal, 175; rioting in, 193 *et seq.*; early boundary, 234
Communism, influence in Rand revolt, 214; Council of Action, 216 *et seq.*; failure of revolt, 220
Consolidated Goldfields House, foundation, 28; Hammond and, 83; "reform" meetings in board-room, 87
Consolidated Langlaagte Mine, strike, 216
Coombe, Martin H., arrives at Johannesburg, 31; at Kimberley-Roodeport Mine, 33

Corporation Buildings, Municipal Officers leave, 154 *et seq.*; 239
Coster, Dr., 131
Council of Action, Communist body, 216; responsible for strike, 217, 220
Couper, J. R., becomes boxing champion, 42; challenged by Bendoff, *ibid.*; fight, 47 *et seq.*; death, 50
Coventry, Major, trial and sentence, 115
Cowin and Powers, 253
Creswell, F. H. P., in German East African campaign, 211
Crocodile Poort, 72, 73
Cronje, Commandant, receives Jameson's surrender, 105; lectures in America, *ibid. n.*; surrender at Paardeberg, 144
Crosby, Will, starts *Diggers' News*, 249
Crossley, 181
Crown Reef, Strubens secure rights in, 25
Currey, Mrs. L. J., 261
Currie, Richard, 246
Curtis, Lionel, and renewal of lease, 155; in Milner's administration, 187; first Town Clerk, 237

D

Daily News, 250
Dalrymple, Sir W., 237
Darragh, J. T., first priest of Johannesburg, 54
Davidson, James, 247
Davis, Michael, 251
Dawson, Geoffrey, 187
De Kaap Valley, gold diggers at, 21
De Villiers, J., 235, 236
De Wet, General, opposes South Africa's entry into World War, 197
Deaf Pete, 51
Deecker, C. W., on Sanitary Board, 236; starts paper, 249
Deecker, Mrs. M. E., and hospital collection, 62; Press contributor, 249; pioneer, 261
Deeming, F. B., crimes of, 38 *et seq.*
Delagoa Bay, railway to, 73; German gunboat in, 120 *et seq.*
Delarey, General, opposes South Africa's entry into World War, 197; joins Beyers, 198; shot, 203
Diggers' Committee, 236
Diggers' News and Witwatersrand Advertiser, 249
Dingaan, massacre of Retief, 2
Dodd, Thomas, 137
Donovan, fight with Kelly, 44 *et seq.*
Doornfontein, optioned, secured and lost by Sauer, 27; church at, 54; taken by Australian scouts, 146; public diggings, 234; Spring, 261
Doornkop and Jameson raid, 102; surrender of Jameson's force, 104 *et seq.*
Doornpoort, arrival of Jameson's force, 98
Dormer, Francis J., 250
Dove, John, Town Clerk, 238
Draper, David, 260
Driefontein, public diggings, 234
Drummond Castle, loss of, 125
Drury, Constable, shot Delarey, 203
Du Toit, with Kruger at Krankuil, 71; first newspaper, 248
Duirs, Dr., 256
Duncan, Patrick, in Milner's administration, 187
Dunswart, "Red Terror," 219
Duplessis, jailer at Pretoria, 108
Durban-Johannesburg Rly., 73 *et seq.*

E

East Rand Proprietary Mines, Chinese labour for, 165
Eckstein, Hermann, 35, 243
Edgar, Thomas Jackson, 136
Elandsfontein, 234
Ellis, J. D., Mayor, 238
Ellis Park, attack on soldiers, 219
Eloff, Jan, 236
Eloff Street, 153, 187, 235
Emley and Williamson, 253
Empire Theatre, early days, 176 *et seq.*

End Street, 234
England; and Cetywayo, 7; hostility towards, 9; gold rush and, 22; trial of Jameson, 115; inevitability of Boer War, 137 *et seq.*; discussion of Uitlander grievances, 140; war declared, 141; capture of Johannesburg, 145 *et seq.*; European hatred of, 159
Epton, Martin, works on searchlight, 111
Evans, Dr. Samuel, 230, 241

F

Fairview, policeman shot by bandits, 201
Farrar, Sir George, and Couper-Bendoff fight, 46; supporter of National Union, 87; signs Jameson's letter of invitation, 90; sentenced to death, 115; supports introduction of Chinese labour, 165; arranges race-meeting, 263
Fearnhead, W., Mayor, 238
Feetham, R. H., Town Clerk, 238
Fellowes, Grant, 175
Fenton, Amy, 174
Fenton, Blanche, 175
Ferreira, Col., early arrival in Rand, 24; building of Johannesburg, 29; Johannesburg character, 51; Christmas service held in house, 56; arranges race-meeting, 263
Ferreira Mine, 134, 143; first racing, 263
Ferreirastown, 234
Fever Hospital, 257
Fisher, Percy, instigates strike, 216; death, 219
Fleming, F. L. H., 241
Foli, Signor, 175
Foote, Dave, 177
Fordsburg, 219, 239, 261
Forrest, brothers, discover cyanide process, 65
Forster, Advocate, 131
Foster, William, influence on war in South Africa, 198; life, 199 *et seq.*
Frazer, Percy, 236
French Rand Mine, 101

G

Gazaland, 83 *n.*
Geldenhuis, Dirk, introduces Struben to Witwatersrand, 13; claims original discovery of Rand gold, 19; early arrival in Rand, 24
Gemmill, William, 230
German East-African campaign, 211
German South-West Africa, proposed attack on, 197; victorious campaign, 207, 210
Germany, early interest in Transvaal, 12; sends gunboat to Delagoa Bay, 120 *et seq.*; war with England threatened, 121 *et seq.*; secret agreement with England, 139; overtures to France, *ibid.*; Boer sympathies, 141; criticism of British war methods, 157; anti-British feeling, *ibid.*
Germiston, 54, 59, 60, 205
Glencoe, 104 *n.*
Glenelg, Lord, 80 *et seq.*
Globe Theatre, 175
Goch, George, 237, 238
Goddard, pugilist, 43
Goddard, Major Joe, 83 *n.*
Goldfields News, 250
Gordon Lennox, Lord A., 58
Grace, Dr., 202
Grant, Baron, 22
Graumann, Sir Harry, Mayor, 238
Gray, Fred, 113
Gray, James, 56
Great Trek, 80
Greene, Conyngham, 141
Gregorowski, Justice, 115
Grey, Col., 97
Gundelfinger, Isaac, 61
Gungunyana, King of Gazaland, 83 *n.*

H

Halfway House, Couper's training camp, 45; prisoner and escort at, 68
Hall, Marie, 181
Hallé, Sir Charles, 175
Hambourg, Mark, 181
Hamilton, Sir Ian, 151

Hammond, Hays, engineer, political interest in Transvaal, 82 *et seq.*; signs Jameson's letter of invitation, 90; sentenced to death, 115; reprieved, *ibid.*
Hanau, Carl, 51
Hancock, Edward, 246
Hancock, S., Mayor, 238
Hancock, Mrs. W. H., 261
Harris, M. J., Mayor, 238
Harrison, J. Spranger, 236
Hatzfeldt, Count, on German interests in Rand, 121
Haviland, William, 180
Hay, Captain, 263
Heany, Major, 95 *n.*
Height's Hotel, first Presbyterian service held in, 56 *et seq.*; buys first piano, 262
Hertzog, General, opposes entry of South Africa in World War, 196 *et seq.*; Republican following, 210; defeated at election, *ibid.*; deputation for independence, 212
Herz, Dr., leader of Jewry, 57; extradition, *ibid.*
His Majesty's Theatre, 181
Hofmeyr, H. J., 238, 253
Hofmeyr, Jan, and Jameson Raid, 108; suspicious of Germany, 118
Holden, Capt., 95 *n.*
Hollard, Advocate, 178
Holloway, William, 180 *et seq.*
Holy Family—Hospital Staff, 256 *et seq.*
Honeyball, 15 *et seq.*
Honingklip Farm, 14
Hore, Lieut., 97
Hosken, William, 127, 128
Hospital Hill, early fever camp, 61; site of hospital, 62; fashionable quarter, 235; Institute for Medical Research, 241; University, 252; Hospital, 256
Hoy, Sir W. W., 237
Hull, H. C., 113, 142 *et seq.*
Human, Landdrost, quarantine order, 59; confiscates smuggled rifles, 101
Hyde, James, 175
Hyman, Edgar, 178

I

Imperial Light Horse, attack on, 219
Indemnity Act, 220
Industrial Conciliation Act, 221; purpose, 244
Ingham, W., 260
Irving, H. B., 181
Irving, Sir Henry, 179
Isandhlwana, battle of, 8

J

Jameson, Dr., and death of Pickering, 28; with Rhodes in Rhodesia, 82; letter of invitation to Johannesburg, 90; moves with force to Pitsani, 94; crosses border, 95; and Lobengula, 96; joins Bechuanaland Border Police, 97 *n.*; impossibility of retiring, 98; walks into trap, 99 *et seq.*; sends to Johannesburg for aid, *ibid.*; surrender, 105; brought to Krugersdorp, 108; trial and sentence, 115; later career and death, 211 *n.*
Jennings, trekker, arrives at Witwatersrand, 1; arrival at Langlaagte, 2
Jennings, Hennen, 66
Jeppe, Carl, 88, 235
Jeppe, Sir Julius, 235, 246, 257
Jepperstown, 54, 153, 234, 264
Jerome, Charles, 246
Jews, arrival in Rand, 57
Job, gold thief, 133 *et seq.*
Joel, Solly, imprisoned after Jameson Raid, 113; Von Veltheim attempts to blackmail, 133; and old Empire Theatre, 178
Joel, Woolf, shot by Von Veltheim, 130
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co. foundation, 35
Johannesburg Exchange and Chambers Co., 254
Johannesburg General Hospital, 61 *et seq.*, 256 *et seq.*
Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club, 264
Johannesburg Turf Club, 263

Johannesburg Waterworks Estate and Exploration Co., 259
Johnson-Burns Fight, film forbidden in Johannesburg, 182
Jones, A. J., 236
Jones, Ivor, 216
Joubert, Johannes, 234
Joubert Park, 62

K

KARRI-DAVIES, Major, 115
Kazerne, 129, 261
Kensington, 205, 257
Kidger Tucker, W., 40
Kimberley, gold discovery, 23
Kimberley-Roodeport Mine, 33 *et seq.*
King, H. J., 93 *et seq.*
Kingswell, G. H., 250
Kitchener, Lord, 153
Klaas Koel, 11
Kleinfontein Gold Mine, 191
Klerksdorp, 39, 40 *n.*
Klip River, 145
Knights, 25
Kock, Judge de, 148
Komati Bridge, 74
Korte, Judge de, 126
Kotze, Sir Robert, 241
Kran Kuil, 71
Krause, Dr. F. E. T., State Prosecutor, 131; devises reforms, 133, 135; arranges armistice with Roberts, 146; arrests de Kock, 149
Krommellenboog, 63 *et seq.*
Kruger, Paul, rise to power, 8; issues paper money, 16; helps to swell digger population, 21 *et seq.*; goes to London, 22; nicknamed "Oom," *ibid.*; forebodings, 29; and lack of Rand railway, 31; disapproval of boxing, 42, 44; and Church deputation, 57; action during drought, 67; addresses people of Johannesburg, *ibid.*, *et seq.*; aided by Pauling, 71; grants railway contracts to Pauling, 72; and Rand railways, 73 *et seq.*; wife, 79; humour of, 80; dislike of British rule, *ibid.*; Great Trek, 81; on Uitlander vote, 82; grants dynamite monopoly, 85; and rejection of Uitlander franchise petition, 88; Jameson Raid, 102; receives telegram from Germany, 117; and Braamfontein explosion, 128 *et seq.*; discussion of Uitlander grievances, 140; leaves Pretoria, 152 *et seq.*; leaves for Holland, 155; death, *ibid.*; sees film, 178 *et seq.*; objects to piano, 179; proclaims diggings public, 234; hon. president of Chamber of Mines, 243; opens Agricultural Show, 246
Krugersdorp, Struben at, 13; robbery at Standard Bank, 37 *et seq.*; Kruger's speech at, 69; burgher reinforcements arrive, 101; Jameson's force brought to, 106; failure of strike at, 189; railway blown up, 218

L

LABUSCHAGNE, Commandant, 91, 194
Ladysmith, relief of, 144
Langermann, Max, 111
Langlaagte, Jennings at, 2; Walker finds gold, 17 *et seq.*; attempt to blow up culvert, 102; Delarey shot at, 203; public diggings, 234
Langtry, Lily, 175
Lawley, 110
Lead Mines defile, 98
Leake, E. O., Mayor, 238
Leonard, Charles, warns Raad, 87; signs Jameson's letter of invitation, 90
Leonard, Jim, 87
Leonard, J. W., 131
Levy, J. Langley, 251
Leyds, Dr., 58
Lindbergh, A. V., 251
Lipp, Isabelle, 143 *et seq.*
Lippert, Edouard, secures dynamite monopoly, 85 *et seq.*; relations with Hosken, 127 *et seq.*
Lister, Sir Spencer, 241
Lloyd, W. A., 251

Lobengula, 96
Loch, Sir Henry, 69
Louw, Dr., 257
Loveday Street, 193 *et seq.*
Lowenthal, 47
Low Grades Mines Commission, 244
Luipaardvlei, 171, 218
Lys, Godfray, joins Struben, 14; views Langlaagte outcrop, 18; interviews Kruger, 81; wins first horse-race, 263
Lys, Robert, 10, 13

M

McCallum, W., 237
McCullum, Captain, 149
McDonald, J. G., 89
Mace, Jem, 43, 50
Mackay, J. H., 262
MacKenzie, Col. Colin, 237
MacKenzie, Dr., 257
MacLean, Dr., 256
Macleod, Lewis Rose, 250
McQueen, 37, 38
Mafeking, telegraph wires cut near, 97 *n.*
Majuba Jack, 50
Makapaan tribe, fate of, 2
Malmani, 21
Marabastad, 21
Maraisburg, 46
Marks, Sammy, 91, 92, 260
Marshalls township, 61
Martial Law Inquiry Judicial Commission, 214
Martin, John, 230
Martin, W. A., 237
Martins, Dr. Johannes, 56
Matabele, 116, 125
Mathebis Kop, 5
Mathews, Tom, 188 *et seq.*, 192, 194
Matopos, 116
Matthews, Mrs., 261
Mauch, Karl, 12, 19
Maxim, John, 200
Mayer, Annie, 181
Maynard, Captain, 24, 236
Mehliss, Dr. Max, 59, 61
Mein, Thomas, 113
Melle, Dr., 256
Merriman, John X., 236
Metternich, Count, 157
Meyer, Jan, 24
Meyer, Johannes, 234
Mezar, Carl, 200
Middleburg, 152
Millbourne, 22 *et seq.*
Millbourne, Joe, 83
Milner, Sir Alfred, complains of Boer injustice, 136 *et seq.*; discusses Uitlander grievances, 140; lays stone of cathedral, 153; rule of Transvaal, 187; establishes civil Govt., 237; commission to inquire into water supply, 260
Miners' Phthisis Act, 190, 244
Mitchell, Dr. J. Alexander, 24
Modderfontein, 151
Monypenny, W. F., 142
Moodies, 21, 22 *et seq.*
Mosenthal, Fritz, 113
Mostert, A. M., 247
Mozambique Convention, 245
Münster, Count, 117

N

Natal, railway to Rand, 73 *et seq.*
Natal Camp, 29, 234, 264
Natal Spruit, 61
National Union, supporters of, 87
Nelson, Carrie, 175
Neruda, 175
Netherlands Railway Co., 72, 77
Neumann Group of Mines, 93
Newtown, 237
Niven, J. R., 247
Non-European Hospital, 257
Nooitgedacht Gold Mining Co., 39
Noord Street, 235
Nourse, T. M. C., 19, 24; arranges race meeting, 263

O

O'Hara, Maj. J. W., Mayor, 238
O'Meara, Maj. W. A. J., 237
O'Neil, Kitty, 51
Oosthuizen, Widow, 16, 25
Orenstein, Dr. J. A., 230
Otto Beit Convalescent Home, 257

P

Paardeberg, 144
Paderewski, 182, 183
Palladium Buildings, 254
Palmer, A. Law, Mayor, 238
Parktown, 235, 257
Pattison, D. B., Town Clerk, 238
Pauling, George, builds Rand "tram," 71; gets railway contracts, 72
Pauling, Harry, assists Kruger at Krankuil, 71
Peacocke, Arthur, 263
Phillips, Lionel, 35; supporter of National Union, 87; signs Jameson's letter of invitation, 90; last-minute interview with Kruger's men, 111; sentenced to death, 115; reprieved, *ibid.*; restarts Agricultural Show, 247
Phillimore, Justice, 133
Pickering, Neville, 26, *et seq.*
Pietersen, Mrs. J. C., 261
Pistorius, H. F. E., 237
Pitsani, 94, 96
Plein Street, 153
Plessis, Hans du, 27
Port, W. H., Mayor, 238
Porter, Dr. Charles, 241
Potchefstroon, 17, 24, 198
Potgieter, murder of, 2
Poultney, W. H., 247
Powell, Maud, 181
Pretoria, Struben's recollections of, 9; diocese constituted, 53; railway to Portuguese frontier, 72; coach fares competition, 76; Jameson and force imprisoned, 108 *et seq.*; plot to destroy mines at, 147 *et seq.*; gold sent to, 148; Kruger leaves, 152; taken by British, 153; Foster's escape from, 200; Transvaal University College, 252
Pretoria–Delagoa Bay Line, building of, 73; expenses, 74
Princess Mine, 168
Pritchard Street, 153
Purchas, T. A. R., 260

Q

Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital, 257
Queen's Mine Battery, 98
Quinn, W. J., 236, *et seq.*

R

Raad, first Englishman in, 10; character of members, 30; agrees to Rand steam tram, 69; dynamite monopoly, 86 *n.*; rejection of Uitlander petition, 88
Raikes, H. R., 253
Rand Club, 51 *et seq.*, 112, 193
Rand Daily Mail, 250
Randfontein, 26, 101
Rand Mines Group, 35
Rand Victoria Borehole, 243
Rand Water Board, 260
Rantjeslaagte, site of Johannesburg, 234
Rayne, Leonard, 181
Regents Park, 201 *et seq.*
Reid, Vernon, 174
Reitfontein, 61, 94
Rhodes, Cecil, man of sentiment, 26 *et seq.*; journeys to Rand, 27; founds Consolidated Goldfields House, 28; university education, 34; rivalled by Barnato, *ibid.*; forebodings of, 41; Cape–Rand Railway, 73 *et seq.*; camping in Rhodesia, 82; and Gazaland concession, 83 *n.*; sends Jameson to Johannesburg, 84; supporter of National Union, 87; undertakes cost of Raid, 88; hears of Jameson Raid, 107; illness, *ibid.*; hears of surrender, 108; receives surrender of Matabeles, 116; faces Raid inquiry, *ibid.*; and inevitability of Boer War, 137 *et seq.*; in Germany, 138; death, 155; on Diggers' Committee, 236
Rhodes, Col. Frank, supporter of National Union, 87; signs Jameson's letter of invitation, 90; receives Jameson's plea for help, 99; sentenced to death, 115; reprieved, *ibid.*
Rissik, Johan, 234
"River Theory," 225 *et seq.*
Roberts, Lord, march on Johannesburg, 144 *et seq.*;

march on Pretoria, 151; orders against looting, *ibid.*
Robinson, Sir Hercules, 108
Robinson, Sir J. B., claims original discovery of Rand gold, 19; transfers interest from diamonds to gold, 23; goes to Rand, *ibid.*; tests rock, 24, 25; secures Radfontein mines, 26; fortune of, *ibid.*; on Diggers' Committee, 236
Robinson Cyanide Works, 243
Robinson Mine, 148, 243
Rogers, A. W., 241
Roodepoort, 103
Rorke's Drift, 8
Rossi, Cavaliere, 163
Ross-Skinner, Sir Harry, 164 *et seq.*
Roy, John, 247
Russell of Killowen, Lord, 115

S

St. John's Ambulance Assoc., 126
Salisbury, Lord, and authorship of Kruger telegram, 118; on effects of Jameson Raid, 122; and answer to Czar's letter, 158
Salisbury Mine, 33, 66
Salomon, Mrs., 261
Sanitary Board, 236, 239
Sauer, Dr. Hans, brings Rhodes to Rand, 27; on Diggers' Committee, 236; medical staff of hospital, 256
Saunders, Dr., 256
Schlesinger, I. W., 185
Schreiner, 107
Schultz, Dr., 83 *n.*
Scott, Mrs. C. E., 261
Searelle, Luscombe, opens Theatre Royal, 51; transport of operatic company, 173 *et seq.*
Sekukuni, 5
Selati, 13
Shanks, R., 237
Sheba Mine, 69, 243
Shepstone, Sir Theophilus, 7, 12, 13
Sherwin, Amy, 175
Shop Hours' Act, 190
Smith, Col. J. Irvine, 239
Smith-Dorrien, General, 211
Smuts, General, settlement with miners, 194; return after South-West African campaign, 210; German East-African campaign, 211; at Peace Conference, 212; in Rand revolt, 218 *et seq.*
Solomon, E. P., 131
South African Industrial Federation, 217
South African Inst. for Medical Research, 241 *et seq.*
South African School of Mines and Technology, 252
Soveral, Marquis de, 121
Spendiff, 216, 219
Stadsraad, 236
Standard and Diggers' News, 250
Standard and Transvaal Mining Chronicle, 249
Standard Theatre, 176, 184
Stanhope Gold Mine, 59
Star, 250
Steer, G. B., Mayor, 238
Sterkfontein, 13, 14
Stock Exchange, 254 *et seq.*
Strange, Harold, 130 *et seq.*
Struben, Fred, early life, 3; at attack on Sekukuni, 5; in Zulu War, 8; search for gold, 9; finds evidence of Witwatersrand gold, 13; shown Langlaagte gold rock, 17 *et seq.*; first discoverer of Rand gold, 19 *et seq.*; consolidates rights in Rand reef, 25; began mining, 243
Struben, Harry, and anti-British republican, 10; suggests official report on Transvaal gold, 13; joins first Rand syndicate, 15; claims original discovery of Rand gold, 19; begins mining, 243
Sunday Times, 250
Swart, Jacob, 264

T

Taljaard, Oom, 30
Taylor, John, 238

Terry, Ellen, 179 *et seq.*
Theatre Royal, 51, 175
Theiler, Dr. Arnold, 59
Thompson, J., Mayor, 238
Thomson, Sir William, 253
"Tin Temple," 154 *et seq.*, 239, 253
Torrance, J. G., 247
Trades Hall, 191, 194, 217
Trades Unions, growing power of, 191; leaders arrested, 194 *et seq.;* dispute with mine-owners, 213 *et seq.;* bankrupt after revolt, 221
Transvaal Labour Commission, 163
Transvaal Leader, 250
Transvaal Mining Argus, 249
Transvaal Technical Institute, 252
Tremeer, Major, 91, 236
Truter, Colonel, 192
Tucker, Senator, W. K., Mayor, 238
Turffontein, 52, 234, 264
Turpin, robs Krugersdorp bank, 37

U

Ulundi, 8
Underhill, Capt. W., 23 *n.*

V

Vaal River, 207, 260
Vachell, Inspector, 201
Vallée, Bugler, 100 *n.*
Van Biene, 176
Van Dam, 92, 93
Van der Merwe, J. L., 246
Van Diggelen, Commandant, 148, 149
Van Lingen, S. A., 260
Van Niekerk, Dr., 59
Van Rensburg, 204
Vereeniging, 75
Village Deep Mine, 223
Vlakfontein-Doornkop, 99
Vogelstruisfontein, 25
Volkrust, 110
Volksraad, 86 *n.*
Von Brandis, Captain, 256
Von Brandis Square, 68, 235
Von Lettow-Vorbeck, 211
Von Veltheim, Kurt, blackmail, 130; kills Woolf Joel, *ibid.;* trial and sentence, 131; body identified, *ibid.;* later exploits, 133
Vrededorp, 127, 219

W

Walker, A. L., 261
Walker, George, 15, 17, 24
Wallace, Edgar, 250
Waller, Lewis, 181
Walters, C., Mayor, 238
Wanderers Club, foundation, 52
Wanderers Ground, 67 *et seq.*, 94, 129
Wanderers Hall, 182
Warby, Major E. W., 246
Webb, Clem, 47, 137
Weltevreden, 243
Wemmer Mine, 31 *et seq.*, 263
Wheeler, Frank, 181
Wilgespruit, 13
Wilkinson, Bishop, 53
Williams, Dr., 73
Williams, Gardner, 19
Willoughby, Sir John, 98, 101, 108, 115
Witpoortje, 168
Witwatersrand Agricultural Society, 246 *et seq.*
Witwatersrand Mine, 228
Witwatersrand Native Labour Assoc., 241
Witwatersrand University, 252 *et seq.*
Wolmaraans, J. N. A., 30, 256
Wood, Charles, 247
Wood, Col. Evelyn, 8, 15
Woolls-Sampson, Col., 115
Workmen's Compensation Act, 190
Workmen's Wages Protection Act, 244
World War, entry of South Africa, 196 *et seq.;* Peace Conference, 212

Y

Yokeskei River, 151

Z

Zulus, 7, 205

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